FROM THE LIBRARY OF

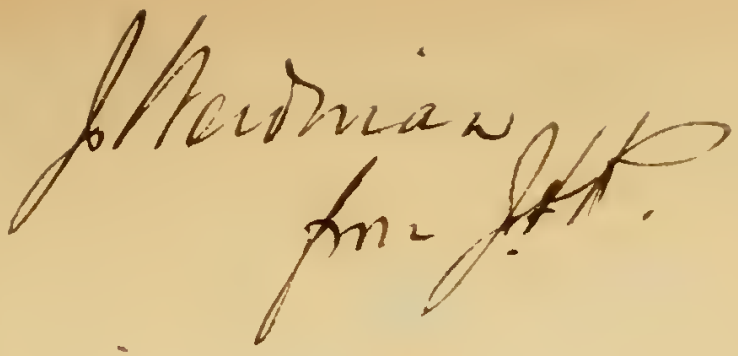
REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

1520 Sch



CHAPEL TREASURES.

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
SEP 4 1936
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

"Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.
Praise ye the Lord."

PSALM cl. 6.

CHRIST CHAPEL SABBATH-SCHOOL,

LEBANON, PA.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
1873.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by
J. ALBERT RONDTHALER,
In the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

CHANTS 9

HYMNS

Praise 59

Prayer 102

Jesus Christ 132

Invitation 181

Love 197

Work 207

Hymns for the Little Ones . 241

The Sabbath 270

Evening Hymns 278

Christmas Carols 291

Heaven 329

Miscellaneous 366

Doxologies 406

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

OUR FATHER, WHICH ART IN HEAVEN, HALLOWED BE THY NAME; THY KINGDOM COME; THY WILL BE DONE IN EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN; GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD; AND FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS, AS WE FORGIVE OUR DEBTORS; AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION, BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL; FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM, AND THE POWER, AND THE GLORY, FOR EVER. AMEN.

THE
TEN COMMANDMENTS.

I AM the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

IV. Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy; six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

V. Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

THE CREED.

I BELIEVE IN GOD THE FATHER ALMIGHTY, MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH; AND IN JESUS CHRIST HIS ONLY SON, OUR LORD; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into hell:* The third day He rose from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST; The Holy Catholic Church; The Communion of Saints; The Forgiveness of Sins; THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY; And the Life everlasting. Amen.

* That is, He continued in the state of the dead, and under the power of death, for a time.

CHAPEL TREASURES.

CHANTS.

1. "*Cantate Domino.*" P. 31.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord | God Al- | mighty, ‖ which was, and | is, and | is to | come.

2 Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and | honor and | power : ‖ for Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they | are and | were cre- | ated.

3 Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive | power and | riches, ‖ and wisdom and strength, and | honor, and | glory, and | blessing.

4 Blessing, and honor, and | glory, and | power, ‖ be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the | Lamb for | ever and | ever.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, ‖ and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, ‖ world without | end.= | A= | men.

2. "*Chants of the Episcopal Church.*" P. 12.

GLORY be to | God on | high, | and on earth | peace, good | will to-wards | men.

2 We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we | wor-ship | Thee, | we glorify Thee, we give thanks to | Thee for | Thy great | glory,
3 O Lord God, | heaven-ly | King, | God the | Father | Al- | mighty.
4 O Lord, the only begotten Son, | Je-sus | Christ; | O Lord God, Lamb of God, | Son | of the | Father,
5 That takest away the sins | of the | world, | have mercy up- | on | us.
6 Thou that takest away the sins | of the | world, | have mercy up- | on | us.
7 Thou that takest away the sins | of the | world, | receive | our | prayer.
8 Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, | have mercy up- | on | us.
9 For Thou only | art | holy; | Thou | on-ly | art the | Lord;
10 Thou only, O Christ, with the | Ho-ly | Ghost, | art most high in the | glory of | God the | Father. | A- | men.

3.

"*S. S. Hymnal.*" P. 45.

I WILL give *thanks* un- | to · the | Lord: at all times His *praise* shall | continually be | in · my | mouth.

My soul shall make her boast | in · the | Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, | and · = | be · = | glad.

Oh, praise the | Lord · with | me: and let us magni-fy | His · = | Name · to- | gether.

I sought the Lord, | and · He | heard me: yea He delivered me | out · of | all · my | fears.

They looked unto Him, | and · were | lightened: and their faces | were · = | not · a- | shamed.

The poor cried, and the Lord | heard | him : and saved him | out · of | all · his | troubles.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that | fear · = | Him : and | de · = | liver-eth | them.

Oh, taste and see how gracious the | Lord · = | is : blessed is the man that | trust-eth | in · = | Him.

Oh, fear the Lord, ye that | are · His | saints : for they that | fear · = | Him · lack | nothing.

The lions do lack, and | suf-fer | hunger : but they who seek the Lord shall want no manner of thing | that · = | is · = | good.

Come ye children and hearken | un-to | me : I will teach you the | fear · = | of · the | Lord.

What man is he that | lusteth · to | live : and would | fain · = | see · good | days ?

Keep thy | tongue · from | evil : and thy lips, | that · they | speak · no | guile.

Eschew evil, | and · do | good : seek | peace · = | and · en- | sue it.

The eyes of the Lord are | over · the | right-eous : and His ears are | o-pen | unto · their | prayers.

The countenance of the Lord is against them | that · do | evil : to root out the re-membrance | of · them | from · the | earth.

The righteous cry, and the Lord | hear-eth | them : and delivereth them | out · of | all · their | troubles.

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a | con-trite | heart : and will save such as be | of · an | humble | spirit.

Many are the afflictions | of · the | right-

eous : but the Lord delivereth | him · = | out · of | all.

He keepeth | all · his | bones ; so that not | one · of | them · is | broken.

Evil shall slay | the · un- | godly : and they that hate the righteous | shall · be | de-so- | late.

The Lord delivereth the souls | of · His | servants ; and all they that put their trust in Him shall | not · be | des-ti- | tute.

Glory be, etc.

4. "*Parish Hymnal.*" P. 213.

IT is a good thing to give thanks un- | to · the | Lord : || and to sing praises unto Thy | Name,— | O · Most | Highest ;

To tell of Thy loving-kindness early | in · the | morning : || and of Thy truth | in · the | night— | season ;

Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up- | on · the | lute : || upon a loud instrument, | and · up- | on · the | harp.

For Thou, Lord, hast made me glad | through · Thy | works : || and I will rejoice in giving praise for the oper- | a-tions | of · Thy | hands.

Glory be to the Father, | and · to the | Son, || and | to · the | Holy | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev- · er | shall be : | world | without | end. A- | men.

5. "*Cantate Domino.*" P. 53.

LET us praise the Lord, and ex- | alt His | goodness. || Let us come before Him with songs of | praise, and | hymns of thanks- | giving.

2 God hath raised up His holy Child Jesus,

who being by His right hand exalted, shed forth the promise of the Holy Ghost up- | on the Ap-ostles, || so that they spake with new tongues, and wrought signs and | wonders | in His | name.

3 He gave power to the testimony | of His | servants. || The kingdoms of the earth, the people and | nations have | heard His | voice.

4 And have rendered obedience | unto our | Lord, || and | to= | His= | Christ.

5 We render thanks unto | Thee, O | Lord, || Who art the Alpha and Omega, the | first= | and the | last,

6 That Thou hast re- | vealed Thy | power, || and entered | upon | Thy= | kingdom.

7 We praise Thee, that according to Thy promise, Thou hast sent unto | us the | Comforter, || even the Spirit of truth, that He may a- | bide with | us for- | ever.

8 Because we are Thy children, Thou hast sent the Spirit of Thy Son into our hearts, whereby we cry: | Ab-ba, | Father. || It is the Spirit, which witnesseth with our spirits, that | we are the | children of | God.

9 The Spirit also helpeth | our in- | firmities, || and with groanings, which cannot be uttered, | maketh inter- | cession | for us,

10 Who wait for the redemption | of our | body, || and for the manifestation of the glorious liberty | of the | sons of | God.

11 The Spirit is the earnest and pledge of | our in- | heritance; || whereby also we are sealed | unto the | day of re- | demption.

12 O Lord, we praise Thee, and | render Thee | thanks, || that Thou hast | given | us the | Spirit. Glory be to the Father, |

and to the | Son, ‖ and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, ‖ world without | end · = | A- = | men.

6. "*S. S. Hymnal.*" P. 52.

O *praise* the | Lord · of | heaven: *praise* | Him · = | in · the | height.
Praise Him all ye *angels* | of · = | His: *praise* | Him · = | all · His | hosts.
Praise *Him*, | sun · and | moon: praise *Him*, | all · ye | stars · and | light.
Praise *Him*, | all · ye | heavens; and ye wat-*ers* that | are · a- | bove · the | heavens.
Let them praise the *name* | of · the | Lord: for He spake the word and they were made;
He command*ed*, | and · they | were · cre- | ated.
He hath made them *fast* for | ever · and | ever: He hath given them a *law* | which · shall | not · be | broken.
Praise the Lord up- | on · = | earth: *ye* | dra-gons | and · all | deeps:
Fire and *hail*, | snow · and | vapors: wind and *storm*, ful- | fill-ing | His · = | word:
Moun*tains* | and · all | hills: fruitful *trees* | and · = | all · = | cedars:
Beasts | and · all | cattle: *worms* | and · = | feathered | fowls:
Kings of the *earth* | and · all | people: princes and *all* | judg-es | of · the | world:
Young men and maidens, old men and children, praise the name | of · the | Lord: for His name only is excellent, and His praise a- | bove · = | heaven · and | earth.

He shall exalt the horn of His people; all His *saints* shall | praise . = | Him: even the children of Israel, even the people | that · = | serv-eth | Him.
Glory be, etc.

7. "*Cantus Ecclesiae.*" P. 190.

O PRAISE God in His | ho-li- | ness; | praise Him in the | firma-ment | of His | power.
2 Praise Him in His | no-ble | acts; | praise Him according to His | excel-lent | great- | ness.
3 Praise Him in the | sound of the | trumpet; | praise Him up- | on the | lute and | harp.
4 Praise Him in the | cymbals and | dances; | praise Him | up- | on the strings and | pipe.
5 Praise Him upon the | well-tuned | cym- bals; | praise Him up- | on the | loud— | cymbals.
6 Let every thing that hath | breath praise the | Lord. | Let every thing that hath | breath⌒ | praise the | Lord.
7 Glory be to the Father, and— | to the | Son, | and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
8 As it was in the beginning,— | is— | now, | and ever— | shall be, | world with-out | end. | A- | men.

8. "*Cantus Ecclesiae.*" P. 195.

O SING unto the Lord a | new— | song; | for He— | hath done | mar- vel-lous | things.
2 With His own right hand, and with His— | ho-ly | arm, | hath He gotten Him- | self the | vic-to- | ry.

3 The Lord declared— | His sal- | vation ; | His righteousness hath He openly showed in the sight— | of the | hea- | then.
4 He hath remembered His mercy and truth towards the | house of | Israel ; | and all the ends of the world have seen the sal- | va-tion | of our | God.
5 Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord,— | all ye | lands ; | sing, re- | joice, and | give— | thanks.
6 Praise the Lord up- | on the | harp ; | sing to the harp with a— | psalm of | thanks- | giving.
7 With trumpets also— | and— | shawms, | O show yourselves joyful be- | fore the | Lord the | King.
8 Let the sea make a noise, and all that | there-in | is ;— | the round world and— | they that | dwell there- | in.
9 Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together be- | fore the | Lord ; | for He— | cometh to | judge the | earth.
10 With righteousness shall He | judge the | world, | and the people — | with — | e-qui- | ty.
11 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, | and— | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;
12 As it was in the beginning, | is— | now, | and ever— | shall be, | world with-out | end. | A- | men.

9. "*Chants of the Episcopal Church.*" P. 38.

PRAISE the Lord, | O my | soul ; | and all that is within me, | praise His | ho-ly | name.
2 Praise the Lord | O my | soul, | and forget not | all His | ben-e- | fits.

3 Who forgiveth | all thy | sin, | and healeth | all thine in- | firmi- | ties ;
4 Who saveth thy life | from de- | struction, | and crowneth thee with | mercy and | lov-ing- | kindness.
5 Oh, praise the Lord, ye angels of His, ye that ex- | cel in | strength ; | ye that fulfill His commandment, and hearken un- | to the | voice of His | word.
6 O praise the Lord, all | ye His | hosts ; | ye servants of | His that | do His | pleasure.
S 7 O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of His, in all places of | His do- | minion. | Praise thou the | Lord, | O my | soul.
8 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, | and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;
9 As it was in the beginning, | is | now, | and ever | shall be, | world with-out | end. A- | men.

10. "*Cantate Domino.*" P. 65.

PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise God | in His | sanctuary ; ‖ praise Him in the | firmament | of His | power.
2 Praise Him for His | mighty | acts ; ‖ praise Him according | to His | ex-cellent | greatness.
3 Praise Him with the | sound of the | trumpet ; ‖ praise Him | with the | psaltery and | harp.
4 Praise Him with the | timbrel and | dance ; ‖ praise Him | with stringed | instruments and | organs.
5 Praise Him upon the | loud= | cymbals ; ‖ praise Him up- | on the | high-sounding | cymbals.

6 Let every thing | that hath | breath ‖ praise the Lord. | Praise= | ye the ǂ Lord.
Glory be to the Father, etc.

11. "*Cantus Ecclesiae.*" P. 210.

PRAISE ye the Lord; for it is good to sing praises un- | to our | God; | for it is pleasant, and | praise is | come- | ly.
2 The Lord doth build up Je- | ru-sa- | lem; | He gathereth together the | outcasts of | Is-ra- | el.
3 He healeth those that are | broken in | heart, | and | bind-eth | up their | wounds.
4 He covereth the heaven with clouds, and prepareth rain | for the | earth; | He maketh the grass to grow up- | on the | moun- | tains.
5 He giveth to the | beast his | food, | and to the young | ravens | which | cry.
6 Praise the Lord, O Je- | ru-sa- | lem: | Praise thy | God, O | Si- | on.
7 For He hath strengthened the bars | of thy | gates; | He hath blessed thy | children with- | in | thee.
8 He maketh peace | in thy | borders, | and filleth thee with the | fi-nest | of the | wheat.

12. "*S. S. Hymnal.*" P. 49.

REJOICE in the *Lord*, | O · ye | righteous: for it becometh well the *just* | to · be | thank- · = | ful.
Praise the | *Lord* · with | harp: sing praises unto Him with the *lute*, and | instrument | of · ten | strings.

Sing unto the *Lord* a | new · = | song : sing praises unto *Him* | with · a | good · = | courage.

For the *word* of the | Lord · is | true : and | all · His | works · are | faithful.

He loveth righteous*ness* and | judg- · = | ment : the earth is *full* of the | goodness | of · the | Lord.

By the word of the *Lord* were the | heavens | made : and all the hosts of *them* by the | breath · of | His · = | mouth.

He gathereth the waters of the sea together, as it *were* up- | on · an | heap : and layeth up the *deep*, as | in · a | treasure- | house.

Let all the *earth* | fear · the | Lord : stand in awe of *Him*, all | ye · that | dwell · in the | world.

For He *spake*, and | it · was | done : He command*ed*, | and · it | stood · = | fast.

Glory be, etc.

13. "*Canticles*" (No. 47). P. 14.

THE earth is the Lord's, and all that | there-in | is : the compass of the world, and | they that | dwell there- | in.

2 For He hath founded it up- | on the | seas : and pre-pared | it up- | on the | floods.

3 Who shall ascend unto the hill | of the | Lord : or who shall rise up | in His | ho-ly | place ?

4 Even he that hath clean hands, and a | pure— | heart : and that hath not lifted up his mind unto vanity, nor sworn | to de- | ceive his | neighbor.

5 He shall receive the blessing | from the |

Lord: and righteousness from the | God of | his sal- | vation.

6 This is the generation of them that | seek— | Him: even of them that | seek thy | face O | Jacob.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye ever- | last-ing | doors: and the King of | glo-ry | shall come | in.

8 Who is the | King of | glory? It is the Lord, strong and mighty, even the | Lord— | mighty in | battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye ever- | last-ing | doors: and the King of | glory | shall come | in.

10 Who is the | King of | glory? Even the Lord of hosts, | He is the | King of | glory.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

14. "*S. S. Hymnal.*" P. 27.

BLESSED be the Lord God of | Is-ra- | el: for He hath visited | and · re- | deemed · His | people;

And hath raised up a mighty salvation | for · = | us: in the *house* | of · His | ser- vant | David;

As He spake by the *mouth* of His | ho-ly | Prophets: which have *been* | since · the | world · be- | gan;

That we should be saved *from* our | en-e- | mies: and from the *hand* of | all · that | hate · = | us.

Glory be to the *Father*, | and · to the | Son, *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be: *world* | with-out | end. A- | men.

15. "*Cantate Domino.*" P. 19.

GOD is our | refuge and | strength, ‖ a very | present | help in | trouble.

2 Therefore will not we fear, though the | earth be | removed, ‖ and though the mountains be carried into the | midst= | of the | sea:

3 Though the waters thereof | roar and | be troubled, ‖ though the mountains shake | with the | swelling there- | of.

4 There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the | city of | God, ‖ the holy place of the tabernacles | of the | Most = | High.

5 God is in the midst of her; she shall | not be | moved: ‖ God shall help her, | and = | that right | early.

6 The heathen raged, the kingdoms | were= | moved: ‖ He uttered His | voice,= | the earth | melted.

7 The Lord of | hosts is | with us; ‖ the God of | Jacob | is our | refuge.

8 Come, behold the works | of the | Lord, ‖ what desolations He hath | made= | in the | earth.

9 He maketh wars to cease unto the end | of the | earth: ‖ He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; He burneth the | char-iot | in the | fire.

10 Be still, and know that | I am | God: ‖ I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be ex- | alted | in the | earth.

11 The Lord of | hosts is | with us; ‖ the God of | Jacob | is our | refuge.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, ‖ and | to the Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and |

ever shall | be, ‖ world without | end. = |
A- = | men.

16. "*S. S. Hymnal.*" P. 37.

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, after *Thy* | great·. = | goodness: according to the multitude of *Thy* mercies do *away* | mine · of- | fen- · = | ces.

Wash me thoroughly *from* my | wick-ed- | ness: *and* | cleanse · me | from · my | sin.

For *I* ac- | knowledge · my | faults: and my *sin* is | ever · be- | fore · = | me.

Against Thee only have I sinned, and done this *evil* | in · *Thy* | sight: that Thou mightest be justified in Thy say*ing*, and | clear · when | Thou · art | judged.

Behold, I was shap*en* in | wick-ed- | ness: and in *sin* hath my | mother · con- | ceiv-ed | me.

But lo, Thou requirest *truth* in the | in-ward | parts: and shalt make me to under-*stand* | wis-dom | se-cret- | ly.

17. "*S. S. Hymnal.*" P. 44.

I WILL lift up mine *eyes* un- | to · the | hills: from whence | com-eth | my · = | help.

My help cometh *even* | from · the | Lord: who | hath · made | heaven · and | earth.

He will not suffer thy foot | to · be | moved: and *He* that | keepeth · thee | will · not | sleep.

Behold, He that keep*eth* | Is-ra- | el: shall neither | slumber | nor = | sleep.

The Lord Him*self* | is · thy | keeper: the

Lord is thy def*ence* up- | on · thy | right · = | hand.

So that the sun shall not burn *thee* | by · = | day : nei*ther* the | moon · = | by · = | night.

The Lord shall preserve *thee* | from · all | evil ; yea, it is even He | that · shall | keep · thy | soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out, *and* thy | coming | in : from this time *forth* | for · = | ev-er- | more.

Glory be, etc.

18. "*S. S. Hymnal.*" P. 36.

I WILL magnify *Thee*, O | God · my | King : and I will praise Thy *Name* | for · = | ever · and | ever.

Every day will I give *thanks* | un-to | Thee : and praise Thy Name | for · = | ever · and | ever.

Great is the Lord, and marvellous wor*thy* | to · be | praised : there is no *end* | of · His | great- · = | ness.

One generation shall praise Thy *works* un- | to · an- | other : *and* de- | clare . = | Thy · = | power.

As for me, I will be talk*ing* | of · Thy | wor-ship : Thy *glory*, Thy | praise, · and | wond-rous | works.

So that men shall speak of the might of *Thy* | marvel-lous | acts : and I will also *tell* | of · Thy | great- · = | ness.

The memorial of Thine abundant kind-*ness* | shall · be | showed : and men shall *sing* | of · Thy | right-eous- | ness.

19. "*Parish Hymnal.*" P. 223.

I WAS glad when they said | un-to | me :‖ We will go into the | house— | of · the | Lord.

2 Our feet shall stand | in · thy | gates : ‖ O— | Je- | ru-sa- | lem.

3 Jerusalem is built | as · a | city : ‖ that is at | uni-ty | in it- | self.

4 For thither the tribes go up, even the tribes | of · the | Lord : ‖ to testify unto Israel, to give thanks unto the Name— | of · the | Lord.

5 For there is the | seat · of | judgment : ‖ even the seat | of · the | house · of | David.

6 Oh, pray for the peace of Je- | ru-sa- | lem : ‖ they shall prosper | that— | love— | thee.

7 Peace be with- | in thy | walls : ‖ and plen-teous- | ness with- | in thy | palaces.

8 For my brethren and com- | pan-ions' | sakes : ‖ I will | wish— | thee · pros- | perity.

9 Yea, because of the house of the | Lord · our | God : ‖ I will | seek · to | do thee | good.

Glory be to the Father, | and · to the | Son, ‖ and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be : ‖ world | with-out | end. A- | men.

20. "*Cantate Domino.*" P. 56.

I WILL pour out My spirit up- | on thy | seed, ‖ and My | blessing up- | on thine | off-spring.

2 And they shall spring up as a- | mong the | grass, || as | willows by the | water- | courses.

3 For the promise is unto you, and | to your | children ; || and to all that are afar off, even as many as the | Lord our | God shall | call.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now. and | ever shall | be, || world without | end. = | A- | men.

21. *PSALM XLVIII.*

GREAT is the Lord, and greatly to be praised in the | city of our | God, || in the | mountain | of His holiness.

2 Beautiful for situ- | ation, || the joy of the whole | earth, is | Mount | Zion.

3 On the sides of the north, the city of the | great | King, || God is known in her | palaces | for a | refuge.

4 We have thought of Thy loving- | kindness, O | God, || in the || midst of Thy | tem- | ple.

5 According to Thy name, O God, so is Thy praise unto the | ends of the | earth ; || Thy | right hand is | full of | righteousness.

6 Let Mount Zion rejoice, let the daughters of | Judah be | glad, || be- | cause of Thy | judg- | ments.

7 Walk about Zion, and go round a- | bout her ; || tell the | towers | there- | of.

8 |: Mark ye well her bulwarks, | consider her | palaces ; || that ye may tell it to the | gen-e- | ration | following.

9 For this God is our God for | ever and |

ever : || He will be our | guide even | unto | death. |:|

22. *PSALM CV.*

OH, give thanks un- | to the | Lord ; || call upon His name ; make known His | deeds a- | mong the people.

2 Sing unto Him, sing | psalms unto | Him ; || talk ye of | all His | won-drous | works.

3 Glory ye in His | ho-ly | name ; || let the heart of them re- | joice that | seek the | Lord.

4 Seek the Lord, | and His | strength ; || seek His | face | ev-er- | more.

5 Remember His marvellous works that | He hath | done ; || His wonders and | judg-ments | of His | mouth ;

6 O ye seed of | Abraham His | servant, || ye | children of | Jacob His | chosen.

7 Glory ye in His | ho-ly | name ; || let the heart of them re- | joice, that | seek the | Lord.

8 Seek the Lord, | and His | strength ; || seek His | face | ev-er- | more.

23. *PSALM CIII.*

THE Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and a- | bundant in | mercy.

2 He will not always chide, | neither will He | keep His | anger for | ev- | er.

3 He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us ac- | cording to our | iniquities.

4 For as the heaven is high above the earth, | | so great is His | mercy toward | them that | fear | Him.

5 As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our trans- | gressions from | us.
6 Like as a father pitieth his children, | so the | Lord pitieth them that | fear | Him.
7 For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that | we are | dust.
8 He knoweth our frame; | He re- | membereth that | we, that | we are | dust.

24. "*Chants of the Episcopal Church.*" P. 14.

WE praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to | be the | Lord. | All the earth doth worship Thee, the | Father | ev-er- | lasting.
2 To Thee all angels | cry a- | loud; | the Heavens, and | all the | Powers there- | in.
3 To Thee, Cherubim and | Se-ra- | phim | con- | tin-ual- | ly do | cry,
4 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of | Sa-ba- | oth. | Heaven and Earth are full of the Majesty | of Thy | Glo- | ry.
5 The glorious company of the Apostles | praise | Thee. |
6 The goodly fellowship of the Prophets | praise | Thee. |
7 The noble army of Martyrs | praise | Thee. |
8 *Chorus.*—The holy Church, throughout all the world, doth ac- | knowledge | Thee. The Father, of an | infi-nite | Majes- | ty; Thine adorable, true, and | on-ly | Son; | Also the Holy | Ghost, the | Comfort- | er.
9 Thou art the King of Glory, | O | Christ, | Thou art the everlasting Son | of the Fa- | ther.

10 When Thou tookest upon Thee to de- | liver | man, | Thou didst humble Thyself to be born | of a | vir- | gin.

11 When Thou hadst overcome the | sharpness of | death, | Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to | all be- | liev- | ers.

12 Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God, | in the glory | of the | Fa- | ther.

13 We believe that Thou shalt come to | be our | Judge. | We therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants, whom Thou hast redeemed | with Thy | pre-cious | blood.

14 Make them to be numbered | with Thy | saints | in | glory | ever- | lasting.

15 O Lord, save Thy people, and bless Thine | her-i- | tage. | Govern them, and lift them | up for | ev- | er.

16 Day by day we | magnify | Thee. | And we worship Thy name | ev-er, | world without | end.

17 Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day with- | out | sin. | O Lord, have mercy up- | on | us, have | mercy up- | on | us.

18 O Lord, let Thy mercy be upon us, as our trust is | in | Thee. | O Lord, in Thee have I trusted; let me | nev-er | be con- | founded.

25. *PSALM CXVIII.*

THE Lord is my | strength and song, ‖ and is be- | come my sal- | va- | tion.

2 The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles | of the | righteous: ‖ the right hand of the | Lord doeth | valiant- | ly.

3 Open to me the | gates of | righteousness: ‖ I will go into them, and | I will | praise the | Lord;

4 This | gate of the | Lord, ‖ into | which the | righteous shall | enter.
5 I will praise Thee; for Thou hast | he-ard | me, ‖ and art be- | come my sal- | va- | tion.
6 Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for | He is | good; ‖ for His | mercy en- | dureth for | ever.

26. *LUKE II.*

THERE were shepherds abiding in the field,
Keeping watch over their | flock by | night.
2 And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them,
And the glory of the Lord shone round about them,
And | they were | sore a- | fraid.
3 And the angel said unto them, Fear not;
For, behold, I bring you good tidings
Of great joy, which shall be to | all— | people.
4 For unto you is born this day, in the city of David,
A | Saviour, · · who is | Christ the Lord.
5 |: And suddenly there was with the angel
A multitude of the heavenly host,
praising | God, and | saying:
6 Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth | peace, good | will to | men. :|

27. *ISAIAH IX.—LUKE II.*

THE people that walked in darkness,
Have | seen a · · great | light;
2 They that dwell in the land of the shadow of death,

Upon | them · · hath the | light— | shined.

3 For unto us a Child is born,
Unto us a Son is given;
And the government shall be up- | on His | shoulder;

4 And His name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The Mighty God,
The Everlasting | Father, · · | The | Prince of | Peace.

5 Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end,
Upon the throne of David, and up- | on His | kingdom,

6 To order it, and to establish it with judgment
And with justice, from | henceforth | even · · for | ever.

7 Glory be to | God in the | highest, ‖ and on earth |
Peace, good | will to | men.

28. "*Cantate Domino.*" P. 47.

BEHOLD, I bring you good tidings of | great= | joy; ‖ for unto you is born this day a Saviour, | which is | Christ the | Lord!

2 Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good | will toward | men! ‖ Unto us a Child is born; unto us a Son is given, and the government | is up- | on His | shoulder.

3 And His name is | Wonder- | ful, ‖ Counselor, | the= | Mighty God.

4 The | Ever- | lasting ‖ Father, | the= | Prince of | Peace.

5 God hath remembered His cove-nant and sent salvation | to His | people. ‖ When

the fullness of time had come, | God sent | forth His | Son,

6 Made of a woman, made under the law, that we might receive the a- | doption of | sons. || Israel is saved by the Lord with an | ever- | lasting sal- | vation.

7 This is the Lord's doings, and it is marvellous | in our | eyes. || This is the day the Lord hath made ; we will rejoice | and be | glad in | it.

8 Behold, now is the ac- | cepted | time ! || Behold, | now is the | day of sal- | vation. ||

9 Say among the heathen, that the | Lord= | reigneth. || Let the heavens rejoice, and | let the | earth be | glad ;

10 For He shall judge the world with righteousness and the people | with His | truth. || Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord ! Blessed be the kingdom of our father David ! Ho- | sanna | in the | highest !

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world with-out | end != | A- | men.

29. "*S. S. Hymnal.*" P. 41.

LORD, who shall dwell in *Thy* | ta-ber- | nacle : or who shall *rest* up- | on · Thy | ho-ly | hill ?

Even he that lead*eth* an | uncor-rupt | life : and doeth the thing which is right, and speak*eth* the | truth · = | from · his | heart.

He that hath used no deceit in his tongue, nor done *evil* | to · his | neighbor : and

hath *not* | slander-ed | his · = | neighbor.

He that setteth not by himself, but is low*ly* in | his · own | eyes : and maketh *much* of | them · that | fear · the | Lord.

He that sweareth unto his neighbor, and disappoint*eth* | him · = | not : *though* it | were · to | his · own | hindrance.

He that hath not given his money up- | on · = | usury : nor taken re*ward* a- | gainst · the | in-no- | cent.

Who*so* | doeth · these | things : shall | = · = | nev-er | fall.

Glory be, etc.

30. "*Cantate Domino.*" P. 48.

LORD, Thou hast been our | dwelling- | place ‖ in | all= | gene- | rations.

2 Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the | earth and the | world, ‖ even from ever-lasting to ever-lasting ; | Thou art | God.

3 Thou in the beginning didst create the heaven | and the | earth, ‖ when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of | God= | shouted for | joy.

4 Thou didst say, Let there be | light in the | firmament ; ‖ and didst call forth sun, moon, and stars, that they might be for signs, and for se sons, and for | days= | and for | years.

5 Lord, what is man, that Thou takest | knowledge of | him ; ‖ or the son of man, that Thou | makest ac- | count of | him?

6 Behold Thou hast made our days | as a | hand breadth, ‖ and our age is as nothing before Thee. Verily, every man at his best estate is alto- | gether | vani- | ty.

7 Lord, make us to | know our | end, ‖ and the measure of our | days= | what it | is,

8 That we may know how | frail= | we are, ‖ and walk in wisdom, redeeming the time be- | cause the | days are | evi .

9 We are strangers with Thee and sojourners, as | all our | fathers were ; ‖ let Thy statutes be our song in the | house of our | pilgrim- | age.

10 Oh, comfort us all the days of | this vain | life, ‖ which we spend as a shadow | un-til our | change= | come.

11 We give glory unto the Alpha and Omega, the beginning | and the | ending. ‖ We fall at the feet of Jesus Christ, the | Son = | of= | God.

12 Who lays His right hand up- | on us, | and says : ‖ Fear not ; I am the | First= | and the | Last :

13 I am He that liveth, | and= | was dead ; ‖ and behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen : and have the keys of | hell= | and of | death.

14 We shall live because Thou livest, | Jesus | Christ, ‖ the same yesterday, and to- | day= | and for | ever.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, ‖ and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be= | world without | end. = | A= | men.

31. "*Hymnal and Canticles.*" P. 33, No. 57.

O ALL ye works of the Lord, | bless ye the | Lord : praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever.

2 O ye Angels of the Lord, | bless ye the | Lord: praise Him, and | magni-fy | Him for | ever.

3 O ye Heavens, | bless ye the | Lord: praise Him, and | magni-fy | Him for | ever.

4 O ye Waters that be above the firmament, bless ye the | Lord: praise Him, and | magni-fy | Him for | ever.

5 O all ye Powers of the Lord, | bless ye the | Lord; praise Him, and | magni-fy | Him for | ever.

6 O ye Sun and Moon, | bless ye the | Lord: praise Him, and | magni-fy | Him for | ever.

7 O ye Stars of Heaven, | bless ye the | Lord: praise Him, and | magni-fy | Him for | ever.

8 O ye Showers and Dew, | bless ye the | Lord: praise Him, and | magni-fy | Him for | ever.

9 O ye Winds of God, | bless ye the | Lord: praise Him, and | magni-fy | Him for | ever.

10 O ye Fire and Heat, | bless ye the | Lord: praise Him, and | magni-fy | Him for | ever.

11 O ye Winter and Summer, | bless ye the | Lord: praise Him, and | magni-fy | Him for | ever.

12 O ye Dews and Frosts, | bless ye the | Lord: praise Him, and | magni-fy | Him for | ever.

13 O ye Frost and Cold, | bless ye the | Lord: praise Him, and | magni-fy | Him for | ever.

14 O ye Ice and Snow, | bless ye the | Lord: praise Him, and | magni-fy | Him for | ever.

15 O ye Nights and Days, | bless ye the | Lord : praise Him, and | magni-fy | Him for | ever.
16 O ye Light and Darkness, | bless ye the | Lord : praise Him, and | magni-fy | Him for | ever.
17 O ye Lightnings and Clouds, | bless ye the | Lord : praise Him and | magni-fy | Him for | ever.

32. "*S. S. Hymnal.*" P. 35.

O LORD, Thou hast searched me out, · and | known · | =me :
Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising :
Thou understandest my | thoughts · = | long · be- | fore.
Thou art about my path, and a- | bout · my | bed : and | spiest · out | all my | ways.
For lo there is not a word | in · my | tongue : but Thou, O Lord, | know-est · it | al-to- | gether.
Thou hast fashioned me behind | and · be- | fore : and | laid · Thine hand up- | on me.
Such knowledge is too wonderful and excellent | for · = | me : I cannot at- | tain · = | un-to— | it.
Whither shall I go then | from · Thy Spirit : or whither shall I | go · then | from · Thy | presence ?
If I climb up into heaven, | Thou · art | there : If I go down to hell, | Thou · art | there · = | also.
If I take the wings | of · the | morning : and remain in the uttermost | parts · = | of · the | sea,

Even there also shall Thy hand | lead · = | me ; and Thy right hand | shall · = | hold · = | me.

If I say, Peradventure the darkness shall | cov-er | me ; then shall my night | be · = | turned · to | day.

Yea the darkness is no darkness with Thee, but the night is as clear | as the | day : the darkness and light to | Thee · are | both · a- | like. Amen.

33. "*S. S. Hymnal.*" P. 43.

OUT of the deep have I called unto Thee, | O · = | Lord : *Lord,* | hear · = | my · = | voice.

O let Thine *ears* con- | sid-er | well : the *voice* | of · = | my · com- | plaint.

If Thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is | done · a- | miss : O *Lord,* who | may · a- | bide · = | it ?

For there is mercy | with · = | Thee, therefore shalt | Thou · be | fear= | ed.

I look for the Lord ; my *soul* doth | wait · for | Him : in His | word · = | is my | trust.

My soul *fleeth* un- | to · the | Lord : before the morning watch ; I *say,* be- | fore · the | morning | watch.

O Israel, trust in the Lord ; for with the Lord | there · is | mercy : and with Him is | plenteous · re- | demp · = | tion.

And He shall redeem | Is-ra- | el : *from* | all · = | his · = | sins.

Glory be, etc.

34. "*Cantate Domino.*" P. 269.

THE Spirit and the | Bride say, | come. ‖ And let him that | heareth | say,= | come.

2 And let him that is a- | thirst= | come. ‖ And whosoever will, let him take the | water of | life= | freely.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

35. "*Cantate Domino.*" P. 56.

THE mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon | them that | fear Him, ‖ and His righteousness | unto | children's | children.

2 To such as | keep His | covenant; ‖ and to those that remember His com- | mandments to | do=them.

3 Suffer little children to come unto Me, and for- | bid them | not: ‖=for of | such is the | kingdom of | heaven.

36. "*Cantate Domino.*" P. 275.

COME unto Me, all ye that labor and are | heavy- | laden, ‖ and | I will | give you | rest.

2 Take My yoke upon you, and | learn of | Me: ‖ for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find | rest un- | to your | souls.

3 For My | yoke is | easy, ‖ and My | burden | is= | light.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

RESPONSE FOR TEN COMMANDMENTS. No. 1.

37. "*Hymnal and Canticles.*" P. 38.

LORD, have mercy up-on us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Lord, have mercy up-on us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we beseech Thee.

38. No. 2. "*Cantus Ecclesiae.*" P. 159.

THE Lord is in His ho-ly tem-ple; let all the earth keep silence, si-lence be-fore Him.

The Lord is in His ho-ly tem-ple; let all the earth keep si-lence, si-lence be-fore Him.

39. "*Cantate Domino.*" P. 289.

THE Lord reigneth, | He is | clothed with | majesty; ‖ the Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith | He hath | girded Him- | self.

2 The world also | is= | established, ‖ that it | can= | not be | moved.

3 Thy throne is established | of= | old: ‖ Thou | art from | ever- | lasting.

4 The floods have lifted up, | O Lord, the floods have lifted | up their voices: ‖ the | floods lift | up their | waves.

5 The Lord on high is mightier than the noise | of many | waters, ‖ yea, than the mighty | waves= | of the | sea.

6 Thy testimonies are | very | sure, ‖ holiness becometh Thine | house, O | Lord, for | ever.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

40. *"Parish Hymnal."* P. 220.

THE heavens declare the | glory · of | God : || and the firmament | showeth · His | hand-y- | work.

2 One day | telleth · an- | other : || and one night | cer-ti- | fieth · an- | other.

3 There is neither | speech nor | language : || but their voices are | heard · a- | mong— | them.

4 Their sound has gone out into | all— | lands : || and their words into the | ends— | of · the | world.

5 In them hath He set a tabernacle | for · the | sun : || which cometh forth as a bride-groom out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a | giant · to | run · his | course.

6 It goeth forth from the uttermost parts of the heaven, and runneth about unto the end of | it · a- | gain : || and there is nothing hid | from · the | heat · there- | of.

7 The law of the Lord is an undefiled law, con- | verting · the | soul : || the testimony of the Lord is sure, and giveth | wis-dom | unto the | simple.

8 The statutes of the Lord are right, and re- | joice · the | heart : || the commandment of the Lord is pure, and giveth | light · un- | to the | eyes.

9 The fear of the Lord is clean, and en- | dureth · for- | ever : || the judgments of the Lord are true, and | right-eous | al-to- | gether.

10 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than | much · fine | gold : || sweeter also than honey, | and · the | ho-ney- | comb.

11 Moreover, by them is Thy | servant |

taught : ‖ and in keep-ing of them | there · is | great · re- | ward.

12 Who can tell how oft | he · of- | fendeth ? ‖ Oh, cleanse Thou me | from · my | se-cret | faults.

13 Keep Thy servant also from presumptuous sins, lest they get the dominion | o-ver | me : ‖ so shall I be undefiled, and innocent | from · the | great · of- | fence.

14 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation | of · my | heart ‖ be always acceptable | in · Thy | sight,

15 O | — · — | Lord : ‖ my strength and | my · re- | deem— | er.

Glory be to the Father, | and · to the | Son : ‖ and | to · the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be : ‖ world | without | end. A- | men.

41.

"*S. S. Hymnal.*" P. 42.

WHOSO dwelleth under the defence of the | Most · = | High : shall abide under the shadow | of · the | Al- · = | mighty.

I will say unto the Lord, Thou art my *hope*, and | my · strong- | hold : my God, in | Him · = | will · I | trust.

For He shall deliver thee from the *snare* | of · the | hunter, · and *from* the | noisome | pes-ti- | lence.

He shall defend thee under His wings, and thou shalt be *safe* | under · His | feathers : His faithfulness and *truth* shall | be · thy | shield · and | buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for any terror | by · = | night : nor for the arr*ow* | that · = | flieth · by | day.

For the pestilence that walketh | in · = | darkness: nor for the sickness that destroy*eth* | in the | noon · = | day.

A thousand shall fall beside thee, and ten thousand at | thy · right | hand: but it | shall · not | come · nigh | thee.

Yea, with *thine eyes* shalt | thou be- | hold: and see the reward | of · the | un- · = | godly.

For Thou, *Lord*, | art · my | hope: Thou hast set Thine *house* of de- | fence · = | very | high.

There shall no evil happen | un-to | thee: neither shall any *plague* | come · = | nigh · thy | dwelling.

For He shall give His angels charge | o-ver | thee: to keep thee | in · = | all . thy | ways.

They shall bear thee | in · their | hands: that thou hurt *not* thy | foot · a- | gainst · a | stone.

Thou shalt go upon the | lion · and | adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou *tread* | un-der | thy · = | feet.

Because he hath set his love upon Me, therefore will *I* de- | liv-er | him; I will set him up because | he · hath | known · My | Name.

He shall call upon Me, and | I · will | hear him: yea, I am with him in trouble; I will deliver *him*, and | bring · = | him · to | honor.

With long life will I | satis-fy | him: and | show · him | My · sal- | vation.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

42. "*S. S. Hymnal.*" P. 56.

LIFT up your heads, oh ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye *ever-* | last-ing | doors: and the King of | glory | shall · come | in.

Who *is* the | King · of | glory? The Lord strong and mighty: even the | Lord · = | mighty · in | battle.

Lift up your heads, oh ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye ever- | last-ing | doors: and the King of | glory | shall · come | in.

Who is the | King · of | glory? Even the Lord of *hosts*, | He · is the | King · of | glory.

Oh clap your hands together, | all · ye | people: shout unto God | with · the | voice · of | triumph.

For the Lord most high | is · = | terrible: He is a great King, | o-ver | all · the | earth.

God is gone *up* | with · a | shout: the Lord | with · the | sound · of a | trumpet.

Sing praises to God, | sing · = | praises: sing praises unto our King, | sing · = | prais- · = | es.

God reigneth | over · the | heathen: God sitteth upon the throne | of · His | ho-li- | ness.

The princes of the people are gathered together, even the people of the God of | Abra- | ham: for the shields of the earth belong unto God: He is | greatly · ex- | alt · = | ed.

Glory be, etc.

43. "*Hymnal and Canticles.*" P. 42.

Offertory No. 1.

THOU art wor-thy, O Lord, Thou art wor-thy, O Lord, to receive glo-ry, to re-ceive glo-ry.

Thou art wor-thy, O Lord, to re-ceive glo-ry and hon-or and power, to re-ceive glo-ry, To re-ceive glo-ry and hon-or and power. A- | men.

44. "*S. S. Hymnal.*" P. 60.

Offertory Sentence.

LAY not up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust doth cor-rupt, and where thieves break through and steal, where thieves break through and steal.

But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neith-er moth nor rust doth cor-rupt, and where thieves do not break through, break through nor steal.

45. "*Church Hymn-book with Tunes.*" P. 535.

MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all ye | lands!

Serve the Lord with gladness: come before His | presence | with | singing.

2 Know ye that the Lord | He is | God:
It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are His people | and the | sheep · of His | pasture.

3 Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His | courts with | praise:
Be thankful unto Him, and | bless— | His — | Name.

4 For the Lord is good; His mercy is | ever- | lasting,
And His truth endureth to | all— | gener- | ations.
Glory be to the Father, etc.

46. "*Chants of the Episcopal Church.*" P. 4.

O COME, let us sing un- | to the | Lord, | let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal- | vation.
2 Let us come before His presence | with thanks- | giving, | and show ourselves | glad in | Him with | psalms.
3 For the Lord is a | great | God, | and a great | King a- | bove all | gods.
4 In His hand are all the corners | of the | earth; | and the strength of the | hills is | His | also.
5 The sea is His, and | He | made it, | and His hands pre- | pa-red the | dry | land.
6 O come, let us worship, and | fall | down; | and kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.
7 For He is the | Lord our | God, | and we are the people of His pasture, and the | sheep | of His | hand.
8 O worship the Lord in the beauty of | ho-li- | ness; | let the whole earth | stand in | awe of | Him.
9 For He cometh, for He cometh, to | judge the | earth; | and with righteousness to judge the world, and the | peo-ple | with His | truth.
10 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, | and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
11 As it was in the beginning, | is now, | and ever | shall be, | world with-out | end. A- | men.

47. "*Cantus Ecclesiae.*" P. 202.

GOD be merciful unto | us and | bless us | and show us the light of His countenance, and be | merci-ful | un-to | us.

2 That Thy way may be | known upon | earth, | Thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.

3 Let the people praise | Thee, O | God ;— | let | all the | people | praise Thee.

4 O let the nations re- | joice and be | glad ; | for Thou shalt judge the folk right-eously, and govern the | nations up- | on | earth.

5 Let the people praise | Thee, O | God :— | let | all the | people | praise Thee.

6 Then shall the earth bring | forth her | increase ; | and God, even our own God, shall— | give | us His | blessing.

Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, | and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, | is | now, | and ever | shall be, | world without | end. A- | men.

48. "*Hymnal and Canticles.*" P. 10.

CHRIST our Passover is | sacri-ficed | for us : therefore | let us | keep the | feast ;

2 Not with the old leaven, neither with the leaven of | malice and | wick-edness : but with the unleavened bread of sin- | cer-i- | ty and | truth.

3 Christ being raised from the dead, | dieth no | more : death hath no more do- | minion | o-ver | Him.

4 For in that He died, He died unto | sin— | once: but in that He liveth, He | liveth | unto | God.

5 Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed | un-to | sin: but alive unto God through | Je-sus | Christ our | Lord.

6 Christ is risen | from the | dead: and become the first— | fruits of | them that | slept.

7 For since by | man came | death: by man came also the resur- | rection | of the | dead.

8 For as in | Adam all | die: even so in Christ shall | all be | made a- | live.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be: world | without | end. A- | men.

49. "*Cantate Domino.*" P. 49.

CHRIST our Passover was offered for us | for our | sins. || He was delivered for | our of- | fen= | ces;

2 He bore our sins in His own body on the tree, and the Lord laid on Him the iniquity | of us | all. || His soul was sorrowful, even unto death; He was brought | as a lamb | to the | slaughter;

3 He humbled Himself, and became obedient | unto | death; || even the | death= | of the | cross.

4 He was taken from prison | and from | judgment; || He was cut off out | of the land | of the | living.

5 Sing praises unto our God and the Lamb, | and= | say: || Thou wast slain, and hast

redeemed us out of every kindred, and tongue, and | people, | and= | na-tion ;

6 Thou hast made us unto our God, | kings and | priests. ‖ Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, for | ever and | ev= | er.

7 All creatures which are in heaven, and | on the | earth, ‖ ascribe blessing and honor unto Him, that sitteth upon the throne | and un- | to the | Lamb.

8 Now is come salvation and strength, and the kingdom | of our | God, ‖ and the | power | of His | Christ.

9 If God be for us, who | can be | against us ? ‖ He spared not His | only be- | got-ten | Son,

10 But delivered Him up | for us | all ; ‖ how shall He not with Him also freely | give us | all= | things !

11 Unto Him that | loved | us, ‖ and washed us from our sins in | His= | own= | blood,

12 And hath made us kings and priests unto God | and His | Father, ‖ to Him be glory and dominion for | ever and= | ev= | er.

Glory be to the Father, | to the | Son, ‖ and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

Which is, and which was, and which | is to | come, ‖ God over all, blessed for | ever- | more. A- | men.

50. "*Cantate Domino.*" P. 51.

CHRIST our Passover | has= | risen, ‖ He was dead, and behold He is alive for ev-ermore, and hath the keys of | hell= | and of | death.

2 Christ our Passover was dead, a sacrifice | for our | sins. || Therefore we keep the feast no more with the leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sin- | cerity | and= | truth :

3 Christ is risen from the dead, and henceforth | dieth no | more ; || death hath no more do- | minion | over | Him.

4 He died unto sin once, but now He liveth | unto | God ; || the Prince of Life could not be | holden | of= | death.

5 God did not leave His soul in the grave, nor suffer His Holy One to | see cor- | ruption. || He was dead, and behold He is alive again, and hath the keys of | hell = | and of | death.

6 Christ is risen, the first fruits of | them that | slept. || Since by man came death, by man came also the resur- | rection | of the | dead ;

7 And as in | Adam all | die, || even so in Christ shall all be | made alive, | at His | coming.

8 Death is swallowed | up for | ever ! || O Death, | where= | is thy | sting ?

9 O Grave, | where is thy | victory ? || Thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory, | through our Lord | Jesus | Christ.

Glory be to | God, the | Father, || the Son, | and the | Holy | Ghost,

In the church that | is in | Christ, || for ever | and ever. | A= | men.

51. "*Parish Hymnal.*" P. 216.

MY soul doth magni- | fy · the | Lord : || and my spirit hath re- | joiced · in | God my | Saviour.

For He | hath · re- | garded : ‖ the lowliness | of · His | hand- | maiden :
For behold, | from · hence- | forth ‖ all generations | shall— | call · me | blessed.
For He that is mighty hath magnified me, and holy | is · His | Name : ‖ and His mercy is on them that fear Him, through- | out · all | gen-er- | ations.
He hath shewed strength | with · His | arm : ‖ He hath scattered the proud in the imagi- | nation | of · their | hearts.
He hath put down the mighty | from · their | seats : ‖ and hath exalted the | humble | and · — | meek.
He hath filled the hungry | with · good | things : ‖ and the rich He | hath · sent | emp-ty a- | way.
He | remembering His mercy, hath holpen His servant | Is-ra- | el : ‖ as He promised to our forefathers, Abraham | and · his | seed · for- | ever.
Glory be to the Father, | and · to the | Son : ‖ and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be : | world | with-out | end. A- | men.

52. "*Chants of the Episcopal Church.*" P.20.

O BE joyful in the Lord, | all ye | lands ; | serve the Lord with gladness, and come before His | pre-sence | with a | song.
2 Be ye sure that the Lord | He is | God, | it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves ; we are His people | and the | sheep of His | pasture.

3 O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His | courts with | praise; | be thankful unto Him, and | speak good | of His | Name.

4 For the Lord is gracious, His mercy is | ever- | lasting; | and His truth endureth from generation to | ge-ne- | ra- | tion.

5 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, | and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

6 As it was in the beginning, | is | now, | and ever | shall be, | world with-out | end. A- | men.

53. "*Parish Hymnal.*" P. 218.

O LORD, our Governor, how excellent is Thy Name in | all · the | world; ‖ Thou that hast set Thy | glory · a- | bove · the | heavens!

2 Out of the mouth of very babes and sucklings, hast Thou ordained strength, because | of · Thine | enemies: ‖ that Thou mightst still the enemy | and — | the · a- | venger.

3 For I will consider Thy heavens, even the works | of · Thy | fingers: ‖ the moon and the stars | which · Thou | hast · or- | dained.

4 What is man, that Thou art | mindful · of | him; ‖ and the son of man, | that · Thou | visit- · est | him?

5 Thou madest him lower | than · the | angels: ‖ to crown him with | glo- | ry · and | worship.

6 Thou makest him to have dominion of the works | of · Thy | hands: ‖ and Thou hast put all things in sub- | jection | under · his | feet;

7 All | sheep · and | oxen : || yea, and the | beasts— | of the | field ;
8 The fowls of air, and the fishes | of · the | sea : || and whatsoever walketh | through · the | paths · of the | seas.
9 O | Lord, our | Governor : || how excellent is Thy | Name · in | all · the | world !
Glory be to the Father, etc.

54. "*Parish Hymnal*" (No. 53). P. 225.

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord, for | He is | gracious : || and His | mercy · en- | dureth · for | ever.
O give thanks unto the God | of · all | gods : || for | His | mercy · en- | dureth · for ever.
O thank the Lord | of · all | lords : || for His | mercy · en- | dureth · for | ever.
Who only | doeth · great | wonders : || for His | mercy · en- | dureth · for | ever.
Who by His excellent wisdom | made · the | heavens : || for His | mercy | en- | dureth · for | ever.
Who laid out the earth a- | bove · the | waters : || for His | mercy · en- | dureth | for | ever.
Who hath made | great— | lights : || for His | mercy · en-dureth · for | ever.
The sun to | rule · the | day : || for His | mercy · en- | dureth · for | ever.
The moon and the stars to | govern · the night : || for His | mercy · en- | dureth for | ever.
Who remembered us when we | were · in | trouble : || for His | mercy · en- | dureth for | ever.
And hath delivered us | from · our | ene-

mies : ‖ for His | mercy · en- | dureth for | ever.
Who giveth food | to · all | flesh : ‖ for His | mercy · en- | dureth · for | ever.
O give thanks unto the | God · of | heaven : ‖ for His | mercy . en- | dureth · for | ever.
O give thanks unto the | Lord · of | lords : ‖ for His | mercy · en- | dureth · for | ever.
Glory be to the Father, | and · to the Son : ‖ and | to · the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be : ‖ world | with-out | end. A- | men.

55. "*S. S. Hymnal.*" P. 37.

THE Lord is gracious and | mer-ci- | ful : long-suffering, | and · of | great · = | goodness.
The Lord is loving unto | eve-ry | man : and His mercy is | o-ver | all · His | works.
All Thy works praise Thee, | O · = | Lord : and Thy *saints* give | thanks · = | un-to | Thee.
They show the glory | of · Thy | kingdom : and | talk · of | Thy · = power ;
That Thy power, Thy glory and mightiness | of · Thy | kingdom : *might* be | known · = | un-to | men.
Thy kingdom is an ever- | last-ing | kingdom : and Thy dominion endureth | through-out | all · = | ages.
The Lord upholdeth *all* | such · as | fall : and lifteth *up* | all · those | that · are | down.
The eyes of all wait upon *Thee*, | O · = |

Lord: and Thou givest *them* their | meat · in | due · = | season.

Thou opene*st* | Thine · = | hand: and fillest all things living | with · = | plenteous- | ness.

The Lord is righteous in | all · His | ways: and holy | in · = | all · His | works.

The Lord is nigh unto all them that *call* up- | on · = | Him: yea, all such as call up- | on · Him | faith-ful- | ly.

He will fulfil the desire of *them* that | fear · = | Him: He also will hear their cry, | and · will | help · = | them.

The Lord preserveth all them that | love · = | Him: but scattereth abroad | all · the | un · = | godly.

My mouth shall speak the praise | of · the | Lord: and let all flesh give thanks unto His holy name for · = | ever · and | ever.

56. "*Church Hymn Book, with Tunes*" (No. 3). P. 531.

THE Lord | is my | Shepherd;
I | shall— | not— | want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in | green— | pastures:
He leadeth me be- | side the | still— | waters.

3 He re- | storeth · my | soul:
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness | for His | Name's— | sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will | fear no | evil:
For Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy | staff they | comfort | me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence | of mine | enemies:

Thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup — | runneth | over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the | days of · my | life:
And I will dwell in the | house · of the | Lord for- | ever.
Glory be to the Father, etc.

57. "*Cantus Ecclesiae.*" P. 189.

THEREFORE, with Angels and Archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud, and magnify Thy glorious Name: evermore praising Thee, and saying, Ho-ly, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts, Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory: Glory be to Thee, O Lord Most High. A-men; A-men.

Ho-ly, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts, heaven and earth are full of Thy glo-ry:
Glory be to Thee, O Lord Most High. A-men; A-men.

58. "*Fresh Laurels.*" P. 141.

OH, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good;
For His mer-cy en-dur-eth for ev-er.

2 Oh, give thanks unto the God of gods;
For His mer-cy en-dur-eth for ev-er.

3 Oh, give thanks unto the Lord of lords.
Chorus.—For His mer-cy en-dur-eth for ev-er.

4 To Him who alone doeth great wonders;
Ch.—For His mer-cy en-dur-eth for ev-er.

5 To Him that by wisdom made the heavens;
Ch.—For His mer-cy en-dur-eth for ev-er.

6 To Him that stretched out the earth above the waters.
Ch.—For His mer-cy en-dur-eth for ev-er.

7 To Him that made great lights;
Ch.—For His mer-cy en-dur-eth for ev-er.
8 The sun to rule by day; the moon and stars to rule by night;
Ch.—For His mer-cy en-dur-eth for ev-er.
9 Who remembered us in our low estate;
Ch.—For His mer-cy en-dur-eth for ev-er.
10 And hath redeemed us from our enemies.
Ch.—For His mer-cy en-dur-eth for ev-er.
11 Who giveth food to all flesh;
Ch.—For His mer-cy en-dur-eth for ev-er.
12 Oh, give thanks unto the God of heaven;
Ch.—For His mer-cy en-dur-eth for ev-er.
[Amen.

59. "*Fresh Laurels.*" P. 140.

WITH tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and | stormy | sea:
Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly | whisper, | Come to | Me.
2 It tells me of a place of rest—
It tells me where my | soul may | flee;
Oh! to the weary, faint, opprest,
How sweet the | bidding, | Come to Me!
3 When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, en- | joy, and | see,
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice | utters, | Come to | Me.
4 Come, for all else must fail and die,
Earth is no resting- | place for | thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy | portion, | Come to | Me.
5 Oh, voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and | ago- | ny,
Support and cheer me, from above!
And gently | whisper, | Come to | Me.

60. "*Song Life.*" P. 146.

THE way is dark, my Father! || cloud upon cloud is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud the thunders | roar a- | bove me, || yet still I see, I stand like one bewildered! Father, | take my | hand,
And thro' the gloom lead safely home,
Safely home, safely home,
Lead safely home Thy child!

2 The day declines, my Father! || and the night is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight sees | ghostly | visions. || Fears of a spectral band encompass me. O Father, | take my hand,
And from the night lead up to light,
Up to light, up to light,
Lead up to light Thy child.

3 The throng is great, my Father! || Many a doubt and fear of danger compass me about; and foes op- | press me | sore. || I cannot stand, or go, alone. O Father! | take my | hand;
And through the throng lead safe along,
Safe along, safe along,
Lead safe along Thy child!

4 The cross is heavy, Father! || I have borne it long, and | still do | bear it. || Let my worn and fainting spirit rise to that bright land where crowns are given. Father, | take my | hand;
And reaching down, lead to the crown,
To the crown, to the crown,
Lead to the crown Thy child! Amen.

BENEDICTION.

61. "*Cantate Domino.*" P. 28.

THE Lord bless thee, and keep thee: The Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be | gracious unto | thee : ‖

2 The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace. In the | Name of | Jesus, A- | men.

BENEDICTION.

62. "*Chapel Hymnal.*"

THE peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, ‖: and of His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord :‖

And the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be amongst you and ‖: remain with you :‖ always. The blessing of God Almighty remain with you always.

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

HYMNS.

PRAISE.

1. "*The Prize.*" P. 76.

OH, let us praise Him! Oh, let us praise Him!
Let us praise the Lord our King,
With glad hosannas! With glad hosannas
Let our hearts and voices sing;
He loves the little children well,
He calls them to His fold;
And all He does and cares for them
Can never half be told.

2 Oh, let us serve Him! Oh, let us serve Him!
Let us learn to do His will.
Oh, may we follow! Oh, may we follow
In His blessed footsteps still!
He shows the way our feet should go,
He tells us what to do;
Oh, may we try to follow Him
With earnest hearts and true.

3 Oh, let us love Him! Oh, let us love Him!
Let us love our Father, God;
The blessed Saviour! the blessed Saviour!
Let us speak His praise abroad.
So may we love the words He spake,
And keep them in each heart,
And never from His teachings true
In thought or deed depart.

2. "*Songs for the Sanctuary.*" P. 3. L. M.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing,
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works and bless His word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels! how Divine!

3. "*Moravian Tune Book.*" No. 230.

PRAISES, thanks, and adoration
Be given to God without cessation,
To Jesus Christ, our gracious Lord:
For His mercy, love, and favor
To us, His flock, endure forever;
Bless, bless His Name with one accord;
To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One.
Hallelujah.
In highest strain
Praise the Lamb slain;
Let heaven and earth reply, Amen.

4. "*Songs for the Sanctuary.*" P. 12. S. M.

COME, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing,
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
The universal King.

2 Come, worship at His throne ;
Come, bow before the Lord ;
We are His work, and not our own,
He formed us by His word.

3 To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod ;
Come, like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

5. "*Songs of Devotion.*" P. 248.

WE praise Thee, O God ! for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.
Chorus.—Hallelujah ! Thine the glory.
Hallelujah ! Amen.
Hallelujah ! Thine the glory. Revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God ! for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour and scattered our night.—*Chorus.*

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and cleansed every stain.—*Chorus.*

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.—*Chorus.*

5 Revive us again, fill each heart with Thy love ;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above !—*Chorus.*

6. "*Hymns Ancient and Modern.*" No. 86.

ALL glory, laud, and honor
To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's Royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and Blessed One.
All glory, etc.

The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
All glory, etc.

The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went,
Our praise and prayers and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, etc.

Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, etc. Amen.

7. "*Songs of Gladness.*" P. 141.

JESUS hath sought us;
Jesus hath bought us;
Joyful hosannas to Him let us raise:
Cheerily singing,
Merrily ringing,
Anthems, loud anthems, of jubilant praise.

Chorus.—Joyfully we'll praise Him!
Cheerfully we'll praise Him!
Glad songs and loud hosannas
Shall ascend to Jesus above.
Joyfully praise Him!
Cheerfully raise Him
Songs of thanksgiving for infinite love.

2 Kind friends have taught us,
Jesus hath brought us
Under this roof where we gather to-day;
Gracious Jehovah,
Guide and watch over;
Look on Thy children in mercy, we pray.
Chorus.—Joyfully we'll praise Him!

3 Keep us and guide us:
Kindly provide us
Comfort and strength for each step of the way;
Mercy and blessing,
Goodness expressing,
Hold us in peace for eternity's day.
Chorus.—Joyfully we'll praise Him!

4 When Thou hast led us,
Taught us and fed us,
Strengthened our hearts, as we've journeyed along,
Then, gracious Father,
Thy children gather,
Joining in chorus of heaven's new song.
Chorus.—Joyfully we'll praise Him!

8. "*Sparkling Rubies.*" P. 13.

LORD of every land and nation,
"Ancient of eternal days;"
Sounded through the wide creation
Be Thy just and lawful praise.

Chorus.—Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, Amen.

2 "Brightness of the Father's glory,"
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Shun my tongue the guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die.
Chorus.—Hallelujah, etc.

3 From the highest throne in glory
To the cross of deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives;
Flow my praise, forever flow.
Chorus.—Hallelujah, etc.

4 Come, return, immortal Saviour;
Come, Lord, Jesus, take Thy throne;
Quickly come, and reign forever;
Be the kingdom all Thine own.
Chorus.—Hallelujah, etc.

9. "*Sparkling Rubies.*" P. 19.

JESUS! in Thy glorious dwelling,
Where the heavenly anthems ring,
Dost Thou hear the children singing?
Dost Thou heed the praise they bring?
Chorus.—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
From the river to the sea;
Sweet the voices of the children,
Singing praises unto Thee.

2 Jesus! from the glory round Thee,
Dost Thou look with smiling face,
When the children's hands are lifted,
Lowly praying for Thy grace?
Chorus.—Glory, glory, etc.

3 Jesus! though we cannot see Thee,
Art Thou still our watchful guide?

Does Thy loving whisper call us?
Does Thy tender hand provide?
Chorus.—Glory, glory, etc.

4 Jesus! Thou wilt never leave us,
Till our feet at last shall stand,
With the choir of angels singing
Day and night at Thy right hand.
Chorus.—Glory, glory, etc.

10. "*Chapel Hymnal.*"

HAIL! Thou glorious Name!
Wide the news proclaim!
Jesus, lowly,
Pure and holy,
Came, a King from heaven's high throne.
Life He gave us,
Died to save us,
Rose to make us all His own.
Chorus.—We sing hosannas to our King,
And glad our happy tribute bring!
Hosanna! Hosanna!
Hosanna to our Saviour King!

2 Here, this happy day,
We our joyous lay,
Sweetly singing,
Clearly ringing,
Lift the songs of praise to heaven:
Jesus loves us,
Smiles, and proves us
By the grace which He hath given!
Chorus.—We sing hosannas to our King, [etc.

3 High we raise the strain,
Loud it swells again,

Moving onward,
Ever onward,
As the waves of ocean roll :
And its burden—
Precious burden !—
Calms and soothes the weary soul.
Chorus.—We sing hosannas to our King,
[etc.

4 Oh, our blessed Lord,
Now, with sweet accord,
We before Thee
Do implore Thee
E'er to make these courts Thine own :
Let Thy glory,
Brightest glory,
Be in rich profusion shown !
Chorus.—We sing hosannas to our King,
[etc.

5 Come, Thou risen King,
Come, e'en while we sing !
In life's morning,
Life's adorning
Give us, while we seek Thy way ;
May we never
From Thee sever !—
May we near Thee constant stay !
Chorus.—We sing hosannas to our King,
[etc.

6 Then, when life is o'er,
Passed the golden shore,
O'er the river,
Beauteous river,
Where the light of God doth shine,
Songs resounding,
Joys abounding,
E'er shall tell of love Divine.

Chorus.—Then sweet hosannas to our King
Shall through the heavenly arches ring!
Hosanna! Hosanna!
Hosanna ever to our King!

11. "*Songs for the Sanctuary.*" P. 32. L. M.

NOW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake my soul, awake my tongue;
Hosanna to the Eternal Name,
And all His boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of His grace;
God, in the person of His Son,
Has all His mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
And Thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 But in His looks a glory stands,
The noblest labor of Thy hands;
The pleasing lustre of His eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

12. "*Golden Shower.*" P. 98. S. M.

MY soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins,
And His forgiving love
Far as the east is from the west
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord,
To those who fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.

5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower ;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

13. "*Songs for the Sanctuary.*" P. 224. C. P. M.

OH, could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine ;
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost Divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath Divine ;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne ;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Soon the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will call me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

14. "*Golden Chain.*" P. 70.

SWEETLY sing, sweetly sing,
Praises to our Heavenly King;
Let us raise, let us raise
High our notes of praise:
Praise to Him whose name is Love,
Praise to Him who reigns above;
Raise your songs, raise your songs,
Now with thankful tongues.

2 Angels bright, angels bright,
Robed in garments pure and white,
Chant His praise, chant His praise
In melodious lays;
But from that bright, happy throng
Ne'er can come this sweetest song,—
Redeeming love, redeeming love
Brought us here above.

3 Far away, far away,
We in sin's dark valley lay,
Jesus came, Jesus came,
Blessed be His Name!
He redeemed us by His grace,
Then prepared in heaven a place
To receive—to receive
All who will believe.

4 Now we know, now we know,
We from earth must shortly go;
Soon the call, soon the call
Comes to one and all.

Saviour, when our time shall come,
Take us to our heavenly home;
There we'll raise notes of praise
Through unending days.

15. "*Chapel Gems.*" P. 55.

PRAISE Him in His hallowed dwelling,
Let thy heart be inly swelling;
While the stars of heaven are telling,
Praise ye the Lord.

2 Praise Him for the love He bore us,
That He trod death's vale before us;
That His kindly care is o'er us;
Praise ye the Lord.

3 Praise Him, rescued brand, who bought thee,
Who hath long and kindly sought thee;
That salvation He hath brought thee;
Praise ye the Lord.

4 That He liveth, that He reigneth,
That to hear our prayer He deigneth,
That the contrite grace obtaineth:
Praise ye the Lord.

16. "*Songs for the Sanctuary.*" P. 102. C. M.

OH! for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of Thy Name.

3 Jesus, the Name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;

'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

17. "*The Prize.*" P. 17.

WE praise Thee, we bless Thee, our Father and Friend,
Oh, let our devotions before Thee ascend;
In youth and in childhood together we come,
To pray that Thy will in our hearts may be done.

2 We thank Thee for blessings received every day—
For which Thou hast taught us unceasing to pray;
But oh, for the treasures Thy word hath in store,
Thy name, oh, our Father, we bless and adore.

3 Protect us—defend us from sin and from harm,
As the shepherd doth gather the lambs with his arm;
Oh nourish, and strengthen our souls now in youth,
With Thy love and Thy wisdom, Thy goodness and truth.

18. "*S. S. Hymnal.*" P. 93.

ROUND the Lord in glory seated
Cherubim and Seraphim

Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each th' alternate hymn.
"Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with Thy fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord."

2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of Hosts, the Lord Most High."
With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with Thy fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord."
Thus Thy glorious Name confessing,
We adopt Thy angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," blessing
Thee, the Lord of Hosts most High.
Amen.

19. "*Chapel Hymnal.*"

KING of Glory, King of Peace,
I will love Thee:
And that love may never cease,
I will move Thee.
Thou hast granted my request,
Thou hast heard me;
Thou didst note my working breast,
Thou hast spared me.

2 Wherefore, with my utmost art
I will sing Thee,

And the best of all my heart
I will bring Thee.
Though my sins against me cried,
Thou didst clear me;
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didst hear me.

3 Seven whole days, not one in seven,
I will praise Thee;
In my heart, though not in heaven,
I can raise Thee.
Small it is, in this poor sort,
To enroll Thee;
Even eternity's too short
To extol Thee. Amen.

20. "*Happy Voices.*" P. 14.

WHAT are those soul-reviving strains,
Which echo thus from Salem's plains?
What anthems loud, and louder still,
So sweetly sound from Zion's hill?
Chorus.—"Glory, glory!" let us sing, while heaven and earth with glory ring:
Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna, to the Lamb of God!
"Glory, glory!" let us sing, while heaven and earth with glory ring:
Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna, to the Lamb of God!

2 Lo, 'tis an infant chorus sings
"Hosanna to the King of kings!"
The Saviour comes, and babes proclaim
Salvation sent in Jesus' name.
Glory, etc.

3 Messiah's name shall joy impart
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart:

He bled for us, He bled for you,
And we will sing hosannas too.
Glory, etc.

4 Proclaim hosannas loud and clear;
See David's Son and Lord appear:
All praise on earth to Him be given,
And "Glory" shout through highest heaven.
Glory, etc.

21. "*Casket.*" P. 48.

WE, children of one Lord and King,
Have met of Him to talk and sing;
To spend an hour in praise and prayer,
And for our better home prepare.
We love to sing of Jesus,
We love to sing of Jesus,
We love to sing of Jesus,
Who came for us to die.
We hope at last to meet Him,
We hope at last to meet Him,
We hope at last to meet Him,
In His bright home on high.

2 To Him we give our morning hours;
We know He loves the op'ning flowers:
And from our hearts may incense rise,
A pure and grateful sacrifice.—*Chorus.*

3 We thank our Father for the light
That makes this earth so glad and bright;
For all the blessings that He sends;
For life and health, for home and friends.—
[*Chorus.*

4 But we shall sing a sweeter song
When we have join'd the ransom'd throng,

And in the temple built above
We'll praise our Saviour's priceless love.—
[*Chorus.*

22. "*Silver Song.*" P. 61.

PRAISE Jehovah in the highest!
Praise His name beyond the skies!
Praise Him when in bed thou liest,
Praise Him when from bed you rise.
Praise thou Him, O rolling thunder,
Shaking earth's foundation vast;
Pointing back to deeds of wonder
Done by Him in ages past.

2 Praise ye Him, ye lightnings darting
From the black and riven cloud,
Like the sinner's soul departing
To the prison of the proud.
Praise thou Him, O mighty ocean!
Lashing on the restless shore,
Praise the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Praise His name for evermore.

3 Sing together, stars of morning;
Shout for joy, ye sons of God!
From your birth the heavens adorning,
Telling all His power abroad;
From the vast and wide creation
Let the rapturous anthem ring,
Christ, the Lord, is our salvation,
Christ, the Saviour, is our King.

23. "*The Chaplet.*" P. 5.

COME with grateful hearts and voices,
Humbly kneel before His throne!
Every living thing rejoices,
He is God, our God alone!

Haste, ye nations, to adore Him;
Swell the everlasting song!
All ye people, bow before Him;
Earth and sea, His praise prolong!

2 Praise Him for His love unending!
Praise Him for His precious Son!
Lo! His gifts are still descending;
Praise Him! Praise Him! every one!
Haste, ye nations, to adore Him;
Swell the everlasting song!
All ye people, bow before Him;
Earth and sea, His praise prolong!

3 He is King of kings forever!
Sing His love from shore to shore!
Let your praises, like a river,
Flow to Him for evermore!
Haste, ye nations, to adore Him;
Swell the everlasting song!
All ye people, bow before Him;
Earth and sea His praise prolong!

24. "*The Prize.*" P. 19.

O LORD, while angels praise Thee,
And all creation sings,
To Thee, Almighty Spirit!
My soul its tribute brings.

2 The morning stars all praise Thee,
The heavenly host on high,
The beams of early dawning,
And purple evening sky.

3 The fragrant springing flowers,
And summer's glowing rays,
The golden fruits of autumn,
And winter's chilling days.

4 Oh, Lord, while all things praise Thee,
My soul its tribute brings,
And gladly swells the chorus
That all creation sings.

25. "*Songs for the Sanctuary.*" 7s.,

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous Source of every joy!
Let Thy praise our tongue employ.
All to Thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

2 All the blessings of the field,
All the stores the gardens yield,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

26. "*Sparkling Rubies.*" P. 30.

AS, pilgrims to Zion, we journey along,
Our hearts and our voices unite in glad song;
We sing of the love of the Lord crucified,
For us hath He lived, and for us hath He died.

Glory, glory, glory, to the Lamb!
Glory to the great "I AM!"

Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him,
Heaven's host!
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost!

2 Our home is above, and we here have no rest,
We seek the fair mansions, abode of the blest;
The trials of life cannot give us dismay,
We know that these sorrows will soon pass away.—*Chorus.*

3 The treasures of earth yield to moth and to rust,
Our fairest possessions will soon turn to dust;
Then why should we linger? O pilgrims, arise,
And singing of Jesus, march home to the skies.—*Chorus.*

27. "*Sparkling Rubies.*" P. 7.

LIFT to God the voice of singing,
Loud thanksgiving let us raise;
Earth and sky, with gladness ringing,
Echo wide a people's praise.
‖: God is with us, :‖
With us as in early days.

2 When our fathers humbly sought Him,
Pleaded for the nations lost,
His own arm salvation brought them,
And the blessed Holy Ghost,
‖: On the nations :‖
Poured another Pentecost.

3 And the listening church, in wonder,
Hears to-day, in jubilee,

As the voice of mighty thunder,
Rolling over land and sea ;
‖: One thanksgiving :‖
God hath set His people free.

4 This, then, be our song of boasting,
God is with us, as of yore :
Still in His salvation trusting,
We will journey as before.
‖: God is with us, :‖
Be our song for evermore.

28. "*Songs of Gladness.*" P. 34.

SWELL the songs of heaven ! there is joy to-day
For a soul returning from the wild ;
See ! the Father meets him out upon the way,
Welcoming His weary, wand'ring child.
Glory ! glory ! how the angels sing !
Glory ! glory ! how the loud harps ring !
'Tis the ransomed army, like a mighty sea,
Pealing forth the anthem of the free.

2 Swell the songs of heaven ! there is joy to-day,
For the wand'rer now is reconciled.
Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way,
And is born anew a ransomed child.
Chorus.—Glory ! etc.

3 Swell the songs of heaven ! spread the feast to-day !
Angels swell the glad triumphant strain ;
Tell the joyful tidings, bear it far away,
For a precious soul is born again.
Chorus.—Glory, etc.

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

29. "*Pure Gold.*" P. 101.

WAKE the song of joy and gladness,
Hither bring your noblest lays;
Banish every thought of sadness,
Pouring forth your highest praise!
Sing to Him whose care has brought us
Once again with friends to meet,
Who with loving hearts have taught us
Of the way to Jesus' feet.

Chorus.—Wake the song, wake the song, the song of joy and gladness;
Wake the song, wake the song, the song of jubile·.

2 Some who came with songs and banners,
On our last bright festal day,
Now are singing glad hosannas
Where the angels homage pay;
In the presence of His glory,
Jesus' praise they chant above,
Telling still "the old, old story,"
Precious theme—redeeming love!
Refrain.

3 Thanks to Thee, O holy Father,
For the mercies of the year;
May each heart, as here we gather,
Swell with gratitude sincere!
Thanks to Thee, O loving Saviour,
For redemption through Thy blood:
Breathe upon us, Holy Spirit,
Sweetly draw us near to God.—*Refrain.*

30. "*Songs for the Sanctuary.*" P. 96. H. M.

COME, every pious heart,
That loves the Saviour's name,

Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate His fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to Him you owe.

2 He left His starry crown,
And laid His robes aside,
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died;
What He endured, oh, who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell?

3 From the dark grave He rose,
The mansions of the dead,
And thence His mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the Conqu'ror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.

4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe Thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve;
Our hearts, our all to Thee we give,—
The gift, though small, Thou wilt receive.

31. "*Happy Voices.*" P. 12.

THE valleys and the mountains,
The woodland and the plain,
The rivers and the fountains,
The sunshine and the rain,
The stars that shine above me,
The flowers that deck the sod,
Proclaim aloud the glory of our God.
Praises, holy adoration,
Praises to the God above;
Praises through the wide creation,
Sound aloud His greatness and His love.

2 And shall the voice of nature
Thus glorify its King;
And man, the noble creature,
No grateful tribute bring?
Shall mercy strew his pathway,
And all the senses please,
And man withhold the sacrifice of praise?
Praise Him, ye that live forever;
Praise Him, every heart and voice;
Praise Him, He's the glorious Giver;
Praise Him in your sorrows and your joys.

3 The word of life He gave us,
To guide us to the sky;
That He might justly save us
He sent His Son to die,—
To die in shame and anguish,
To die a sacrifice,
To save us from the death that never dies.
Praise Him, praise Him for salvation;
Praise Him, praise Him for His Son;
Praise Him, every tribe and nation:
Praise Him for the battle He has won.

4 Then train your youthful voices
To hymn His praise above;
For He who here rejoices
In Jesus' dying love,
Around His throne in glory
Shall all His love proclaim,
And sing the song of Moses and the Lamb.
Praise Him, praise th' Eternal Father;
Praise Him, praise th' Eternal Son;
Praise Him, praise the Three together,—
Father, Son, and Spirit, Three in One.

32. "*Songs for the Sanctuary.*" P. 106.

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices,
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See He sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.
Chorus.—Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen.

2 Jesus hail! whose glory brightens
All above and gives it worth;
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms, Thy saints on earth:
When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it love Divine.—*Chorus.*

3 King of Glory, reign forever,—
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.—*Chorus.*

4 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away,
Then with golden harps we'll sing
"Glory, glory to our King."—*Chorus.*

33. "*Moravian Tune Book.*"

SING hallelujah, praise the Lord,
Sing with a cheerful voice;
Exalt our God, with one accord,
And in His name rejoice:

Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransom'd host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Until in realms of endless light
Your praises shall unite.

2 There we to all eternity
Shall join the angelic lays,
And sing in perfect harmony
To God our Saviour's praise:
He hath redeemed us by His blood,
And made us kings and priests to God;
For us, for us, the Lamb was slain:
Praise ye the Lord. Amen.

34. "*Fresh Laurels.*" P. 104.

WE praise Thee, we bless Thee!
Thou who only art Divine;
No name is worthy such homage as Thine;
Our heart's adoration forever we will gladly bring
To Thee, our Redeemer, Creator, and King.
We praise Thee, we bless Thee! Thou who only art Divine,
For no name is worthy such homage as Thine.

2 To meet the glad echoes our voices we raise,
And join with our souls in the anthem of praise;
With angels in glory, we herald the story,
Glad tidings of joy and peace through our Saviour and King.
Chorus.—We praise Thee, we bless Thee, [etc.

3 For mercies unnumbered, for tenderest care,
For blessings Thy children so bounteously share;

Now joyfully blending, with rapture ascending,
Our tribute of praise to Thee, blessed Saviour and King.
Chorus.—We praise Thee, we bless Thee, [etc.

4 For all the sweet promises faithfully given,
For all the bright hopes that look forward to heaven:
Our hearts warmly glowing, with melody flowing,
All glory and praise to Thee, blessed Saviour and King.
Chorus.—We praise Thee, we bless Thee, [etc.

5 Our voices in chorus exultingly rise,
To join with the angels whose songs fill the skies;
Ye angels in glory, still herald the story,
Sing praises for evermore to our Saviour and King.
Chorus.—We praise Thee, we bless Thee,
Thou who only art Divine;
No name is worthy such homage as Thine;
Our heart's adoration forever we will gladly bring
To Thee, our Creator, Redeemer, and King.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen.
Hallelujah! Amen, Amen.

35. "*The Silver Spray.*" P. 9.

CHILDREN sing, gladly sing,
Hallelujahs to our King;
Lord of all, great and small,
At His feet with rapture fall;

Children sing, He is near,
Bending still His gracious ear.
Trust in Him, oh, rejoice!
Praise the Lord with heart and voice.
Chorus.—Then sing, gladly sing,
Sing, gladly sing,
Till the heavenly arches ring,
Till you hear the saints above
Praising God, for He is love.

2 Journey on, hand in hand,
Singing to the promised land,
There is rest, there is rest,
In the kingdom of the blest;
Children sing, gladly sing,
Till the heavenly arches ring,
Till you hear the saints above
Praising God, for He is love.—*Chorus.*

3 Children sing, when the light
Wakes the rosy morning bright,
When the birds' tuneful lay
Hails with joy the opening day.
Praise the Lord, He has made
Verdant lawn and forest shade.
Children sing, gladly sing,
Hallelujahs to our King.—*Chorus.*

4 Children, sing! who can tell
If the song you love so well
May not reach one whose heart
Longs to choose the better part?
Stealing soft, like the sigh
Of a zephyr passing by.
Children sing, ever sing,
Loudest praises to our King.—*Chorus.*

36. "*Bright Jewels.*" P. 25.

SING with a tuneful spirit,
Sing with a cheerful lay,
Praise to thy great Creator,
While on the pilgrim way.
Sing when the birds are waking,
Sing with the morning light;
Sing in the noontide's golden beam,
Sing in the hush of night.

2 Sing when the heart is troubled,
Sing when the hours are long,
Sing when the storm-cloud gathers;
Sweet is the voice of song.
Sing when the sky is darkest,
Sing when the thunders roll;
Sing of a land where rest remains,
Rest for the weary soul.

3 Sing in the vale of shadows,
Sing in the hour of death,
And when the eyes are closing
Sing with the latest breath.
Sing till the heart's deep longings
Cease on the other shore,
Then with the countless numbers, then,
Sing on, for evermore!

37. "*Bright Jewels.*" P. 82.

PRAISE Him, praise Him—Jesus, our blessed Redeemer,
Sing, O earth, His wonderful love proclaim.
Hail Him! hail Him! highest archangels in glory,
Strength and honor give to His holy Name.
Like a shepherd Jesus will guard His children,

In His arms He carries them all day long.
Oh, ye saints that dwell on the mountain of Zion,
Praise Him, praise Him ever in joyful song.

2 Praise Him, praise Him—Jesus our blessed Redeemer,
For our sins He suffered and bled and died;
He, our rock, our hope of eternal salvation.
Hail Him, hail Him, Jesus, the crucified.
Loving Saviour, meekly enduring sorrow,
Crowned with thorns that cruelly pierced His brow;
Once for us rejected, despised, and forsaken,
Prince of Glory, He is triumphant now.

3 Praise Him, praise Him, Jesus our blessed Redeemer,
Heavenly portals, loud with hosannas ring,
Jesus, Saviour, reigneth for ever and ever;
Crown Him, crown Him—Prophet and Priest and King.
Death is vanquished! Tell it with joy, ye faithful.
Where is now thy victory, boasting grave?
Jesus lives! No longer thy portals are cheerless;
Jesus lives, the mighty and strong to save.

38. *"Bright Jewels."* P. 116.

OH, sing praise unto the Lord!
Lift your voices in accord,
Loud the joyful hallelujahs sound!
Shout the triumphs of His grace,
Let it fill the sacred place,
Where the children of His love are found.

Chorus.—Praise Him! praise Him!
All ye children, praise Him!
Praise Him! praise Him!
Children, ever praise Him!
With united voices,
Hearty, happy voices,
Ever, ever praise Him!
Praise the Lord!

2 Oh, sing praise unto the Son!
Let the glories He hath won,
By the ransomed He hath saved, be sung;
Swell the grandly joyous strain,
Let it echo back again,
While the pealing sabbath bells are rung!
Chorus.

3 Oh, sing praise unto the Word,
And the Spirit of the Lord,
For He giveth life to all who seek;
Where He reigneth is true peace,
And His power shall never cease;
He alone the chains of sin can break.
Chorus.

39. "*S. S. Hymnal.*" P. 92.

HOLY, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee,
Holy, Holy, Holy, merciful and mighty;
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;

Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before
Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness
hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory
may not see,
Only Thou art Holy: there is none beside
Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in
earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty;
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!
Amen.

40. "*S. S. Hymnal.*" P. 165.

SAVIOUR, blessed Saviour,
Listen whilst we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.
All we have to offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3 Great and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here;

True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain, or sorrow,
Toil, or care is known,
Where the angel-legions
Circle round Thy throne.

4 Brighter still and brighter
Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done.
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrows past;
May we, blessed Saviour,
Find a rest at last!

5 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won!

6 Bliss, all bliss excelling,
When the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Finds its promised goal;
Where, in joys unheard of,
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King. Amen.

41. "*Church Hymnal.*" P. 166.

OH, worship the King,
All glorious above;

Oh, gratefully sing
His power and love ;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor
And girded with praise.

2 Oh, tell of His might,
Oh, sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space ;
His chariots of wrath
The thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

3 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail.
Thy mercies, how tender !
How firm to the end !
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer and Friend.

4 Oh, measureless Might,
Ineffable Love ;
While angels delight
To praise Thee above,
Thy ransomed creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall sing to Thy praise.

Amen.

42. "*Church Hymnal.*" P. 168.

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven ;
To His feet thy tribute bring,

Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven
Evermore His praises sing :
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Praise the Everlasting King.

2 Praise Him for His grace and favor
To our fathers in distress ;
Praise Him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless :
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows ;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Widely yet His mercy flows.

4 Angels in their height adore Him !
Ye behold Him face to face ;
Saints triumphant bow before Him !
Gathered in from every race.
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Praise with us the God of grace.
Amen.

43. "*Church Hymnal.*" P. 167.

PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens adore Him !
Praise Him, angels, in the height !
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him !
Praise Him, all ye stars and light !
Praise the Lord ! for He hath spoken,
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed ;
Laws which never shall be broken
For their guidance He hath made !

2 Praise the Lord ! for He is glorious ;
Never shall His promise fail ;

God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation!
Hosts on high His power proclaim!
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His Name!
Amen.

44. "*Pure Gold.*" P. 36.

GREAT is Jehovah, King of kings;
O magnify His name;
Praise Him, ye nations of the earth,
His great and mighty works proclaim;
When darkness hovered o'er the deep,
And all was veiled in night,
At His command in beauty smiled
A morn of purest light.

2 Great is Jehovah, King of kings;
The stars together sang;
Sweetly the new created earth
In happy, joyful concert rang.
But oh! our souls, in wonder lost,
Behold, by faith sublime,
In man's redemption from the fall,
God's greatest wisdom shine.

3 Glory to Him whose boundless love
The debt of sin has paid;
Glory to Him whose precious blood
Our living sacrifice was made;
With Him we die, through Him we rise;
To Him all praise be given,
Who lives, exalted and adored,
By all the host of heaven.

45. "*Church Hymnal.*" P. 137.

HARK! the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Alleluia, Lord, to Thee:
Multitudes, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stand,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hands.

2 Patriarchs, and holy Prophets,
Who prepared the way of Christ,
Kings, Apostles, and Disciples,
Martyr, and Evangelist,
They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
By the might of Christ their Lord.

3 Marching with Thy cross, their banner,
They have triumphed following
Thee, the Captain of Salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King.
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were raised and glorified.

4 God of God, the One-begotten,
Light of Light, Emmanuel,
In whose body, joined together,
All the saints forever dwell,
Pour upon us of Thy fullness,
That we may for evermore
God the Father, God the Son, and
God the Holy Ghost adore. Amen.

46. "*Happy Voices.*" P. 178.

GLORY to the Father give—
Praise Him and adore;
God in whom we move and live—
Praise Him evermore;
Children's prayers He deigns to hear—
Praise Him and adore;
Children's songs delight His ear—
Praise Him evermore.
Chorus.—Praise, glory, honor, blessing,
To the King of heaven—
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Be forever given.

2 Glory to the Son we bring—
Praise Him and adore,
Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King—
Praise Him evermore.
Children, raise your sweetest strain—
Praise Him and adore:
To the Lamb, for He was slain—
Praise Him evermore.
Praise, glory, etc.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost—
Praise Him and adore;
He reclaims the sinner lost—
Praise Him evermore.
Children's minds doth He inspire—
Praise Him and adore;
Touch their tongues with holy fire—
Praise Him evermore.
Praise, glory, etc.

47. "*Chapel Hymnal.*"

SING out! sing out! in loud-tongued praise,
The glory of the Saviour's death;

For this your ransomed voices raise,
And hail Him with harmonious breath!

2 Dear Cross! our loved Redeemer's woe,
Sad emblem of the sinner's pride,
Sweet fountain, whence our blessings flow,
Where for a world the Saviour died!

3 Lift up, unto the Cross, lift up
Thy spirit fainting in the strife;
Touch with thy lips the bitter cup
That purifies thy soul to life!

4 Look up unto the Cross, be brave;
Thy Saviour conquered in the fight;
Death hath no sting! Beyond the grave
The faithful soul finds Heaven's light!
Amen.

48. "*Hymns Ancient and Modern.*" No. 67.

ALLELUIA, song of sweetness,
Voice of joy that cannot die;
Alleluia is the anthem
Ever dear to choirs on high;
In the house of God abiding,
Thus they sing eternally.

2 Alleluia cannot always
Be our song while here below;
Alleluia our transgressions
Make us for awhile forego;
For the solemn time is coming
When our tears for sin must flow.

3 Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee,
Grant us, blessed Trinity,
At the last to claim the Saviour
In our home beyond the sky;

There to Thee forever singing
Alleluia joyfully. Amen.

49. "*Hymns and Canticles.*" P. 5.

HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to th' incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, hosanna sing:
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

2 Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound:
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer;
Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim:
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

4 But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee:
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest.

5 So in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again:
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

50. "*Pure Gold.*" P. 95.

COME, let us sing with the sacred throng,
Lift the heart where holy angels cry;
Wake every tongue in a joyous song,
To the Lord who reigns on high.

Chorus.—Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all
that is within me, bless His holy name!
Come, let us sing with the sacred throng,
Lift the heart where holy angels cry;
Wake every tongue in a joyous song,
To the Lord who reigns on high.

2 Praise we the name of the Mighty God;
It is He that made us by His power;
He guides His people with gentle rod,
And upholds us every hour.
Chorus.—Bless the Lord, etc.

3 Sing to Jehovah, the great I Am,
For He gave His Son our souls to save;
Sing we to Jesus, the blessed Lamb,
Who redeemed us from the grave.
Chorus.—Bless the Lord, etc.

51. "*Pure Gold.*" P. 62.

"PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,"
Ye children of His name,
And to the Son who died for you,
Be honor done the same.
Let flow the penitential tear,
And melt the heart of stone;
With one accord let prayer be raised
Unto the Father's throne.
Chorus.—Praise the Lord! Oh, praise Him every nation; He hath loved us with everlasting love!
Praise the Lord! Oh, give Him adoration, praise Him on earth, and praise above!

2 When time on earth shall be no more,
And both the land and sea

Shall those who dwell therein give up,
When dawns eternity—
Who of us all, in that great day,
Can in His presence stand,
And claim for deeds done on the earth
A seat at His right hand?
Chorus.—Praise the Lord, etc.

52. "*Cantate Domino.*" P. 319.

PRAISE to the Lord! He is King over all the creation!
Praise to the Lord, O my soul, as the God of salvation!
Join in the song,
Psaltery and harp, roll along;
Praise in your solemn vibration.

2 Praise to the Lord! Who, in glorious majesty reigning,
Beareth thee upward, on wings like the eagle's sustaining,
Thee to uphold,
Arms of His mercy enfold,
Faithful amid all thy complaining.

3 Praise to the Lord! Who with honor and blessing hath crowned thee,
Pouring His gifts out of heaven like showers around thee;
Think of it, too,
What the Almighty can do,—
How by His love He hath bound thee!

4 Praise to the Lord! And let all that is in me adore Him:
All that hath breath sing, with Abraham's children, before Him.

He is our Light,
Fountain of glory and might,
Come, let us kneel and adore Him.
Amen.

53. "*Hymns with Tunes.*" P. 508.
L. M. D.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens,—a shining frame,—
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is Divine."
Amen.

PRAYER.

54. *"Silver Song."* P. 58.

GUIDE and bless us, O our Father,
Through the toilsome march of life;
Keep us ever, ever near Thee,
Keep our hearts from sin and strife.
Great temptations lie before us,
And we falter at the sight;
Be our Guardian, Guide, and Saviour,
Through the day as well as night.

2 Guide and bless us, O our Father,
In the long and toilsome way;
Be Thou watchful o'er our footsteps,
Lest our little feet should stray.
There are dangers that surround us,
There are trials we must meet;
Be a Light unto our pathway,
And a Lamp unto our feet.

3 Guide and bless us, O our Father,
Little children though we be;
We are weak, but Thou art mighty,
And no other strength have we.
And when life's short day is over,
On a loving Saviour's breast,
Bear us tenderly to heaven,
To Thine ever-promised rest.

55. *"Plymouth S. S. Collection."* P. 92.
8 7 4.

SAVIOUR, like a Shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tend'rest care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy folds prepare:

Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way:
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us whence we go astray:
Blessed Jesus,
Hear Thy children when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessed Jesus,
Let us ever turn to Thee.

4 Ever let us seek Thy favor,
Ever let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

56. "*Pure Gold.*" P. 61.

MORE love to Thee, O Christ!
More love to Thee;
Hear Thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:

This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

3 Oh, may my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise!
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise;
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

57. "*Golden Chain.*" P. 107. S. M.

HOW gentle God's commands!
How kind His precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care.

2 His bounty will provide,
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up
Shall guard His children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Oh, seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

58 "*Pure Gold.*" P. 25.

PASS me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

Chorus.—Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry,
While on others Thou art calling, do not pass me by.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.—*Chorus.*

3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.—*Chorus.*

4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me;
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee?—*Chorus.*

59. "*Pure Gold.*" P. 97.

MORE like Jesus would I be;
Let my Saviour dwell with me,—
Fill my soul with peace and love,—
Make me gentle as a dove;
More like Jesus, while I go,
Pilgrim in this world below;
Poor in spirit would I be,—
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

2 If He hears the ravens cry;
If His ever-watchful eye
Marks the sparrows when they fall,
Surely He will hear my call;
He will teach me how to live,
All my sinful thoughts forgive;
Pure in heart I still would be,—
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

3 More like Jesus when I pray,
More like Jesus day by day,
May I rest me by His side,
Where the tranquil waters glide;
Born of Him, through grace renewed,
By His love my will subdued,
Rich in faith I still would be,—
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

60. "*The Prize.*" P. 10.

LORD, as we enter Thy presence to-day,
Fill all our hearts with Thy blessing, we pray;
Aid us to worship in spirit and truth,
Guide us to Thee in the days of our youth.

2 Teach us each other to help and to love,
Children are we of "One Father" above;
May we be strengthened for all we've to do,
And be obedient, gentle, and true!

3 Lead us, O Saviour, wherever we go,
Keep us from wand'ring in darkness and woe;
Shine on our pathway and shield us from strife,
Give us Thy love, which is better than life.

61. "*Songs for the Sanctuary.*" P. 233.

MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour Divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me, from this day
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,—
My zeal inspire ;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide ;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove ;
Oh ! bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul.

62. "*The Charm.*" P. 35.

NO time to pray !
Oh ! who so fraught with earthly care
As not to give to humble prayer
Some part of day ?

2 No time to pray !
What heart so clean, so pure within,
That needeth not some check from sin,—
Needs not to pray ?

3 No time to pray !
Must care or business' urgent call
So press us as to take it all,
Each passing day ?

4 What thought more drear
Than that our God His face should hide,
And say, through all life's swelling tide,
"No time to hear!"

63. "*Chapel Hymnal.*"

DEAR Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want Thee forever to live in my soul;
Break down every idol, cast out every foe;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
Chorus.—Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow:
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Dear Jesus, let nothing unholy remain,
Apply Thine own blood, and extract every stain;
To get this blest washing, I all things forego,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—*Chorus.*

3 Dear Jesus, come down, from Thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself, and whatever I know,—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—*Chorus.*

4 Dear Jesus, Thou see'st I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create:
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never saidst no;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—*Chorus.*

5 Dear Jesus, for this I must humbly entreat;
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet;
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—*Chorus.*

6 The blessing by faith I receive from above;
Oh, glory! my soul is made perfect in love;
My prayer has prevailed, and this moment I know,
The blood is applied, I am whiter than snow.

Chorus.—Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow,
Dear Jesus, Thy blood makes me whiter than snow.

64. "*Echo to Happy Voices.*" P. 54.

JESUS, be near me,
Ready to hear me,
Comfort and cheer me;
In Thee I live.
Often I grieve Thee;
Yet do not leave me,
Kindly receive me,
Freely forgive.

Chorus.—Pilgrim and stranger,
Save me from danger,
Guide me and guard me,
Shepherd, I pray.
Pilgrim and stranger,
Save me from danger,
Guide me and guard me,
Shepherd, I pray.

2 Tempters assail me;
If Thou shouldst fail me,

What could avail me,
Who could uphold?
But Thou hast sought me,
Found me, and bought me,
And Thou hast brought me
Unto Thy fold.—*Chorus.*

3 Purest of pleasure,
Richest of treasure,
Peace without measure
Find I in Thee.
These I inherit
By Thy good Spirit:
I have no merit;
Thou art my plea.—*Chorus.*

4 Into subjection
Bring each affection,
And Thy protection
Never withhold:
Do not forsake me,
Like Thyself make me;
Then, Saviour, take me
Up to Thy fold.—*Chorus.*

65. "*Happy Voices.*" P. 84.

FAITHFUL Shepherd, meek and mild,
To Thy pastures lead a child,
Where the tender verdure grows,
Where the peaceful streamlet flows,
Where Thy flock, from danger free,
Hear Thy voice and follow Thee.

2 There, beneath Thy watchful eye,
They are safe, though danger 's nigh;
There, enfolded in Thy arms,
They can smile at rude alarms;

Though a host their way oppose,
Thou wilt save them from their foes.

3 When the vale of grief they tread,
Thou dost mark the tears they shed;
By their side in pity stand,
Dry the tear with tender hand;
Gently quell the rising fear,
Make it sweet to suffer there.

4 Faithful Shepherd, meek and mild,
To Thy pastures lead a child;
Weak and helpless, Lord, I am,
Gather in a wand'ring lamb;
Lest from Thee I further stray
Take me to Thy fold, I pray.

66. "*Songs of Salvation.*" P. 62.

LORD, at Thy mercy-seat
Humbly I fall;
Pleading Thy promise sweet,
Lord, hear my call;
Now let Thy work begin,
Oh, make me pure within,
Cleanse me from every sin,
Jesus, my all.

2 Tears of repentant grief
Silently fall;
Help Thou my unbelief,
Hear Thou my call.
Oh, how I pine for Thee!
'Tis all my hope, my plea:
Jesus has died for me,
Jesus, my all.

3 Hark! how the words of love
Tenderly fall,

Ere to the realms above
Heard is my call.
Now every doubt has flown,
Broken my heart of stone,
Lord, I am Thine alone,
Jesus, my all.

4 Still at Thy mercy-seat
Humbly I fall,
Pleading Thy promise sweet;
Heard is my call.
Faith wings my soul to Thee,
This all my hope shall be,
Jesus has died for me,
Jesus, my all.

67. "*The Prize.*" P. 9.

LOVING Father, hear Thy children,
Kneeling low before Thy throne;
Oh accept our humble worship,
Jesus, Saviour, God alone.
Give us hearts to love Thee truly,
And to love each other too;
Make us gentle, kind, obedient,
In all things we say or do.

2 Asking not from pain to save us,
But from sin, the cause of pain;
Cleanse our souls and make us holy,
Lead us in Thy way again.
Give us here Thy sweet supporting,
Help us all to do Thy will;
That at last in heavenly mansions
We may love and serve Thee still.

68. "*Songs for the Sanctuary.*" P. 53.

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
Bread of Heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open Thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fear subside;
Death of death, and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Tnee.

69. "*Songs for the Sanctuary.*" P. 244.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:—

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

70. "*Songs of Devotion.*" P. 152.

GENTLE Shepherd, grant Thy blessing
On us now,
While before Thy throne we bow.

2 Gentle Shepherd, we Thy children
Seek Thy face:
Give us now Thy heavenly grace.

3 Gentle Shepherd, bless the children
Of this fold:
Cleanse the hearts of young and old.

4 Gentle Shepherd, when life's ended
Take us home,
Never from Thy side to roam.

71. "*Songs of Devotion.*" P. 255.

SAVIOUR, keep me near Thy side,
Humble, meek, and lowly;
In Thy love may I abide,
Earnest, pure, and holy.
Chorus.—At Thy side, at Thy side,
Purified, forgiven,
Let me ever dwell, dear Lord,
With the saints in heaven.

2 With mine eyes still fixed on Thee,
Oh, divinest treasure,
I would sit and be content
With Thy love's full measure.—*Chorus.*

3 I would cast my sins on Thee,
While I seek Thy favor,
Trusting in Thy precious blood,
All-sufficient Saviour.—*Chorus.*

4 Saviour, keep me near the cross,
Clinging, fondly clinging,
Till I hear death's welcome call
And the angels singing.—*Chorus.*

5 Till I pass on pinions soft,
Through the golden portal,
And my raptured soul shall know
Joys that are immortal.—*Chorus.*

72. "*Sparkling Rubies.*" P. 96.

WAVES of life so freely flowing,
Sabbath days so pure and bright,
Holy Bible sweetly showing
How to choose the true and right,
For these gifts, O Heav'nly Father,
Thus we bless Thee day by day,
As in Sabbath-school we gather,
And before Thee kneeling pray.

2 All our thoughts are spread before Thee,
Let them not Thy love offend;
When in reverence we adore Thee,
Let Thy grace on us descend.
When our voices join in chorus,
May our souls to Thee arise;
When Thy word is read before us,
May we learn its truths to prize.

3 Precious Saviour who hast bought us,
Shed for us Thy blood Divine,
May we heed what Thou hast taught us,
May each youthful heart be Thine.
Still in love and peace combining,
May Thy praise our lips employ,
Till we reach those mansions shining,
Where Thy children meet in joy.

73. "*The Chaplet.*" P. 32.

PRAY without ceasing,
Lest tempters prevail!
Pray lest your spirit
May falter or fail!
Pray to our Father,
In joy as in pain;
Pray while the moments
Of life shall remain.
‖ Pray to our Father in youth's early day,
Day-time and night-time unceasingly pray! ‖

2 Pray for His guidance
When doubts shall arise;
Never unheeded
Your pitiful cries!
Strength to your bosom
His mercy shall send;
Let our petitions
In harmony blend.
Chorus.—Pray to our Father, etc.

3 Pray, for the darkness
Of night cometh on!
Pray till your labor
Is over and done!
Pray till the warfare
Of sin shall be o'er;
Pray to the Father
Of all, evermore!
Chorus.—Pray to our Father, etc.

74. "*Golden Censer.*" P. 81.

MY Father, I would be Thy child,
I know I'm sinful, wayward, wild;
To Thee I would be reconciled,
Oh, make me, oh, make me Thine!

2 With patience I the race have run,
Not looking back when once begun,
And seek salvation through Thy Son,
And make me, oh, make me Thine!

3 The narrow way I fain would tread,
And by Thy gentle hand be led,
With heavenly manna daily fed,
Oh, make me, oh, make me Thine!

4 Make me to love Thee more and more,
Thy Holy Spirit on me pour;
Grant me of grace a plenteous store,
Oh, make me, oh, make me Thine!

75. "*Musical Leaves.*" P. 25. 8 7.

GOD has said, "Forever blessed
Those who seek Me in their youth,
They shall find the path of wisdom
And the narrow way of truth."
Guide us, Saviour, guide us, Saviour,
In the narrow way of truth;
Guide us, Saviour, guide us, Saviour,
In the narrow way of truth.

2 Be our strength, for we are weakness;
Be our wisdom and our guide;
May we walk in love and meekness,
Nearer to our Saviour's side.
Naught can harm us, naught can harm us,
While we thus in Thee abide;
Naught can harm us, naught can harm us,
While we thus in Thee abide.

3 Thus when evening shades shall gather,
We may turn our tearless eye
To the dwelling of our Father,
To our home beyond the sky;

Gently passing, gently passing
To the happy land on high ;
Gently passing, gently passing
To the happy land on high.

76. *"Chapel Hymnal."*

FORSAKE me not, my God, the way is drear ;
I cannot see my path, make Thou it clear.
Oh, let me hear the voice behind me say,
‖: "Fear not, I guide thy steps, this is the way," :‖
Forsake me not ! Forsake me not !

2 Thy tender love rejoiced my childhood's time,
Thy guardian care watched o'er my youthful prime ;
Now through the "heat and burden of the day,"
‖: Strength of my life ! be still my Staff and Stay, :‖
Forsake me not ! Forsake me not !

3 And when my feet must enter death's dim vale,
When, 'mid its shades, "my heart and flesh" shall fail,
Light Thou my path, bid Thou the shadows flee,
‖: Glad through its gates I'll pass, if led by Thee, :‖
Forsake me not ! Forsake me not !

77. "*Chapel Hymnal.*"

O THOU most High and Mighty One!
Who rul'st by night and day,
Who hast the world at Thy command,
Oh, teach us, Lord, to pray!
Oh, teach us, Lord, when trouble comes,
To pray, from men apart;
'Twill dry the mourner's deepest tears,
'Twill heal the stricken heart.

2 Oh, teach us, Lord, to lift our hearts
In prayer to Thy great throne,
For all Thy goodness, all Thy love,
For all Thy mercies shown.
Not only in our brightest joys,
But in our bitterest care,
A safeguard doth our God provide
In earnest, fervent prayer.

78. "*Fresh Laurels.*" P. 97.

SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight :
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize,
And shout, while passing through the air,
"Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer !"
Amen.

79. "*Chapel Hymnal.*"

LORD, to Thee I humbly pray,
Guard me in temptation's day ;
Keep me free from thought of ill,
Pure in heart to do Thy will.

2 When ensnared by sin I faint,
Oh, relieve my sad complaint,
And each guilty stain efface
With the waters of Thy grace.

3 Jesus, source of power and might,
Shed o'er all the gospel light ;
Let Thy tender love console
Ev'ry worn and weary soul.

4 With my spirit's failing breath,
Would I praise Thy Name in death ;
Fix my ev'ry hope on Thee,
Lord of Might and Majesty !
Amen.

80. "*Chapel Hymnal.*"

HOLY Spirit, living God,
Hear, oh hear, my ardent prayer !
Gracious Father, Power of Love,
Keep, oh keep me, in Thy care !

God of mercy, God of truth,
To Thee all praise be given,
King of kings, Lord Most Mighty,
Thou dost rule both earth and heaven.
Holy Spirit, living God,
Hear, oh hear, my ardent prayer!
Gracious Father, Power of Love,
Keep, oh keep us, in Thy care!

2 Holy Spirit, God of heaven,
Blessings Thou dost rain around;
Power Incarnate, God of Judgment,
May we in Thy paths be found!
King of kings, Lord Most High,
Thou that rulest earth and heaven,
Keep, oh keep us, in Thy care,
Let Thy love to us be given.
Holy Spirit, living God,
Hear, oh hear, my ardent prayer!
Gracious Father, Power of Love,
Keep, oh keep us, in Thy care!

Amen.

81. "*Hymns Ancient and Modern.*" No. 170.

"Thy will be done."

MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done."

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done."

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh,
Submissive would I still reply,
"Thy will be done."

4 If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
"Thy will be done."

5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done."

6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done."

Amen.

82. "*Chapel Hymnal.*"

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
I will hide myself in Thee.

4 Praise the Name of God, Most High,
Praise Him all below the sky;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
As through countless ages past
Evermore His praise shall last.
Amen.

83. "*Hymns and Canticles.*"

JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the gathering billows roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storms of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none:
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.
Amen.

84. "*Song Life.*" P. 32.

KEEP praying at the door,
And knocking while you pray,
Nor tremble, though the tempter's voice
Would fright your soul away.
Chorus.—Keep praying at the door, still praying at the door;
Though long the answer be delayed, keep praying at the door.

2 The Lord will surely come,
His promise cannot fail;
Oh, knock, and pray, and plead, and call,
Thy prayer will yet prevail.
Chorus.—Keep praying, etc.

3 The door will open wide,
And thou shalt enter in,
And from the Holy One receive
A pardon for thy sin.
Chorus.—Keep praying, etc.

Amen.

85. "*Chapel Hymnal.*"

WHEN the sun's last ray is cast,
When this fitful life is past,
When the glory of the sky
Pales before the light on high,
When the world's last star has flown,
Jesus, take me for Thine own.

2 When the clouds asunder riven
Show the peaceful vales of heaven,
When the true elect we see,
Robed in immortality,
Kneeling where their crowns are thrown,
Jesus, take me for Thine own.

3 When before the mercy-seat
Loving friends together meet,
Meekly standing hand in hand,
Gazing on that better land,
When that glimpse of life is shown,
Jesus, take me for Thine own.

4 When immortal justice glows,
When the mighty book must close,
When the angel host on high
Call the faithful to the sky,
When we stand before Thy throne,
Jesus, take me for Thine own. Amen.

86. "*Chapel Hymnal.*"

MOUNT on the wings of prayer,
Cold is the earth and dead,
Mount into heaven's pure air,
By calls of mercy led.
There shalt thou hear His voice,
Who is the sinner's stay,
Bidding thy soul rejoice,
Ransomed and borne away.
Pray, without ceasing, pray!
Pray, without ceasing, pray!

2 Life with its interests brief,
Of hope, of joy, of fear,
Forging its chain of grief,
Would hold thee fettered here!
But Jesus calls to thee,
His helping hand is nigh,
To set the captives free,
When on His name they cry:
"Lord help us, or we die,"
"Lord help us, or we die."

87. "*Bright Jewels.*" P. 123.

SAVIOUR, listen to our prayer,
Poor and sinful though we are;
Guilt confessing, give Thy blessing,
Grant Thy loving care.
Chorus.—O God, our Father, Christ and King,
Now to Thee our hearts we bring;
Keep them ever, blessed Saviour,
Till in heaven Thy love we sing.

2 Strength is Thine; we often stray
From the pure and holy way;
Wilt Thou guide us, walk beside us,
Nearer every day?

3 Then may we, when life is o'er,
Stand with Thee on yonder shore;
Freed from sinning, heaven winning,
Praising evermore!

88. "*Songs of Salvation.*" P. 60.

BLESSED Redeemer, graciously hear us,
Breathing devotion like incense to Thee;
Tenderly shield us, lovingly cheer us,
Blessed Redeemer, Thy children are we.
While in Thy kingdom angels adore Thee,
Joyfully singing ever before Thee,
Grant our petition; hear, we implore Thee,
Voices now singing praises to Thee.
Tenderly shield us, lovingly cheer us,
Blessed Redeemer, Thy children are we.

2 Tranquilly fading, slowly declining,
Twilight is passing in beauty away;
Now on Thy bosom safely reclining,
Teach us, our Father, oh, teach us to pray.

Blessed Redeemer, leave us, oh, never,
Till Thou hast brought us over the river,
Till we shall praise Thee singing forever,
Jesus, our Saviour, glory to Thee.
Tenderly shield us, lovingly cheer us,
Blessed Redeemer, Thy children are we.

89. "*Songs for the Sanctuary.*" P. 234.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me:
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven,—
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given,—
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;

So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee. Amen.

90. "*Songs for the Sanctuary.*" P. 120. 7s.

GRACIOUS Spirit, love Divine,
Let Thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heaven and love.

2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in His precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from Thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy Divine,
Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

91. "*Pilgrim Harp.*" P. 138.

TARRY with me, O my Saviour,
For the day is passing by;
See, the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh:

:||: Tarry with me, O my Saviour,
Pass me not unheeded by. :||:

2 Faithful memory paints before me
Every deed, and thought of sin ;
Open Thou the blood-filled fountain ;
Cleanse my guilty soul within :
:||: Tarry, Thou forgiving Saviour,
Wash me wholly from my sin. :||:

3 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows ;
Paler now the glowing west ;
Swift the night of death advances ;
Shall it be the night of rest ?
:||: Tarry with me, O my Saviour ;
Lay my head upon Thy breast. :||:

92.

6 5.

IN the hour of trial,
Jesus, plead for me,
Lest, by base denial,
I depart from Thee ;
When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor, for fear or favor,
Suffer me to fall.

2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm ?
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,

Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice;
Then upon Thine altar,
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.

4 When in dust and ashes
To the grave I sink,
While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink;
On Thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
To eternal life. Amen.

93. "*Golden Censer.*" P. 103.

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free,
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me.
Chorus.—Even me, even me,
Let some droppings fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy fall on me.—*Chorus.*

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to Thee:
Fain I'm longing for Thy favor;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, call for me.—*Cho.*

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see:
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.—*Chorus.*

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless ;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free ;
Grace of God, so rich and boundless :
Magnify it all in me.—*Chorus.*

6 Pass me not, Thy lost one bringing ;
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee ;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh, bless me.—*Chorus.*

94. "*Fresh Laurels.*" P. 42.

JESUS, lead me, Jesus, guide me
In the way I ought to go ;
Help an erring one to praise Thee,
Teach me, Lord, Thy word to know.
Though my heart is weak and sinful,
May I bring it, Lord, to Thee ;
Wash me in Thy precious fountain,
Jesus, Thou hast died for me.

2 In Thy word I read the promise,—
"Ask for mercy and receive ;
They who early seek shall find Me ;"
Lord, I will, I do believe.
Jesus, hear me, Jesus, guide me
In the way that leads to Thee,
Blessed hope, my only comfort,
Jesus, Thou hast died for me.

3 Happy now, my soul has found Thee,
I can sing Thy praise Divine ;
I can tell the world around me,
I am Thine, forever Thine.
Thou wilt lead me, Thou wilt guide me,
Sweetly now I rest on Thee ;
Blessed hope, my only comfort,
Jesus, Thou hast died for me.

95. "*Fresh Laurels.*" P. 42.

TAKE my heart, O Father! take it;
Make and keep it all Thine own;
Let Thy Spirit melt and break it;
Turn to flesh this heart of stone.
Heavenly Father, deign to mould it
In obedience to Thy will;
And, as passing years unfold it,
Keep it meek and child-like still.

2 Father, make it pure and lowly,
Peaceful, kind, and far from strife,
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.
May the blood of Jesus heal it,
And its sins be all forgiven:
Holy Spirit, take and seal it;
Guide it in the path of heaven.

JESUS CHRIST.

96. "*Coronation.*" C. M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,

To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Oh that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

97. "*Songs for the Sanctuary.*" P. 230.

ONE there is above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God.

3 When He lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was His name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.

4 Oh for grace our hearts to soften,
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

98. "*Casket.*" P. 110.

THE precious name of Jesus
Is sounding o'er the land,
And children join the chorus,
A happy Christian band.
We'll rally round the standard,
Salvation be our cry,

And wave the gospel banner
Triumphantly on high.

2 On earth this was His mission:
The wanderer to save
From paths of sin and folly,
And from the sinner's grave.—*Chorus.*

3 We love the blessed Saviour,
Who came on earth to die,
That all who will receive Him
May reign with Him on high.—*Chorus.*

4 We'll join the glorious army
Who sing a Saviour's love,
And march along the pathway
That leads to joys above.—*Chorus.*

99. "*Songs of Gladness.*" P. 60.

MY Saviour stands waiting, and knocks at the door,
Has knocked, and is knocking again;
I hear His kind voice; I'll reject Him no more,
Nor let Him stand pleading in vain.
In infinite mercy He came from above,
To ransom, to cleanse me from sin;
I'll yield to the voice of His merciful love,
And let my dear Saviour come in.
Chorus.—Saviour, come in;
Cleanse me from sin;
Jesus, my Saviour, come in, come in!
Enter the door,
Waiting no more,
Saviour, dear Saviour, come in!

2 O Saviour, my Ransom, Redeemer, and Friend,
The Life, and the Truth, and the Way,
On Thy precious merit alone I depend;
Dwell in me, and keep me, I pray.
Thy goodness hath opened the door of my heart,—
'Tis open in welcome to Thee;
Come in, blessed Saviour, and never depart,
Come in, with Thy mercy, to me.
Chorus.—Saviour, come in, etc.

100. "*Charm.*" P. 52.

KNOCKING, knocking, who is there?
Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair!
'Tis a Pilgrim, strange and kingly,
Never such was seen before.
Ah, my soul, for such a wonder,
Wilt thou not undo the door?

2 Knocking, knocking, still He's there,
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;
But the door is hard to open,
For the weeds and ivy-vine,
With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.

3 Knocking, knocking—what! still there?
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;
Yes, the piercéd hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crownéd hair
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
Of thy Saviour, waiting there.

101. "*The Prize.*" P. 32.

HE is the Shepherd, gentle and loving,
Guarding with care all the lambs of His fold,
Tenderly leading, bounteously feeding,
Shielding them all from the storm and the cold.
Oh, let us love Him, oh, let us love Him,
He is our Saviour, our Father, and Friend;
Let us adore Him, bowing before Him,
Upward to Him let our offerings ascend.

2 In His green pastures, fragrant and blooming,
Softer than wool to the dear little feet,
Walking beside them, see how He guides them,
Calling in accents so tender and sweet.—*Chorus.*

3 Seeking the lost ones, cheering the lonely,
Giving to each of His infinite love,
Blessing the meek ones, aiding the weak ones,
Bringing them all to the pastures above.—*Chorus.*

102. "*Songs of Gladness.*" P. 39.

NOTHING, either great or small,
Remains for me to do;
Jesus died, and paid it all,—
Yes, all the debt I owe.
Chorus.—Jesus paid it all,
All the debt I owe:
Jesus died and paid it all,
Yes, all the debt I owe.

2 When He from His lofty throne
Stoop'd down to do and die,
Everything was fully done;
"'Tis finished!" was His cry.
Chorus.—Jesus paid, etc.

3 Weary, working, plodding one,
Oh, wherefore toil you so?
Cease your doing,—all was done;
Yes, ages long ago.
Chorus.—Jesus paid, etc.

4 Till to Jesus' work you cling,
Alone by simple faith,
"Doing" is a deadly thing,
Your "doing" ends in death.
Chorus.—Jesus paid, etc.

5 Cast your deadly "doing" down,
Down, all at Jesus' feet;
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
All glorious and complete.
Chorus.—Jesus paid, etc.

103. "*New Golden Shower.*" P. 11.

DOTH sorrow's shadow hover o'er thee?
Think, think of Jesus.
Is toil, and care, and pain before thee?
Think, think of Jesus:
Think of Him on earth descending,
'Neath thy sins and sorrows bending,
With thy griefs His bosom rending,
Think, think of Jesus.

2 If morning's light to joy awaken,
Think, think of Jesus;
Should evening find thee lone, forsaken,
Think, think of Jesus.

Should time's hand of friends bereave thee,
And thy brightest hopes deceive thee,
Think of One who will not leave thee,
Think, think of Jesus.

3 When stormy passions rise within thee,
Think, think of Jesus;
When earthly pleasure lures to win thee,
Think, think of Jesus.
Though the cup of anguish draining,
Cease thy wearied soul's complaining,
See the Lamb in glory reigning,
Think, think of Jesus.

104. "*Moravian Hymn Book.*" Tune 82.

JESUS makes my heart rejoice,
I'm His sheep and know His voice;
He's a Shepherd kind and gracious,
And His pastures are delicious;
Constant love to me He shows,
Yea, my very name He knows.

2 Trusting His mild staff always,
I go in and out in peace;
He will feed me with the treasure
Of His grace in richest measure;
When athirst to Him I cry,
Living water He'll supply.

3 Should not I for gladness leap,
Led by Jesus as His sheep?
For when these blest days are over,
To the arms of my dear Saviour
I shall be conveyed to rest:
Amen, yea, my lot is blest.

105. "*Happy Voices.*" P. 22. 7 6.

COME, let us sing of Jesus,
While hearts and accents blend;
Come, let us sing of Jesus,
The sinner's only Friend.
His holy soul rejoices,
Amid the choirs above,
To hear our youthful voices
Exulting in His love.

2 We love to sing of Jesus,
Who wept our path along;
We love to sing of Jesus,
The tempted and the strong.
None who besought His healing
He passed unheeded by,
And still retains His feeling
For us above the sky.

3 We love to sing of Jesus,
Who died our souls to save;
We love to sing of Jesus,
Triumphant o'er the grave;
And in our hour of danger
We'll trust His love alone,
Who once slept in a manger,
And now sits on the throne.

4 Then let us sing of Jesus
While yet on earth we stay,
And hope to sing of Jesus
Throughout eternal day;
For those who here confess Him
He will in heaven confess;
And faithful hearts that bless Him
He will forever bless.

106. "*Palmer's S. S. Hymns.*" P. 59.

SING of Jesus, sing forever
Of the love that changes never:
Who, or what, from Him can sever
Those He makes His own?
With His blood the Lord hath bought us,
When we knew Him not He sought us,
And from all our wanderings brought us,
His the praise alone.

2 Patiently and persevering
Let us labor, never fearing,
While we wait for His appearing,
All will then be well.
By His word our fears allaying,
All our feeble footsteps staying,
Let us never cease our praying,
All will then be well.

3 Though we pass through tribulation,
Christ will be our consolation,
Ours will be a full salvation,
All will then be well.
Happy still in God confiding,
Fruitful if in Christ abiding,
Holy through the Spirit's guiding,
We with Him will dwell.

107. "*Silver Song.*" P. 62.

HAVE you read the wondrous story
Of the Saviour's life and death,
How He left His throne of glory,
And for us resigned His breath?
May a helpless child approach Him,
And His tender pity crave?
Will it not be deemed encroaching?
Will He such a sinner save?

2 Yes, for with compassion beaming
From His kind and tender eye,
While with love His words are teeming,
Hear the blessed Saviour cry:
"Come and welcome, 'tis My pleasure
Little children to receive;
Those who seek Me find a treasure
Which the world can never give."

3 Lord, I come, and would surrender
All I am and have to Thee,
While I cry, "What shall I render
To the Lord for calling me?"
While on earth, I'll love and serve Thee,
Praise and pray with every breath;
Then, whene'er Thy summons calls me,
Gladly I will welcome death.

108. "*Palmer's S. S. Songs.*" P. 23.

TELL me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child;
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.
Chorus.—Tell me the old, old story :||: :||:
Of Jesus and His love.

2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in,
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!

The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.—*Chorus.*

3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me the story always,
If you would really be
In any time of trouble
A comforter to me.—*Chorus.*

4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."
—*Chorus.*

109. *"Songs of Devotion."* P. 95.

I LOVE to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else could do.

Chorus.—Oh, yes, I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my happy theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the story;
More wonderful it seems,
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.—*Chorus.*

3 I love to tell the story,
'Tis pleasant to repeat;
It seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.—*Chorus.*

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story,
That I have loved so long.—*Chorus.*

110. "*Sunday-School Bell.*" P. 46.

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children, as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with Him then.

2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me;

That I might have seen His kind look when
He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.

4 In that beautiful place He has gone to pre-
pare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

111. "*Prize.*" P. 46.

THOU art the bright and morning Star,
That shinest on us from afar!
That shinest on us from afar!
Thou art the Sun of Righteousness
Whose beams our darkened path may bless;
And where Thou reignest, Lord of light,
There cometh never death or night.
Chorus.—Glory, glory, evermore,
Let it sound from shore to shore,
Jesus' name we would adore,
Hallelujah! Glory! Hallelujah!

2 How dark is earth without Thy smile!
Though oft it would our hearts beguile,
Though oft it would our hearts beguile,
And tempt our erring feet to stray
Far from the safe and narrow way,
Wilt Thou upon our spirits shine,
And grant us light and love Divine.—*Chorus.*

3 And when the shadows of the night
Hide all things mortal from our sight,
Hide all things mortal from our sight,

And we with faint and failing breath
Stand helpless in the vale of death,
O blessed Saviour, cheer the gloom
And show us light beyond the tomb.—*Chorus.*

112. "*Chapel Hymnal.*" 7s.

CHRIST is merciful and mild;
He was once a little child;
He whom heavenly hosts adore
Lived on earth among the poor.

2 Much I wonder when I see
His unbounded love to me,
How He laid His glory by,
When for me He stooped to die.

3 He the sick to health restored,
To the poor He preached the word;
Even children had a share
Of His love and tender care.

4 Every bird can build its nest,
Foxes have their place of rest;
He by whom the world was made
Had not where to lay His head.

5 He who is the Lord most high
Then was poorer far than I,
That I might hereafter be
Rich to all eternity!

113. "*Songs for the Sanctuary.*" P. 70. C. M.

JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With gladness fills my breast;
But dearer far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 Oh, hope of every contrite heart!
Oh, joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 And those who find Thee find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus,—what it is
None but His loved ones know.

114. "*Songs of Gladness.*" P. 68.

SINGING for Jesus, singing for Jesus,
Trying to serve Him wherever I go;
Pointing the lost to the way of salvation,
This be my mission, a pilgrim below.
When in the strains of my country I mingle,
When, to exalt her, my voice I would raise,
'Tis for His glory whose arm is her refuge,
Him would I honor, His name would I praise, His name would I praise.

2 Singing for Jesus glad hymns of devotion,
Lifting the soul on her pinions of love;
Dropping a word or a thought by the wayside,
Telling of rest in the mansions above.
Music may soften where language would fail us,
Feelings long buried 'twill often restore,
Tones that were breathed from lips of departed,
How we revere them when they are no more!

3 Singing for Jesus, my blessed Redeemer,
God of the pilgrims, for Thee I will sing;
When o'er the billows of time I am wafted,
Still with Thy praise shall eternity ring.
Glory to God for the prospect before me,
Soon shall my spirit transported ascend;
Singing for Jesus, oh, blissful employment!
Loud hallelujahs that never will end.

115. "*Fresh Laurels.*" P. 4.

JESUS is our loving Saviour,
He our best, our constant Friend;
In His service life is pleasure,
For He loveth to the end.
Loving Saviour, loving Saviour,
Here we at Thy footstool bend,
Here we at Thy footstool bend.

2 Jesus is the children's Saviour!
'Twas for them He shed His blood;
Died, that poor and needy sinners
Might be reconciled to God.
Dying Saviour!
Bearing thus our sinful load.

3 Jesus is the children's Saviour!
"Suffer them," He says, "to come;"
If they seek His face and favor,
They shall share His heavenly home,
Risen Saviour!
Never more from Thee to roam.

4 Loving, suffering, dying Saviour!
Risen, *glorious* on Thy throne,
Haste the day when every idol
Shall by truth be overthrown,
And the kingdoms
Of the earth to Thee belong.

116. "*The Prize.*" P. 20.

MAY we hallow Thy name, O Saviour,
When we rise to sing Thy praise,
When we utter that word the dearest
That mortal lips can raise.
Chorus.—'Tis Jesus, Redeemer and King of heaven above,—
May we fix our thoughts upon Him,
And try to learn His love.

2 May we hallow Thy name, O Saviour,
When we kneel before Thy throne,
When we offer Thy prayer for blessings
Conferred by Thee alone.
Chorus.—'Tis Jesus, etc.

3 May we hallow Thy name, O Saviour,
When we read Thy holy word,
When we study those wondrous precepts
That teach "Thou art the Lord."
Chorus.—'Tis Jesus, etc.

117. "*Golden Chain.*" P. 44.

THERE is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so sweet in heaven,
The name, before His wondrous birth,
To Christ the Saviour given.
Chorus.—We love to sing around our King,
And hail Him blessed Jesus;
For there's no word ear ever heard,
So dear, so sweet, as Jesus.

2 His human name they did proclaim,
When Abram's son they sealed Him;
The name that still, by God's good-will,
Deliverer revealed Him.
Chorus.—We love to sing, etc.

3 And when He hung upon the tree,
They wrote this name above Him,
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love Him.
Chorus.—We love to sing, etc.

4 So now upon His Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, He gladly reigns,
The Prince and Saviour Jesus.
Chorus.—We love to sing, etc.

118. "*Songs for the Sanctuary.*" P. 209. C. M.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

5 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

119. "*Golden Chain.*" P. 40.

HEAR the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,
Publishing to every creature,
To the ruined sons of nature:
Chorus.—Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns,
Jesus reigns,
Jesus reigns, He reigns victorious,
Over heaven and earth most glorious,
Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns,
Jesus reigns.

2 See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,
"Rebel sinners, royal favor
Now is offered by the Saviour."
Chorus.—Jesus reigns, etc.

3 "Here is wine, and milk, and honey;
Come, and purchase without money;
Mercy flowing from a fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain."
Chorus.—Jesus reigns, etc.

4 Shout, ye tongues of every nation,
To the bounds of the creation;
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The Almighty Prince of Zion.
Chorus.—Jesus reigns, etc.

5 Shout, ye saints, make joyful mention,
Christ hath purchased our redemption;
Angels, shout the pleasing story
Through the brighter worlds of glory.
Chorus.—Jesus reigns, etc.

120. "*Songs for the Sanctuary.*" P. 231.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load:
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus,—
All fulness dwells in Him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.

3 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child;
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
And learn the angels' song.

121. "*Fresh Laurels.*" P. 49.

BLESSED Redeemer, how precious Thou art,
Full of compassion and grace!
Sweet is the music of joy to my heart,
Cheered by the smile of Thy face.
Chorus.—Nearer the kingdom of glory to-day,
Nearer, my Father, nearer to Thee,
Upward my spirit is soaring away,
Pleasure immortal I see.

2 Shadows of darkness no longer I fear;
Jesus, I know Thou art mine;
Hark! 'tis the anthem of rapture I hear,
Wafted from regions Divine.
Chorus.—Nearer the kingdom, etc.

3 Onward, still onward, my refuge and guide,
Gladly my way I pursue;
Bright is my path while I walk by Thy side,
Thou wilt my courage renew.
Chorus.—Nearer the kingdom, etc.

122. "*Songs of Gladness.*" P. 65.

I STOOD outside the gate,
A poor wayfaring child;
Within my heart there beat
A tempest, loud and wild.
A fear oppressed my soul,
That I might be *too late;*
And oh, I trembled sore,
And prayed outside the gate.

2 "Mercy!" I loudly cried;
"Oh, give me rest from sin!"
"I will," a voice replied;
And Mercy let me in.
She bound my bleeding wounds,
She soothed my aching head;
She eased my burdened soul,
And bore the load instead.

3 In mercy's guise, I knew
The Saviour long abused;
Who often sought my heart,
And wept when I refused.
Oh, what a blest return
For ignorance and sin!
I stood outside the gate,
And Jesus let me in.

123. "*Songs for the Sanctuary.*" P. 219.

I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled;
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice:
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole;
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,—
'Tis He that still doth keep.

124. "*Bright Jewels.*" P. 46.

'TIS Jesus in the sunshine,
And Jesus in the shade;
'Tis Jesus still when earthly hopes
Like summer blossoms fade;
'Tis Jesus, the unchanging one,
Whose changeless love I know;
And when the work He gives is done,
To meet Him I shall go.

2 'Tis Jesus in the sunshine,
Before the Father's face:
In Jesus all the glories meet,
And shine in truth and grace;
And if awhile I wait to see
God's well-beloved Son,
His glory waiteth, too, for me,
When earthly days are done.

3 O Jesus in the sunshine!
'Tis there He bids me dwell;
And all His wealth 'tis mine to claim,
He loveth me so well;
O Jesus! matchless name of love,
Full flowing tide of peace!
Bright portal Thou to realms above,
Where praise shall never cease.
Chorus.—Repeat first four lines.

125. "*Pure Gold.*" P. 13.

TAKE the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe,
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it, then, where'er you go.
Chorus.—Precious Name, oh, how sweet!
Hope of earth and Joy of heaven.
Precious Name, oh, how sweet! Hope of earth and Joy of heaven.

2 Take the Name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy Name in prayer.
Precious Name, etc.

3 Oh, the precious Name of Jesus!
How it thrills our souls with joy,

When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ!
Precious Name, etc.

4 At the Name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete.
Precious Name, etc.

126. "*Golden Shower.*" P. 29.

'TIS a blessed thought to know,
When our follies grieve us,
And the sins of all the past
Rise and will not leave us,
That before the Father's throne,
Pleading in our favor,
Making all our cause His own,
Stands our precious Saviour.
Chorus.—Jesus is a faithful friend,
He'll forsake us never;
Jesus is a faithful friend,
Love and serve Him ever.

2 Jesus owns our worthless names,
At the court of heaven;
Stands and pleads that for His sake
We may be forgiven.
Pleads by that lone night of woe
Spent in sad Gethsemane,
And the precious blood He shed
On the cross of Calvary.

3 Though we long have turned aside
From His gentle warning;
Treated all His love with pride,
And His words with scorning;

Still His love abides the same,
Faithful, true, and tender;
Still He stands at God's right hand,
Ever our defender.

127. "*Songs of Devotion.*" P. 11.

EVER near us, ever near us,
Bending o'er us as we pray,
With His loving presence Jesus
Cheers us on our homeward way.
Chorus.—Ever near, ever near,
Watching o'er us day by day;
Ever near, ever near,
As we tread our homeward way.

2 Ever near us, ever near us,
In our bitter loneliness,
Sweetly comes this gentle Jesus,
Blessing us in tenderness.

3 Ever near us, ever near us,
When the loves of life depart,
Gently healing comes this Jesus,
Binding up the wounded heart.

4 Ever near us, ever near us,
As we cross the swelling tide,
Through the storm our life-boat Jesus
Bears us to the other side.

128. "*Chapel Hymnal.*" 7 6.

WHEN, His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosannas to His name.

Nor did their zeal offend Him,
For as He rode along
He let them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as king He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill;
We'll flock around His banner,
Who sits upon the throne;
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No! while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's. Amen.

129. "*The Chaplet.*" P. 3.

BLESSED is He that cometh in the name of the Lord!
Joyfully let us meet Him!
Lovingly let us greet Him!
Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord,
‖ Hosanna! hosanna! hosanna in the highest! ‖
Echo His wondrous praises in the sweetest accord!
Lo! every valley ringeth,
Tidings of joy He bringeth:
Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord!

2 Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord!
Bear we the palms before Him!
Let every heart adore Him!
Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord!
‖ Hosanna! hosanna! hosanna! in the highest! ‖
Rest to the weary-hearted He hath kindly restored;
Welcome Him in your sadness!
Welcome the King of gladness!
Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord!

3 Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord!
Honor to Him forever!
Thanks unto God the Giver!
Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord!
‖ Hosanna! hosanna! hosanna! in the highest! ‖
Sin He hath proudly conquered by the might of His word!
Little ones round Him bending
Greet Him with praise unending!—
Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord! Amen! Amen!

130. "*The Chaplet.*" P. 50.

CHRIST is risen! Christ is risen!
Glory to the Father's name!
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Go, the joyful news,
The joyful news proclaim!
Go, the joyful news proclaim!

Solo. Death forever He hath conquered,
And He reigneth now on high!
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
God the Saviour glorify!

Chorus.—Shout hosanna! shout hosanna!
He is victor, He is victor
O'er the terrors of the grave!
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
All His children He will save!
He will save! Amen!

2 All ye nations, bow before Him,
He is God for evermore!
With the Father now He reigneth.
Heaven and earth His name,
His holy name adore,
Heaven and earth His name adore.

Solo. He hath opened to His people
Glory's gates eternally!
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Spread the news from sea to sea!

Chorus.—Shout hosanna! He is victor, etc.

131. "*Happy Voices.*" P. 164.

"HE is risen, He is not here;
Seek Him not among the dead,
He is living, do not fear,"
So the white-robed angel said.
He hath conquered every foe,
He hath shown His power to save,
When He took the sting from death
And the victory from the grave.

2 He is risen, He is not here;
On the earth He walks no more;
All His trials, all His toils,
All His grief and shame are o'er;

All His purpose is fulfilled,
All His work on earth is done,
He whom sinners put to death
Sitteth on the great white throne.

3 He is risen, He is not here,—
Not indeed to mortal eyes;
But we all who die with Him
Shall again with Him arise.
'Tis in Him alone we live;
And because we live again,—
Blessed promise, glorious hope!—
We shall with Him live and reign.
Chorus.—Then with one heart and voice
Let all the earth rejoice;
Let all the living join the strain,
And angels shout it back again;
The Lord is risen, the Lord is risen!
Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, rejoice!

132. "*The Chaplet.*" P. 49.

THE angels rolled the stone away,
And watched beside the tomb,
Where Christ our loving Saviour lay,
That night of cheerless gloom!
And when the rosy morning dawned,
In vain they sought Him there;
The Lord of love had gone above,
Where all is bright and fair!
Oh, sing hosanna to His name,
All people 'neath the skies!
And hearts be gay upon the day
That saw the Lord arise!
‖ Hosanna, hosanna,
Hosanna to His name. ‖

2 The Saviour's robes lay on the ground;
The sepulchre no more

Enclosed within its gloomy bound
The Lord whom we adore!
He broke the chain of death and sin,
He triumphed o'er the grave!
He bids us gladly enter in
The joys the Father gave!
Oh, sing hosanna, etc.

133. "*Cantate Domino.*" P. 285.

LET Zion's sons and daughters say,
"Heaven's glorious King, our King for aye,
Hath broke the bonds of death to-day!"
Hallelujah.

2 The sabbath o'er, with sweet perfume,
Amid the morning's early gloom,
His followers hasten to the tomb.
Hallelujah.

3 White-robed and seated on the stone,
God's angel speaks, in thrilling tone,
"Your Lord to Galilee hath gone."
Hallelujah.

4 There gathered His disciples true,
And in the midst Christ stood to view,
Proclaiming, "Peace be unto you."
Hallelujah.

5 When Thomas scanned, with earnest heed,
Feet, hands, and side, from doubting freed,
He said, "Thou art my God indeed!"
Hallelujah.

6 Who have not seen with mortal eyes,
And yet believe, shall win the prize,
Eternal life beyond the skies.
Hallelujah.

7 Upon this hallowed morning raise
A solemn hymn of joy and praise,
And bless the Lord in all His ways.
Hallelujah.

8 For grace like this so rich and free,
Most humble thanks we pay to Thee,
Great Three in One, and One in Three.
Hallelujah.

134. "*Hymnal and Canticles.*" P. 86.

ANGELS, roll the rock away!
Death, yield up the mighty prey!
See, the Saviour quits the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom:
Alleluia! alleluia!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

2 Shout, ye seraphs; angels, raise
Your eternal song of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the blissful sound.
Alleluia! alleluia!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

3 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Glory as of old to Thee
Now and evermore shall be.
Alleluia! alleluia!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day. Amen.

135. "*Hymnal and Canticles.*" P. 91.

LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die;
Vain were the terrors that gathered around Him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound Him,
Resplendent in glory to live and to save.
Loud was the chorus of angels on high,
"The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die."

2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy!
The being He gave us death cannot destroy;
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright and death were our end:
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.
Amen.

136. "*Parish Hymnal.*" P. 66.

JESUS Christ is risen to-day, Hallelujah!
Our triumphant holy day, Hallelujah!
Who died once upon the cross, Hallelujah!
Suffered to redeem our loss, Hallelujah!

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing, Hallelujah !
Unto Christ, our heavenly King, Hallelujah !
Who endured the cross and grave, Hallelujah !
Sinners to redeem and save, Hallelujah !

3 But the pains which He endured, Hallelujah
Our salvation have secured, Hallelujah !
Now above the sky He's King, Hallelujah !
Where the angels ever sing, Hallelujah !
Amen.

137. "*Chapel Hymnal.*"

FROM the tomb, in brightness and glory,
Christ, our Saviour, comes to-day,
Seraphs chant the happy, happy story,
All along the heavenly way.
"Glory be to God on high."
In glad anthems sweetly swelling,
All the joyful story telling,
In the choir of angel voices,
All the heavenly host rejoices,
Glory be to God on high ;
‖: Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day ! :‖

2 Lo ! He comes, proclaim the news of gladness,
He, a sacrifice for all :
Man no more may tread the vale of sadness,
We are ransomed from the fall.
"Glory be to God on high."
See ! the work of love redeeming,
'Neath a crown of glory beaming ;
Wreaths of light, in glory shining,
On His brow of love are twining,
Glory be to God on high ;
‖: Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day ! :‖

3 From His throne, within the heavenly portals,
Comes the Father's voice to earth,
"Welcome, Son! from the abode of mortals,
Come where holiness has birth."
"Glory be to God on high."
Hear the happy voices singing,
Hear the holy pæans ringing;
From the grave, the soul's dark prison,
Christ, our Priest and Lord, is risen,
Glory be to God on high;
‖: Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day! :‖

138. "*Songs of Gladness.*" P. 8.

SITTING at the feet of Jesus,
Oh, what words I hear Him say!
Happy place, so near, so precious,
May it find me there each day!
Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
I would look upon the past,
For His love has been so gracious,
It has won my heart at last.

2 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
Where can mortal be more blest?
There I lay my sins and sorrows,
And when weary find sweet rest.
Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
There I love to weep and pray,
While I from His fullness gather
Grace and comfort every day.

139. "*Pure Gold.*" P. 135.

CLING closer to Jesus, oh, languishing soul!
Though billows around thee like mountains may roll,

He will not desert thee. Then wherefore dismayed?
Cling closer to Jesus, oh, be not afraid!
Chorus.—Cling, cling, closer to Jesus, cling, cling, closer to Him;
Cling, cling, closer to Jesus, the mighty to save.

2 Cling closer to Jesus: the frowns of the world,
The shafts of the tempter, against thee are hurled;
But He thy salvation will surely defend;
Cling closer to Jesus, and hope to the end.
Chorus.—Cling, cling, etc.

3 Cling closer to Jesus, when loved ones depart;
His tender compassion will comfort thy heart.
Though sorrow and darkness endure for a night,
The morrow will bring thee sweet peace with its light.
Chorus.—Cling, cling, etc.

4 Cling closer to Jesus, thy refuge is there;
Cling closer to Jesus by watching and prayer;
The pinions of faith and the arms of His love
Will bear thee to rest in His kingdom above.
Chorus.—Cling, cling, etc.

140. "*Songs of Devotion.*" P. 217.

I GAVE My life for thee, My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be, and quickened from the dead;

I gave My life for thee ; what hast thou given for Me ?
‖: This I did for thee, what hast thou done for Me ? :‖

2 I spent long years for thee, in weariness and woe,
That an eternity of joy thou mightest know ;
I spent long years for thee ; hast thou spent one for Me ?
‖: This I did for thee, what hast thou done for Me ? : ‖

3 My Father's home of light, My rainbow-circled throne,
I left, for earthly night, for wanderings sad and lone ;
I left it all for thee ; hast thou left aught for Me ?
‖: This I did for thee, what hast thou done for Me ? :‖

4 And I have brought to thee, down from My home above,
Salvation full and free, My pardon and My love ;
Great gifts I brought to thee ; what hast thou brought to Me ?
‖: This I did for thee, what hast thou done for Me ? :‖

5 Oh, let thy life be given, thy years for Me be spent,
World-fetters all be riven, and joy with suffering blent ;
Give thou thyself to Me, and I will welcome thee !
‖: This I did for thee, what hast thou done for Me ? :‖

141. "*Chapel Hymnal.*"

PRAISE the Saviour, ye who know Him;
Who can tell how much we owe Him?
Gladly let us render to Him
All we have and are.

2 Jesus is the name that charms us;
That for conflict fits and arms us;
Nothing moves, and nothing harms us,
While we trust in Him.

3 Trust in Him, ye saints, forever;
He is faithful, changing never;
Neither force nor guile can sever
Those He loves from Him.

4 Keep us, Lord, oh, keep us cleaving
To Thyself, and still believing,
Till the time of our receiving
Promised joys in heaven.

5 Then we shall be where we would be;
Then we shall be what we should be;
That which is not now, nor could be,
Shall be then, our own.

Amen.

142. "*Hymnal and Canticles.*" P. 70.

BEHOLD the Lamb of God!
O Thou for sinners slain,
Let it not be in vain
That Thou hast died:
Thee for my Saviour let me take,
My only refuge let me make
Thy piercéd side.

2 Behold the Lamb of God!
Into the sacred flood
Of Thy most precious blood
My soul I cast:
Wash me and make me pure within,
And keep me pure from every sin,
Till life be past.

3 Behold the Lamb of God!
All hail, Incarnate Word,
Thou Everlasting Lord,
Saviour most blest:
Fill us with love that never faints,
Grant us with all Thy blessed saints
Eternal rest.

4 Behold the Lamb of God!
Worthy is He alone
That sitteth on the throne,
O God above:
One with the Ancient of all Days,
One with the Comforter in Praise,
All light and love.

Amen.

143. "*Sparkling Rubies.*" P. 106.

ONLY Thy voice to lead me, speak, Lord, and I shall hear;
Only Thy hand to feed me, O Jesus, be Thou near!
Only Thy heart to love me, the heart once pierced for me;
Only Thine eye above me, my watchful guard to be.

Chorus.—On the mount of gladness,
In the vale of sadness,
By death's river lonely,
Jesus, Jesus only.

2 Only Thy life of meekness, my blest example ;
Only Thy strength in weakness, to lift me up to Thee ;
Only Thy blood atoning, before the Judge to plead ;
Only Thy death-cry moaning, to soothe my deathly need.
Chorus.—On the mount of gladness, etc.

3 Only Thy gospel holy, to guide me, day by day ;
Only Thy Spirit lowly, to help me watch and pray ;
Only Thy voice to cheer me, amid death's shadows lone ;
Only Thy smile in glory, my joy, my heaven, my own.
Chorus.—On the mount of gladness, etc.

144. "*Echo to Happy Voices.*" P. 73.

O JESUS, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of life and fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire ;
When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love Divine.

2 May every heart confess Thy name,
And ever Thee adore ;
And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.
Thee may our tongues forever bless,
Thee may we love alone,
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own.

145. "*Songs for the Sanctuary.*" P. 150.

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in *Thee* to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

5 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

6 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

146. "*Parish Hymnal.*" P. 191.

DAY of wonder, day of gladness,
Hail thy ever glorious light!
Gone is sorrow, gone is sadness,
Ended is the gloomy night!
Listen to the angel's story,
Cast away all doubt and dread;

Give to God, the Father, glory,
"Christ is risen from the dead!"

2 In the triumph of this hour
Jubilant shall swell the song,
Unto Jesus honor, power,
Blessing, victory belong.
Scattered are the clouds of error,
Sin and hell are captive led:
E'en the grave is freed from terror,
"Christ is risen from the dead!"

3 Every people, every nation,
Soon shall hear the gladsome sound,
Joyous tidings of salvation,
Borne to earth's remotest bound.
Then shall rise, in tones excelling,
Praise for grace so freely shed,
And the joyous hymn be swelling,
"Christ is risen from the dead!"

4 Victor now, to heaven ascended,
Seated on the Father's throne,
Christ, in whom our nature blended,
Will His blessed children own.
If above, in glory meeting,
We the heavenly courts shall tread,
Sweeter then will sound the greeting,
"Christ is risen from the dead!"

147. "*Parish Hymnal.*" P. 96.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one:
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my star, my sun;
And in that Light of life I'll walk
Till traveling days are done.

Amen.

148. "*S. S. for Christian Worship.*" P. 9.

The oldest Christian Hymn.

SHEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways:
Christ, our triumphant King, we come Thy name to sing,
And here our children bring, to shout Thy praise.

2 Thou art our Holy Lord!
The all-subduing Word!
Healer of strife!
Thou didst Thyself abase, that from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race, and give us life.

Ever be Thou our guide!
Our shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song!

Jesus, Thou Christ of God! by Thy eternal word,
Lead us where Thou hast trod, make our faith strong.

4 So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing.
Children, and the glad throng, who to Thy church belong,
Unite and swell the song, to Christ our King.

Amen.

149. *"Chapel Hymnal."*

JESUS, my Lord, my God, my all,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore:
Oh, make me love Thee more and more!

2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought:
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy name?
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore:
Oh, make me love Thee more and more!

3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore:
Oh, make me love Thee more and more!

4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong;

All that I have or am is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore :
Oh, make me love Thee more and more !
Amen.

150. "*Hymns Ancient and Modern.*"

No. 340.

I NEED Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very poor ;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store :
I need the love of Jesus,
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

2 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
I need a friend like Thee,
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me :
I need the heart of Jesus,
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trial,
And all my sorrows share.

3 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
I need Thee day by day,
To fill me with Thy fullness,
To lead me on my way ;
I need Thy Holy Spirit
To teach me what I am,
To show me more of Jesus,
To point me to the Lamb.

4 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
And hope to see Thee soon
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne ;

88 There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be
To sing Thy praises, Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.
Amen.

151. "*Hymns Ancient and Modern.*" N. 64.

AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed;
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we, with willing feet,
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we, with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King!

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;

Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its sun which goes not down :
There forever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

Amen.

152. "*Parish Hymnal.*" P. 190.

SAW ye never, in the twilight,
When the sun had left the skies,
Up in heaven the clear stars shining,
Through the gloom, like silver eyes?
So, of old, the wise men, watching,
Saw a little stranger star;
And they knew the King was given,
And they followed it from far.

2 Heard ye never of the story,
How they crossed the desert wild,
Journeyed on by plain and mountain,
Till they found the Holy Child?
How they opened all their treasure,
Kneeling to that infant King,
Gave the gold and fragrant incense,
Gave the myrrh in offering?

3 Know ye not that lowly Infant
Was the bright and morning star,
He who came to light the Gentiles,
And the darkened isles afar?
And we too may seek His cradle,
There our hearts' best treasures bring,
Love, and faith, and true devotion
For our Saviour, God, and King.

Amen.

153. "*Portuguese Hymn.*" 11 10.

HITHER, ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph,
To Bethlehem go, the Lord of life to meet;
To you this day is born a Prince and Saviour;
‖: Oh, come, and let us worship :‖ at His feet.

2 O Jesus, for such wondrous condescension
Our praise and reverence are an offering meet;
Now is the Word made flesh, and dwells among us,
‖: Oh, come, and let us worship :‖ at His feet.

3 Shout His almighty name, ye choirs of angels,
Let the celestial court His praise repeat;
Unto our God be "Glory in the Highest;"
‖: Oh, come, and let us worship :‖ at His feet.

4 Father Almighty, to Thee be addressed,
With Christ and the Spirit, One God ever blest,
All glory and worship from earth and from heaven,
‖: As was, and is, and shall be :‖ forever given. Amen.

154. "*Chapel Hymnal.*"

'TIS He! 'tis He, I know Him now,
By all the scars upon His brow,
His wounded hands, and feet, and side,
My Lord! my God! the Crucified!

2 Those hands have rolled the stone away;
Those feet have trod the path to-day;
And round that brow triumphant shine
Majestic rays of light Divine.

3 From those uplifted hands, oh, shed
Thy kindly blessings on my head;
And as I clasp those feet, impart
The love that gushed from out Thy heart.

4 Upon the cross Thy death be mine,
My life from mortal sin be Thine,
And mine the way Thy feet have trod,
To reign in heaven with Thee, my God.
Amen.

155. "*Hymnal and Canticles.*" P. 11.

O JESUS, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear:
Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
Oh, love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
Oh, sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus! Thou art pleading,
In accents meek and low,

"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us never more. Amen.

156. "*Ten Hymns.*" Part 5.

JESUS, the very | thought is sweet!
In that dear | name all heart-joys meet;
But oh! than honey | sweeter far
The glimpses of His | presence are.

2 No word is sung more | sweet than this,
No sound is | heard more full of bliss,
No thought brings sweeter | comfort nigh,
Than Jesus, Son of | God most high.

3 Jesus, the hope of | souls forlorn,
How good to | them for sin that mourn!
To them that seek Thee | oh, how kind!
But what art Thou to | them that find!

4 No tongue of mortal | can express,
No pen can | write the blessedness.
He only who hath | proved it knows
What bliss from love of | Jesus flows.

5 O Jesus, King of | wondrous might!
O Victor, | glorious from the fight!
Sweetness that may not | be expressed,
And altogether | loveliest!

6 Abide with us, O | Lord, to-day,
And fill us | with Thy grace, we pray;
Then with Thine own true | sweetness feed
Our souls from sin and | darkness freed.
Amen.

INVITATION.

157. "*The Prize.*" P. 7.

"WHOSOEVER heareth," shout, shout the sound!
Send the blessed tidings all the world around;
Spread the joyful news wherever man is found,
"Whosoever will may come."
Chorus.—"Whosoever will, whosoever will,"
Send the proclamation over vale and hill,
'Tis a loving Father calls the wanderer home;
"Whosoever will may come."

2 Whosoever cometh need not delay;
Now the door is open, enter while ye may;
Jesus is the true, the only living way;
"Whosoever will may come."—*Chorus.*

3 "Whosoever will," the promise secure;
"Whosoever will," forever must endure;
"Whosoever will," 'tis life for evermore;
"Whosoever will may come."—*Chorus.*

158. "*Fresh Laurels.*" P. 50.

JESUS the water of life will give,
Freely, freely, freely:
Jesus the water of life will give
Freely to those that love Him.
Come to that fountain, oh, drink and live,
Freely, freely, freely:
Come to that fountain, oh, drink and live,
Flowing for those that love Him.
Chorus.—The Spirit and the Bride say come,
Freely, freely, freely,

And he that is thirsty let him come,
And drink of the water of life.
The fountain of life is flowing,
Flowing, freely flowing,
The fountain of life is flowing,
Is flowing for you and for me.

2 Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
Freely, freely, freely,
Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
Freely to those who love Him;
Treasures unfading will there be given,
Freely, freely, freely,
Treasures unfading will there be given,
Freely to those that love Him.—*Chorus.*

3 Jesus has promised a robe of white,
Freely, freely, freely,
Jesus has promised a robe of white,
Freely to those that love Him;
Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
Freely, freely, freely,
Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
Freely to those that love Him.—*Chorus.*

4 Jesus has promised eternal day,
Freely, freely, freely,
Jesus has promised eternal day,
Freely to those that love Him;
Pleasure that never shall pass away,
Freely, freely, freely,
Pleasure that never shall pass away,
Freely to those that love Him.—*Chorus.*

5 Jesus has promised a calm repose,
Freely, freely, freely,
Jesus has promised a calm repose,
Freely to all that love Him;

Come to the water of life that flows,
Freely, freely, freely,
Come to the water of life that flows,
Freely to all that love Him.

159. "*Silver Song.*" P. 25.

COME to the Saviour, children, to-day,
Jesus invites you, hear and obey;
Here in His word He has shown you the way,
Come to the Saviour, come!
Chorus.—Far and wide we'll send His praise along,
All the world shall echo with the song!
Jesus can save you, save you to-day!
Come to the Saviour, come!

2 "Suffer little children," oh, hear Him say,
"I am the life, the light, and the way;"
Jesus commands you, do not delay,
Come to the Saviour, come!
Chorus.—Far and wide, etc.

3 Come to the Saviour, He is your friend;
He will sustain you, He will defend;
And He will save you when life shall end,
Come to the Saviour, come!
Chorus.—Far and wide, etc.

160. "*Pure Gold.*" P. 75.

COME with all thy sorrow,
Weary, wandering soul!
Come to Him who loves thee,—
He will make thee whole.
Chorus.—There is rest in Jesus, sweet, sweet rest;
There is rest in Jesus, sweet, sweet rest.

2 He, thy strength in weakness,
Will thy refuge be;
Cast on Him thy burden,—
He will care for thee.
Chorus.—There is rest in Jesus, etc.

3 Come in faith, believing,
To His will resigned;
Ask, and He will give thee;
Seek, and thou shalt find.
Chorus.—There is rest in Jesus, etc.

4 See the door of mercy!
Wouldst thou enter there?
Knock, and He will open;
Lo! the key is prayer.
Chorus.—There is rest in Jesus, etc.

161. "*The Charm.*" P. 62.

COME to the Saviour, make no delay;
Here in His word He has shown us the way;
Here in our midst He is standing to-day,
Tenderly saying, "Come!"
Chorus.—Joyful, joyful will the meeting be,
When from sin our hearts are pure and free;
And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee,
In our eternal home.

2 "Suffer the children!" Oh, hear His voice!
Let every heart leap forth and rejoice,
And let us freely make Him our choice;
Do not delay, but come.
Chorus.—Joyful, joyful, etc.

3 Think once again, He is with us to-day;
Heed now His blest commands, and obey;
Hear now His accents tenderly say,
"Will you, My children, come?"
Chorus.—Joyful, joyful, etc.

162. "*Bright Jewels.*" P. 78.

OH, come to the fountain of mercy and love,
Whose pure, healing water so gently doth move!
It flows from the Saviour's side plenteous and free,
Oh, come, guilty sinner, 'tis flowing for thee,
Flowing for thee, flowing for thee!
Oh, come, guilty sinner, 'tis flowing for thee!

2 Come hither, sad mourner, by sorrow oppressed,
Draw nigh to this fountain, and you shall find rest;
Oh, trust in the Saviour, whose love flows so free!
Come hither, sad mourner, 'tis flowing for thee,
Flowing for thee, flowing for thee;
Come hither, sad mourner, 'tis flowing for thee.

3 Come, weary and laden with trouble of heart,
Oh, come to the fountain, come just as thou art!
Drink deep of its waters, refreshing and free,
Partake of its fullness, 'tis flowing for thee,
Flowing for thee, flowing for thee,
Partake of its fullness, 'tis flowing for thee.

4 Whoever will hearken and turn to the Lord
Shall find full redemption and peace through His blood;

Then hear, all ye nations, and come at His call,
This soul-cleansing fountain is flowing for all,
Flowing for all, flowing for all;
This soul-cleansing fountain is flowing for all.

163. "*Songs of Salvation.*" P. 36.

COME to Jesus now, His voice is gently calling;
Come, before Him bow, ere shades of night are darkly falling.
Hark, I hear my Saviour calling, calling me,
"I have died for thee, died to set thee free:
Crowned in everlasting glory thou shalt be;
Weary sinner, come to Me."

Chorus.—Lord, I gladly come, Thy gracious voice of love obeying!
Saviour, take my hand; oh, kindly keep
Thy child from straying!

2 Come to Jesus now, His gracious love thy sin forgiving;
Soon with Him shalt thou at His right hand be ever living.
From the throne above my Saviour welcomes me:
"Thou shalt reign with Me, all My glory see,—
See the crown and kingdom I have bought for thee.
Ransomed sinner, live with Me."

Chorus.—Lord, I gladly come, etc.

164. "*Parish Hymnal.*" P. 52.

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to Me," saith One; "and coming,
Be at rest!"

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

3 Hath He diadem as monarch
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins,
Answer yes."

Amen.

165. "*Hymns and Canticles.*" P. 159.

LIKE Noah's weary dove
That soared the earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found;

2 Oh, cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There safe shalt thou abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

5 And, when the waves of ire
Again the earth shall fill,
The ark shall ride the sea of fire,
Then rest on Zion's hill.

Amen.

166. "*The Casket.*" P. 10.

I HAVE entered the valley of blessing so sweet,
And Jesus abides with me there;
And His Spirit and blood make my cleansing complete,
And His perfect love casteth out fear.
Chorus.—Oh, come to this valley of blessing so sweet,
Where Jesus will fullness bestow,—

Oh, believe, and receive, and His praises repeat,
That all His salvation may know.

2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,
And plenty the land doth impart;
There is rest for the weary-worn traveler's feet,
And joy for the sorrowing heart.
Chorus.—Oh, come to this valley, etc.

3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
Such love but the blood-washed may feel;
When the heavens come down the redeemed to greet,
And Christ sets His covenant seal.
Chorus.—Oh, come to this valley, etc.

4 There's a song in the valley of blessing, so sweet
That angels would fain join the strain,—
As, with rapturous praises, we bow at His feet,
Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain."
Chorus.—Oh, come to this valley, etc.

167. "*The Prize.*" P. 118.

"GO forth," saith the Master, "and make no delay;
Invite to the banquet, invite all to-day;
The chosen have tarried; bring hither the blind,
The poor and the needy: leave no one behind."

Chorus.—Now all things are ready, the Master says, "Come;"
The whole world is bidden, "and yet there is room."
The whole world is bidden, the whole world is bidden,
The whole world is bidden, "and yet there is room."

2 Then quickly the servants went out from the Lord,
His message they published with joyful accord;
From highways and hedges they called to the feast,
And welcomed with rapture each wondering guest.
Chorus.—Now all things are ready, etc.

3 Oh, wayworn and weary, despise not the call,
Reject not that mercy, 'tis free, free to all;
Thy Father is waiting to welcome thee home;
Oh, haste to the banquet while yet "there is room."
Chorus.—Now all things are ready, etc.

168. "*The Prize.*" P. 122.

FLEE as a bird to your mountain,
Thou who art weary of sin;
Go to the clear flowing fountain,
Where you may wash and be clean;
Fly, for the' avenger is near thee;
Call, and the Saviour will hear thee,
He on His bosom will bear thee,
Thou, who art weary of sin,
Oh, thou, who art weary of sin.

2 He will protect thee forever,
Wipe every falling tear;
He will forsake thee, oh, never,
Sheltered so tenderly there;
Haste, then, the hours are flying;
Spend not the moments in sighing,
Cease from your sorrow and crying,
The Saviour will wipe every tear,
The Saviour will wipe every tear.

169. "*Chapel Hymnal.*"

"REMEMBER thy Creator,"
While youth's fair spring is bright,
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night.
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.

2 "Remember thy Creator,"
Ere life resigns its trust,
Ere sinks dissolving nature,
And dust returns to dust.
Before with God, who made it,
The spirit shall appear,
He cries, who died to save it,
"Thy great Creator fear."

170. "*The Charm.*" P. 69.

"ALMOST persuaded" now to believe;
"Almost persuaded" Christ to receive:
Seems now some soul to say,
"Go, Spirit, go Thy way,
Some more convenient day
On Thee I'll call."

2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;
"Almost persuaded," turn not away.
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are lingering near,
Prayers rise from hearts so dear:
Oh, wanderer, come!

3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
"Almost" cannot avail;
"Almost" is but to fail!
Sad, sad, that bitter wail—
"Almost," but lost!

171. "*Pure Gold.*" P. 8.

WHO'LL be the next to follow Jesus?
Who'll be the next His cross to bear?
Some one is ready, some one is waiting;
Who'll be the next a crown to wear?
Refrain.—Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next?
Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Who'll be the next to follow Jesus now
Follow Jesus now?

2 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus—
Where'er His loving hand shall lead?
Who'll be the next to lay every burden
Down at the Father's mercy-seat?—*Ref.*

3 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Who'll be the next to praise His name?
Who'll swell the chorus of free redemption,
Sing hallelujah! praise the Lamb?—*Ref.*

4 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus,
Down through the Jordan's rolling tide?

Who'll be the next to join with the ransomed,
Singing upon the other side?
Refrain.—Who'll be the next? etc.

172. "*Bright Jewels.*" P. 90.

COME in life's young golden morning,
While the dew is sparkling bright,
And the angel voices call you
To the pearly gates of light.
Look to Jesus! how He loves you!
Sweet and gentle is His voice;
Breathing love in tender accents,
While He bids your heart rejoice;
Look to Jesus! look to Jesus! } :||:
Come and in His smile rejoice! }

2 Come, while hope is looking onward,
Through the path of coming years,
All that earth can give is fleeting,
And its best is wet with tears;
Look to Jesus! He will give you
Better hope than all beside,
And when storms and tempests gather,
Safe in Him you shall abide.
Look to Jesus! look to Jesus! } :||:
Let your hope in Him abide. }

3 Come while youth with joy is beaming,
Come while days are bright and fair,
In the path of peace and glory
Wisdom bids you enter there;
Look to Jesus! Blest Redeemer,
Giving joy forever pure,
He will crown with fadeless beauty
That unchanging shall endure;
Look to Jesus! look to Jesus! } :||:
Giving joy forever pure. }

4 Come with hearts your Saviour trusting,
Come with *faith* in Jesus' word;
While the voices lead you sweetly,
Let His gracious call be heard;
Look to Jesus! Him believing,
Children, trust in Him alone,
Love and faith at last receiving,
Glory round His Father's throne;
Look to Jesus! look to Jesus!
So we'll gather round the throne. } :||:

173. "*Pure Gold.*" P. 26.

HEAR the gentle voice that calls thee,
Come and see, come and see;
Jesus at the door of mercy
Waits for thee, waits for thee.
To a kindly shelter nigh,
Haste, oh, haste thee, quickly fly!
Chorus.—Oh! the Saviour is standing at the door,
Oh! the Saviour is standing at the door.
Wilt thou enter in? He will cleanse thy sin,
Oh! the Saviour is standing at the door.

2 Art thou hungry? He will give thee
Living bread, living bread;
Lo! a table now before thee,
Richly spread, richly spread;
When such heavenly food is thine,
Wilt thou in a desert pine?—*Chorus.*

3 Art thou thirsty? cooling water,
Pure and free, pure and free,
From the spring of life eternal,
Flows for thee, flows for thee.
Traveler, drink, oh, drink again,
Healing balm for every pain.—*Chorus.*

4 Art thou weary? lay thy burden
At the cross, at the cross;
Count the world and all its pleasures,
Only dross, only dross;
Come to Jesus, wounded soul,
He alone can make thee whole.—*Chorus.*

174. "*Church Hymn Book.*" P. 242. L. M.

GOD calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumbers lie?

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I His loving voice despise,
And basely His kind care repay?
He calls me still: can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but He does not forsake,
He calls me still: my heart, awake!

5 God calling yet!—I cannot stay,
My heart I yield without delay;
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part,
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

175. "*Fresh Laurels.*" P. 41.

OUR Saviour has said it,
And we must believe Him:
"Whoso to Me cometh
I'll surely receive him."
Man's word faileth often,
But Christ's never, never;
"The word of the Lord
Endureth forever."

2 Whom Jesus receiveth
He ne'er leaves to perish;
The soul that believeth
He ever will cherish.
So cling we to Jesus
With steadfast endeavor:
"The word of the Lord
Endureth forever."

3 And when on the borders
Of death's darksome river,
We'll trust Him who promised
Our souls to deliver.
Our hands from our Saviour's
No power can sever:
"The word of the Lord
Endureth forever."

LOVE.

176. "*Songs of Devotion.*" P. 607.

MEEK and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief among the blesséd three;
Turning sadness into gladness,
Heaven-born art thou, Charity.
Pity dwelleth in thy bosom;
Kindness reigneth o'er thy heart;
Gentle thoughts alone can sway thee;
Judgment hath in thee no part.
Chorus.—Meek and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief among the blesséd three;
Turning sadness into gladness,
Heaven-born art thou, Charity.

2 Hoping ever, failing never,
Though deceived, believing still;
Long abiding, all confiding
To thy Heavenly Father's will;
Never weary of well doing;
Never fearful of the end;
Claiming all mankind as brothers,
Thou dost all alike befriend.
Chorus.—Meek and lowly, pure and holy, etc.

177. "*The Prize.*" P. 111.

BLESSED are the poor in spirit,
They are heirs of heavenly day!
Blessed are the humble mourners,
God shall wipe their tears away.
Blessed are the meek and lowly,
They shall long the earth possess;
Blessed are the souls that hunger
And that thirst for righteousness.

2 Blessed are the tender-hearted,
They compassion shall obtain;
Blessed are the poor in spirit,
They with God shall live and reign.
Blessed are the poor and peaceful;
They, whose souls are filled with love,
Shall be called Jehovah's children,
And shall dwell with God above.

3 Blessed are the persecuted
For the sake of truth and right;
Unto them belongs a kingdom
In the realms of perfect light.
Oh, rejoice and shout for gladness!
Great in heaven is your reward;
Thus they wronged the holy prophets,
Who bore witness of the Lord.

178. *"Pure Gold."* P. 33.

SPEAK gently, speak gently, speak gently; it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently, let no harsh words mar
The good we might do here.
Duet.—Speak gently! love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
Chorus.—And gently friendship's accents flow:
Affection's voice is kind.

2 Speak gently, speak gently, speak gently to the little child,
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it, in accents soft and mild,
It may not long remain.
Duet.—Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Chorus.—Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

3 Speak gently, speak gently, speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.
Duet.—Speak gently to the erring; know
They may have toiled in vain;
Chorus.—Perhaps unkindness made them so,
Oh, win them back again.

4 Speak gently, speak gently, speak gently, kindly to the poor,
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.
Duet.—Speak gently, 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
Chorus.—The good, the joy which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

179. "*Pure Gold.*" P. 81.

LOVE immortal, love unchanging,
Countless ages are its own;
God, before all worlds, hath made it,
And its birthplace was His throne.
Chorus.—Love Divine, love Divine,
Oh, ye bright ones above!
Swell the everlasting chorus,
Praising God, for God is love.

2 In the work of man's redemption,
Love the mighty conquest won:
Precious love that seals our pardon
Through the blood of Christ the Son.
Corus.—Love Divine, love Divine, etc.

3 Love will make us heirs with Jesus,
To a bright, unfading shore;

Love our starry crown in glory,
Love our song for evermore.
Chorus.—Love Divine, love Divine, etc.

180. "*Echoes to Happy Voices.*" P. 60.

SAVIOUR, teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

2 With a childlike heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace;
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

4 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

181. "*Happy Voices.*" P. 141.

THERE is beauty all around,
When there's love at home;
There is joy in every sound,
When there's love at home.
Peace and plenty here abide,
Smiling sweet on every side,
Time doth softly sweetly glide,
When there's love at home.
Chorus.—Love at home, love at home;
Time doth softly, sweetly glide,
When there's love at home.

2 Kindly Heaven smiles above,
When there's love at home;
All the earth is filled with love,
When there's love at home.
Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
Brighter beams the azure sky;
Oh, there's One who smiles on high,
When there's love at home.
Chorus.—Love at home, etc.

3 Jesus, show Thy mercy mine,
Then there's love at home;
Sweetly whisper, I am thine,
Then there's love at home.
Source of love, Thy cheering light
Far exceeds the sun so bright,—
Can dispel the gloom of night;
Then there's love at home.
Chorus.—Love at home, etc.

182. "*Golden Chain.*" P. 56.

CHIDE mildly the erring,
Kind language endears,
Grief follows the sinful,
Add not to their tears;
Avoid, with reproaches,
Fresh pain to bestow;
The heart which is stricken
Needs never a blow.

2 Chide mildly the erring,
Jeer not at their fall;
If strength be but human,
How weakly were all!
What marvel that footsteps
Should wander astray,
When tempests so shadow
Life's wearisome way.

3 Chide mildly the erring,
Entreat them with care;
Their natures are mortal,
They need not despair.
We all have some frailty,
We all are unwise;
The grace which redeems us
Must come from the skies.

183. "*The Prize.*" P. 177.

KIND hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
K nd words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits.

2 Love is the sweet sunshine,
That warms into life;
For only in darkness
Grow hatred and strife.

3 Oh, care for the garden,
Guard, guard it from weeds;
Fill, fill it with blossoms,
Good words and kind deeds.

184. "*Songs of Gladness.*" P. 155.

GOD is love! the silver brook,
Murmuring in its shady nook,
Sings the song, in softest tones,
As it ripples o'er the stones.
God is love! Each tiny flower
Swells the praises of His power,
As it blooms in beauty rare,
Shedding fragrance on the air.

2 God is love! in every breeze,
Rustling through the forest trees,

We the still small voice may hear,
Whispering of His presence near;
God is love! the little birds
Carol forth the joyous words;
Let us join the grateful song,
Praises to our God belong.

185. "*Cantate Domino.*" P. 304.

I WILL love Thee,—all my treasure!
I will love Thee,—all my strength!
I will love Thee,—without measure,
And will love Thee right at length.
Oh, I will love Thee, Light Divine,
Till I die and find Thee mine!

2 I will praise Thee, Sun of Glory!
For Thy beams have gladness brought.
I will praise Thee,—will adore Thee,
For the light I vainly sought;
Will praise Thee, that Thy words so blest
Set my sin-sick soul to rest.

3 In Thy footsteps now uphold me,
That I stumble not nor stray;
When the narrow way is told me,
Never let me lingering stay:
But come, my weary soul to cheer,
Shine, Eternal Sunbeam, here!

4 Be my heart more warmly glowing,
Sweet and calm the tears I shed;
And its love, its ardor showing,
Let my spirit onward tread;
Still near to Thee, and nearer still,
Draw this heart, this mind, this will.

5 I will love, in joy and sorrow!
Crowning joy! will love Thee well!

I will love, to-day, to-morrow,
While I in this body dwell:
Oh, I will love Thee, Light Divine,
Till I die and find Thee mine! Amen.

186. "*Chapel Hymnal.*"

GOD is love! when clouds of sadness
O'er our weary pathway move,
Heavenly rays of hope and gladness
Pierce their darkness: God is love!

2 God is love! though friends forsake us,
Though this world may faithless prove,
To His bosom He doth take us,
Gentle ever: God is love!

3 God is love! His guiding Spirit,
Wheresoe'er our feet may rove,
Tends us till our souls inherit
Life eternal: God is love!

4 When the world's last gleam is paling
In a holier light above,
Tender still, and still unfailing,
God is with us, "God is love." Amen.

187. "*Notes of Joy.*" P. 35.

THROUGH the love of God our Saviour,
All will be well!
Free and changeless is His favor,
All, all is well!
Precious is the blood that healed us,
Perfect is the grace that sealed us,
Strong the hand stretched out to shield us,
All must be well!

2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well!
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well!
Happy still in God confiding,
Fruitful if in Christ abiding,
Holy through the Spirit's guiding,
All must be well!

3 We expect a bright to-morrow,
All will be well!
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well!
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying,
All must be well! Amen.

188. "*Songs of Salvation.*" P. 161.

THERE is no love like the love of Jesus,
Never to fade or fall,
Till into the fold of the peace of God
He has gathered us all.
Chorus.—Jesus' love, precious love, boundless and pure and free;
Oh, turn to that love, weary, wandering soul,
Jesus pleadeth for thee.

2 There is no heart like the heart of Jesus,
Filled with a tender love;
No throb nor throe that our hearts can know,
But He feels it above.
Jesus' love, etc.

3 There is no eye like the eye of Jesus,
Piercing so far away;

Ne'er out of the sight of its tender light
Can the wanderer stray.
Jesus' love, etc.

4 There is no voice like the voice of Jesus:
Tender and sweet its chime,
Like musical ring of a flowing spring
In the bright summer time.
Jesus' love, etc.

5 Oh, let us hark to the voice of Jesus;
Oh, may we never roam,
Till safe we rest on His loving breast,
In His dear heavenly home.
Jesus' love, etc.

189. "*Song Life.*" P. 24.

THERE is a gate that stands ajar,
And, through its portals gleaming,
A radiance from the cross afar,
The Saviour's love revealing.
Chorus.—Oh, depths of mercy! can it be, that
gate was left ajar for me?
For me, for me? was left ajar for me?

2 That gate ajar stands free for all,
Who seek through it salvation;
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation.
Oh, depths of mercy, etc.

3 Press onward, then, though foes may frown,
While Mercy's gate is open,
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.
Oh, depths of mercy, etc.

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given;
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven.
Oh, depths of mercy, etc. Amen.

190. "*Songs of Devotion.*" P. 229.

IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here:
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
My God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack:
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

WORK.

191. "*Songs of Gladness.*" P. 17.

WORK, for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter;
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies;
Work till the last beam fadeth,—
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

192. "*Bright Jewels.*" P. 68.

SOUND the battle cry!
See! the foe is nigh;
Raise the standard high
For the Lord;
Gird your armor on,
Stand firm every one;
Rest your cause upon
His Holy Word.
Rouse, then, soldiers! rally round the banner!
Ready, steady, pass the word along;
Onward, forward, shout aloud Hosannah!
Christ is Captain of the mighty throng.

2 Strong to meet the foe,
Marching on we go,
While our cause we know
Must prevail;

Shield and banner bright
Gleaming in the light;
Battling for the right
We ne'er can fail.—*Chorus.*

3 O! Thou God of all,
Hear us when we call;
Help us one and all
By Thy grace;
When the battle's done,
And the victory won,
May we wear the crown
Before Thy face.—*Chorus.*

193. "*Sparkling Rubies.*" P. 44.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching to the war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before;
Christ, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle
See His banner go.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching to the war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.—*Chorus.*

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the church of God;

Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.
We are not divided:
All one body we;
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.—*Chorus.*

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane;
But the church of Jesus
Constant will remain.
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.—*Chorus.*

5 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices,
In the triumph song:
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.—*Chorus.*

194. "*Casket.*" P. 146.

DARE to be right! dare to be true!
You have a work that no other can do.
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
Angels will hasten the story to tell.
Then dare to be right! dare to be true!
You have a work that no other can do;
Then dare to be right! dare to be true!
You have a work that no other can do.

2 Dare to be right! dare to be true!
Other men's failures can never save you.

Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith,
Stand like a hero, and battle till death.
Chorus.

3 Dare to be right! dare to be true!
God, who created you, cares for you too,
Treasures the tears that His striving ones shed,
Counts and protects every hair of your head.
Chorus.

4 Dare to be right! dare to be true!
Cannot Omnipotence carry you through?
City and mansion and throne all in sight,
Can you not dare to be true and be right?
Chorus.

195. "*Golden Chain.*" P. 20.

STAND up, stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross,
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss.
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;

This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

196. "*Songs of Gladness.*" P. 76.

MARCH along! march along!
Singing a glad, triumphant song.
Sing of the love of God to me,
Sing of His grace so rich and free!
Sing of His goodness by the way,
Sing how He keeps me day by day.
Sing of the mercy, sing of the love,
Keeping my soul for glory above;
March along, march along,
Singing a glad, triumphant song.

2 March along! march along!
Singing a glad, triumphant song.
Sing what He tells me in His word,
Brightest and best that e'er was heard;
Sing how my Saviour came to die,
Sing how He lives and reigns on high.
Chorus.—Sing of the mercy, etc.

3 March along! march along!
Singing a glad, triumphant song.
Sing how He loved my soul so well,
Ransomed with blood from sin and hell;
Sing how His precious blood was spilt,
Washing away my deepest guilt.
Chorus.—Sing of the mercy, etc.

4 March along! march along!
Singing a glad, triumphant song.

Sing of my Jesus, strong to save,
Sing of His victory o'er the grave,
Sing how He rose from death and night,
Bringing my soul to endless light.
Chorus.—Sing of the mercy, etc.

197. "*Fresh Laurels.*" P. 30.

WE are marching on with shield and banner bright,
We will work for God and battle for the right,
We will praise His name, rejoicing in His might,
And we'll work till Jesus calls.
In the Sunday-school our army we prepare,
As we rally round our blessed standard there,
And the Saviour's cross we early learn to bear,
While we work till Jesus calls.
Chorus.—Then awake, then awake,
Happy song, happy song,
Shout for joy, shout for joy,
As we gladly march along.
We are marching onward, singing as we go,
To the promised land where living waters flow.
Come and join our ranks as pilgrims here below,
Come and work till Jesus calls.

2 We are marching on ; our Captain, ever near,
Will protect us still, His gentle voice we hear ;
Let the foe advance, we'll never, never fear,
For we'll work till Jesus calls.

Then awake, awake, our happy, happy song,
We will shout for joy, and gladly march along;
In the Lord of Hosts let every heart be strong,
While we work till Jesus calls.
Chorus.—Then awake, etc.

3 We are marching on the strait and narrow way,
That will lead to life and everlasting day,
To the smiling fields that never will decay,
But we'll work till Jesus calls.
We are marching on and pressing toward the prize,
To a glorious crown beyond the glowing skies,
To the radiant fields where pleasure never dies,
And we'll work till Jesus calls.
Chorus.—Then awake, etc.

198. "*Songs of Gladness.*" P. 31.

MARCHING on! marching on! glad as birds on the wing,
Come the bright ranks of children from near and from far;
Happy hearts, full of song, 'neath our banner we bring;
We are soldiers of Zion prepared for the war.
Chorus.—Marching on! marching on! sound the battle cry!
Marching on! marching on! shout the victory!

2 Pressing on! pressing on! to the din of the fray,
With the firm tread of faith to the battle we go;
'Mid the cheering of angels, our ranks march away,
With our flags pointing ever right on toward the foe.
Chorus.—Marching on, etc.

3 Fighting on! fighting on! in the midst of the strife,
At the call of our Captain, we draw every sword;
We are battling for God, we are struggling for life,
Let us strike every rebel that fights 'gainst the Lord.
Chorus.—Marching on, etc.

4 Singing on! singing on! from the battle we come,
Every flag bears a wreath, every soldier renown;
Heavenly angels are waiting to welcome us home,
And the Saviour will give us a robe and a crown.
Chorus.—Marching on, etc.

199. "*The Prize.*" P. 92.

WE are marching onward,
To our home on high;
This shall be our watchword:
"Labor till we die!"
For the night is coming,
Soon will set the sun;

When the Master calleth,
Let our work be done.
Onward, onward, singing as we go;
Soon we'll triumph over every foe. Yes,
We are marching onward to our home on high!
This shall be our watchword, "Labor till we die."

2 Ye who in His vineyard
Idly stand and wait,
Come and join the workers,
Ere it be too late;
Lest at His appearing,
When He looks for sheaves,
Like the barren fig-tree,
Ye'll have naught but leaves.
Chorus.—Onward, onward, etc.

3 Of our Master's coming
We know not the hour,
But 'twill be with glory,
Majesty and power;
If we are but faithful,
Happy shall we be,
When we hear the summons,
"Hither come to Me!"
Chorus.—Onward, onward, etc.

200. "*Joyful Songs.*" P. 2.

CHILDREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,—
One that loves us to the end;
Forward, then, with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child," your Father calls, "come home."

Chorus.—"Come home!" "Come home!"
"Come home!" "Come home!" "Come home!"
"Come home!" "Come home!"
Thy Father calls, "Come home, come home, come home,"
Thy Father calls, "Come home!"

2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart;
But from Satan's malice free
Saints shall soon in glory be:
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child," your Father calls, "come home."
Chorus.—"Come home!" "Come home," etc.

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,—
None betray us into sin
Like the foes that dwell within:
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ shall also conquer these;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child," your Father calls, "come home."
Chorus.—"Come home!" "Come home," etc.

201. "*The Chaplet.*" P. 45.

KEEP your lamps burning
In faith and in joy!
Let not the tempter
Their brightness destroy!
Hither the bridegroom
In triumph shall speed;
If ye are sleeping,
Oh, what can ye plead?

If ye are sleeping,
Oh, what can ye plead?
Chorus.—Keep your lamps burning,
Though dark is the night!
Keep your lamps burning
With flame ever bright!

2 Keep your lamp burning,
My brother so true!
Each drooping spirit
With kindness renew!
Be ever watchful
From day unto day,
Scattering sweet roses
O'er life's weary way!
Chorus.—Keep your lamps burning, etc.

3 Keep your lamps burning!
Ye know not the hour
When comes the Saviour
In glory and power!
Stand ye then waiting,
In faith and in prayer,
Lest ere the morrow
He come unaware!
Chorus.—Keep your lamps burning, etc.

202. "*The Prize.*" P. 125.

UPWARD and onward, into the light,
Out of the darkness, out of the night;
Into the sunshine, into the day,
Into the heavenly way.
Chorus.—Upward and onward, pressing along,
Oh, let us ever walk with heart and purpose strong;
"He who hath loved us" goeth before
Ever and evermore.

2 Upward and onward, never despair!
Up to the mountains, shining and fair;
Up to the city, golden and blest,
Up to the heavenly rest.
Chorus.—Upward and onward, etc.

3 Upward and onward, be not dismayed;
Angels surround thee, be not afraid;
Loved ones are calling, Jesus says, "Come,
Come to your heavenly home."
Chorus.—Upward and onward, etc.

203. "*Pure Gold.*" P. 18.

WE are going forth, with our staff in hand,
Through a desert wild in a stranger land;
But our faith is bright and our hope is strong,
And the Good Old Way is our pilgrim song.
Chorus.—'Tis the Good Old Way, by our fathers trod;
'Tis the way of life, and it leadeth unto God;
'Tis the only path to the realms of day;
We are going home in the Good Old Way.

2 There are foes without, there are foes within;
They would turn us back to the path of sin;
We will stop our ears to the words they say,
While we onward press in the Good Old Way.
Chorus.—'Tis the Good Old Way, etc.

3 In the blissful hour of communion sweet,
Let us come with joy to the mercy-seat;
Oh, we love to sing and we love to pray,
And we bless the Lord for the Good Old Way.
Chorus.—'Tis the Good Old Way, etc.

4 On the brink of time when we stand at last,
When our sun has set and our work is past,
When we bid farewell to our mortal clay,
We will praise the Lord for the Good Old Way.
Chorus.—'Tis the Good Old Way, etc.

204. "*Pure Gold.*" P. 10.

IN the struggle of life there's a conquest to win;
Would you break from the fetters that bind you to sin?
Would you vanquish the foe to the cause of the right?
You must gird on your armor bright.
Persevere in all you do;
Looking up, your way pursue;
Toiling on till life is o'er,
With the faithful gone before.
Refrain.—Keep step, step ever;
Keep step, keep step for ever,
And the blessing of God will be yours to the end,
He will leave His children never.

2 Would you cast in your lot with the people of God?
Would you follow the path which the righteous have trod?
You must ever be fervent and watch unto prayer,
And the cross daily learn to bear.
Live for Christ, yourselves deny,
Seek your treasures in the sky,—
Marching on till life is o'er,
With the faithful gone before.
Refrain.—Keep step, step ever, etc.

3 Would you strive for the prize at the end of the race?
You must go to the Lord for His wisdom and grace;
Unto him that o'ercometh, the promise is given
Of a home and a crown in heaven.
Would you dwell forever there?
On the Saviour cast your care;
Pressing on till life is o'er,
With the faithful gone before.
Refrain.—Keep step, step ever, etc.

205. "*S. S. Hymnal.*" P. 128.

GO forward, Christian soldier!
Beneath His banner true,
The Lord Himself, thy Leader,
Shall all thy foes subdue.
His love foretells thy trials,
He knows thine hourly need;
He can, with bread of heaven,
Thy fainting spirit feed.

2 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the secret foe;
Far more o'er thee are watching
Than human eyes can know.
Trust only Christ thy Captain,
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treacherous voices
That lure thy soul away.

3 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished,
And heaven is all possessed;

Till Christ Himself shall call thee
To lay thine armor by,
And wear, in endless glory,
The crown of victory.

4 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the gathering night;
The Lord has been thy shelter,
The Lord will be thy light.
When morn His face revealeth,
Thy dangers all are past:
Oh, pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last!

Amen.

206.

OH, we are the reapers that garner in
The sheaves of good from the fields of sin;
With sickles of truth must the work be done,
And no one may rest till the "harvest home."
Chorus.—We are the reapers; oh, who will come
And share in the glory of the harvest home?
Oh, who will help us to garner in
The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

2 Go out in the by-ways and search them all;
The wheat may be there, though the weeds are tall;
Then search in the highway, and pass none by,
But gather them all for the home on high.
Chorus.—We are the reapers, etc.

3 The fields are all ripening, and far and wide
The world now is waiting the harvest tide;
But reapers are few, and the work is great,
And much will be lost should the harvest wait.
Chorus.—We are the reapers, etc.

4 So come with your sickles, ye sons of men,
And gather together the golden grain;
Toil on till sheaves of the Lord are bound,
And joyfully borne from the harvest ground.
Chorus.—We are the reapers, etc.

207. "*Fresh Laurels.*" P. 56.

IF we knew, when walking thoughtless
Through the crowded, noisy way,
That some pearl of wondrous whiteness
Close beside our pathway lay,
We would pause when now we hasten,
We would often look around,
Lest our careless feet should trample
Some rare jewel in the ground.
Chorus.—Then scatter seeds of kindness,
Then scatter seeds of kindness,
Then scatter seeds of kindness,
For our reaping by-and-by.

2 Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff.
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from the way.
Chorus.—Then scatter seeds, etc.

3 *If we knew!* Alas! and do we
Ever care or seek to know
Whether bitter herbs or roses
In our neighbors' gardens grow?
God forgive us, lest hereafter
Our hearts break to hear Him say,
"Careless child, I never knew you,—
From My presence flee away!"
Chorus.—Then scatter seeds, etc.

208. "*Parish Hymnal.*" P. 177.

BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.
Journeying o'er a desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And, with hearts united,
Take our heavenward way.
Chorus.—Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.

2 Hail! dear Jesus, Master,
Round Thy sacred feet,
Here, with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet.
Long, alas! we've left Thee,
Straying far away,
Now once more we'll enter
On the narrow way.
Chorus.—Brightly gleams, etc.

3 All our days direct us,—
Make us meek and mild,
By Thy childhood's pattern,—
Blessed, Holy Child.
Bid Thine angels shield us,
When the storm-clouds lower;
Pardon Thou—protect us
At death's solemn hour.
Chorus.—Brightly gleams, etc.

4 Jesus! saints and angels
With Thy church combine,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy glorious shrine:

When the toil is over
Then comes rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,—
Songs that never cease.
Chorus.—Brightly gleams, etc. Amen.

209. "*Echo to Happy Voices.*" P. 72.

REAPERS, reapers, haste,
Your Master's voice is calling;
Reapers, reapers, haste,
The golden grain is falling.
Chorus.—Work, work, while it is light,
And wait not for the morrow;
Work, work, before the night
Bring sin and shame and sorrow.

2 Fields already white,
Rejoicing now with gladness,
Shine with summer light;
Oh, reapers, banish sadness.—*Chorus.*

3 Haste! no more delay
The weakest grain to cherish;
Hear your Master say
He wills not one should perish.—*Cho.*

4 Bought with Jesus' blood,
The weakest is a treasure
Made by God for good,
For glory without measure.—*Cho.*

5 Up, then! let us reap,
Though darkest clouds may lower;
Faint not, He will keep
Us safe 'mid storm and shower.—*Cho.*

210. "*The Prize.*" P. 95.

GO work to-day in My vineyard,
We hear the Master say.
Go work to-day in My vineyard,
And I will lead the way.
The fields are ripe for the harvest,
And the harvesters are few;
Oh, stand not idly waiting,
With all the work in view.

2 Go work to-day in the vineyard,
There's work for one and all;
Go, gladly bearing your burden,
It is the Saviour's call.
And while 'tis day keep toiling,
Nor once in thought give o'er,
For soon will come the darkness,
When we can work no more.

3 There's work to do for the Saviour,
There's work for me and you;
Sow seed in His waiting vineyard,
And to your trust be true.
Yes, true and faithful, labor
Until your race is run;
To him that overcometh
The Lord will say, "Well done."

211. "*Pure Gold.*" P. 74.

TO the work! to the work! we are servants of God,
Let us follow the path that our Master has trod;
With the balm of His counsel our strength to renew,
Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.

Chorus.—Toiling on, toiling on, toiling on, toiling on,
Let us hope, let us watch, and labor till the Master comes.

2 To the work! to the work! let the hungry be fed;
To the fountain of life let the weary be led;
In the cross and the banner our glory shall be,
While we herald the tidings, "Salvation is free!"
Chorus.—Toiling on, toiling on, etc.

3 To the work! to the work! there is labor for all,
For the kingdom of darkness and error shall fall;
And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be
In the loud-swelling chorus, "Salvation is free."
Chorus.—Toiling on, toiling on, etc.

4 To the work! to the work! pressing on to the end,
For the harvest will come, and the reapers descend;
And the home of the ransomed our dwelling will be,
And our chorus forever, "Salvation is free."
Chorus.—Toiling on, toiling on, etc.

212. "*The Prize.*" P. 96.

EACH one has a mission, some work to do;
Oh, the glad fruition, if we are true,
Bright shall be the pathway, hearts full of joy,
If working for the Master be our employ.

2 Little deeds of kindness, sweet words of love,
Helping on each other to heaven above,
Smiling on the weary, aiding the weak;
All these are little missions our hearts may seek.

3 We can love each other with youthful zest;
We can love the Saviour, dearest and best;
Oh, there's work enough for us all to do,
Then let us all be earnest, faithful, and true.

213. "*Songs of Salvation.*" P. 10. H. M.

WORK! Christian laborer, work!
Now, while 'tis called to-day;
Toil in thy Master's work,
And, toiling, watch and pray!
The tempter bids thee pause and sleep;
Work! if thou wouldst the harvest reap.

2 Pray! Christian pilgrim, pray!
And keep thine armor bright!
Though rugged be the way,
Though cheerless be the night,
Through darkest night and weariest day
Pray without ceasing—Christian, pray!

3 Fight! Christian soldier, fight!
The battle is the Lord's;
Strong in Jehovah's might,
The strength Himself affords;
O'er foes without, and foes within,
Strong in the Lord, the day thou'lt win.

4 Wait! Christian workman, wait!
Nor yet impatient be,
In this thine earthly state,
Thy harvest time to see.
The Lord's appointed time will come;
He'll take His faithful workmen home.

214. "*Songs of Devotion.*" P. 420.

HARK! 'tis the watchman's cry,
Wake, brethren, wake!
Jesus our Lord is nigh,
Wake, brethren, wake!
Sleep is for sons of night;
Children are ye of light;
Yours is the glory bright—
Wake, brethren, wake!

2 Call to each working band,
Watch, brethren, watch!
Clear is our Lord's command,
Watch, brethren, watch!
Be ye as men that wait
All at the Master's gate,
E'en though He tarry late—
Watch, brethren, watch!

3 Heed we the steward's call,
Work, brethren, work!
There's work enough for all:
Work, brethren, work!
This vineyard of the Lord
Fresh labor will afford;
Yours is a sure reward—
Work, brethren, work!

4 Hear we the Shepherd's voice,
Pray, brethren, pray!
Would ye His heart rejoice?
Pray, brethren, pray!
Sin calls for constant fear;
Long as we struggle here,
We need the Strong One near.
Pray, brethren, pray!

5 Now sound the final chord,
Praise, brethren, praise!

Thrice holy is our Lord—
Praise, brethren, praise!
What more befits our tongues,
Leading the angels' songs,
While heaven the note prolongs?
Praise, brethren, praise!

215. "*Fresh Laurels.*" P. 38.

"GIVE," said the little stream.
(Give, oh give, give, oh give,)
"Give," said the little stream,
As it hurried down the hill,
"I am small, I know, but wherever I go,
(Give, oh give, give, oh give,)
I am small, I know, but wherever I go,
The fields grow greener still."
Chorus.—Singing, singing all the day,
Give away, oh, give away,
Singing, singing all the day,
Give, oh, give away.

2 "Give," said the little rain,
(Give, oh give, give, oh give,)
"Give," said the little rain,
As it fell upon the flowers.
"I will raise the drooping heads again,
(Give, oh give, give, oh give,)
I will raise the drooping heads again,
And freshen the summer bowers."
Chorus.—Singing, singing, etc.

3 "Give," said the violet sweet,
In its gentle spring-like voice:
"From cot and hall they will hear my call,
They will find me and rejoice."
Chorus.—Singing, singing, etc.

4 "Give," said they all, "oh give,
For our blessings come from heaven;
And we fain would give, yes, would only live
To give as God has given."
Chorus.—Singing, singing, etc.

5 Give, then, for Jesus give,
There is something all can give;
Oh, do as the streams and the blossoms do,
And for God and others live.
Chorus.—Singing, singing, etc.

216. "*The Chaplet.*" P. 18.

GIVE! 'tis the Saviour's precept!
Give from your bounteous store!
Give! to the poor and needy,—
Give ye for ever more!
Round us our hungry brothers
Ask of our kindly hand;
Ever the cry of sorrow
Echoes throughout the land!
Give! give!
Give to the poor and needy,
God will repay your love;
Give! give!
Give! and your blessed treasures
Lay ye up in heaven above.

2 Give! for your gifts are worthy;
Give! though the gift be small;
Give! for a willing giver
God loveth best of all!
None are so poor and needy
That they can nothing spare;
Hark! to the cries for pity,
Hark! to the orphan's prayer
Chorus.—Give, etc. Amen.

217. "*The Chaplet.*" P. 8.

RAISE the banner of the cross,
And set our anthems ringing;
March we on through pain and loss,
All dangers we defy!
Faith our armor! still we're singing,
Unto God our tribute bringing;
Onward ever! Falter never!
Soldiers!
Raise the banner of the cross, we'll conquer or die!

2 All around us, see! the foe
Is marshaled to assail us!
Sin shall fall at every blow,
And darksome error fly.
Jesus leads us! what can fail us!
Holy angels proudly hail us!
Onward ever! Falter never!
Soldiers!
Raise the banner of the cross, we'll conquer or die!

3 We are battling for the Right,
And Wrong shall ever fear us!
God will aid us with His might,
And all our needs supply!
He will guide us, He will cheer us!
He will bless, and linger near us!
Onward ever! Falter never!
Soldiers!
Raise the banner of the cross, we'll conquer or die!

218. "*S. S. Hymnal.*" P. 160.

Chorus.—We march, we march to victory,
With the cross of the Lord before us,
With His loving eye looking down from the sky,
And His Holy Arm spread o'er us.

We come in the might of the Lord of light,
In joyful train to meet Him;
And we put to flight the armies of night,
That the sons of the day may greet Him.
Chorus.—We march, we march to victory, etc.

2 Our sword is the Spirit of God on high,
Our helmet His salvation;
Our banner the cross of Calvary,
Our watchword, the Incarnation.
Chorus.—We march, we march to victory, etc.

3 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the banner of Christ before us,
With His eye of love looking down from above,
And His Holy Arm spread o'er us.
Chorus.—We march, we march to victory, etc.

219. "*Hymns Ancient and Modern.*" No. 175.

OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthened by the Bread of Life.

2 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fear your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.

3 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory wake your song.

4 Onward then to glory move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though oppressed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

5 Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto Thee we raise:
Holy Jesus, praise to Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be.—Amen.

220. "*Casket.*" P. 44.

BREAST the wave, Christian,
When it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian,
When the night's longest.
Chorus.—Onward and upward still be thine endeavor;
The rest that remaineth shall be forever.

2 Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee.
Chorus.—Onward and upward, etc.

3 Bear the cross, Christian,
Follow thy Master;
Bright the crown, Christian,
Haste thee on faster.
Chorus.—Onward and upward, etc.

4 Lift the eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Raise the heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth.
Chorus.—Onward and upward, etc.

221. "*Chapel Hymnal.*"

ONWARD, upward, march we forever,
Soldiers of the Lord Most High;
Conquering foes, but yielding never,
"Victory or death!" our cry.
Lord, behold us! Lord, protect us!
Aid us ever in our strife!
Knowing Thou wilt ne'er neglect us,
Fight we for the crown of life.
Onward, upward, march we forever,
Soldiers of the Lord Most High;
Conquering foes, but yielding never,
"Victory or death!" our cry.

2 Lord, on our knees we bow before Thee;
Help and guide us! we implore Thee.
Lord, we beseech Thee now to hear us!
Be Thou, O Lord, forever near us!
Banners wave, our armor is flashing,
Lord, protect Thy chosen band;
Shield and aid us, onward dashing,
Strengthened, Lord, by Thy right hand!
Lord, behold us! Lord, protect us!
Aid us ever in our strife!
Knowing Thou wilt ne'er neglect us,
Fight we for the crown of life.
Onward, upward, march we forever,
Soldiers of the Lord most High;
Conquering foes, but yielding never,
"Victory or death!" our cry.

222. "*Pilgrim's Harp.*" P. 59.

STAND up for Jesus, Christian, stand
Firm as a rock on ocean's strand!
Beat back the waves of sin that roll,
Like raging floods, around thy soul!

Chorus.—Stand up for Jesus, nobly stand,
Firm as a rock on ocean's strand!
Stand up, His righteous cause defend!
Stand up for Jesus, your best Friend!

2 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Sound forth His name o'er sea and land!
Spread ye His glorious word abroad,
Till all the world shall own Him Lord!
Chorus.—Stand up for Jesus, etc.

3 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Lift high the cross with steadfast hand,
Till heathen lands, with wondering eye,
Its rising glory shall descry.
Chorus.—Stand up for Jesus, etc.

4 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Soon, with the blest immortal band,
We'll dwell for aye, life's journey o'er,
In realms of light, on heaven's bright shore.
Chorus.—Stand up for Jesus, etc.
Amen.

223. "*Hymns and Canticles.*" P. 150.

IN the vineyard of our Father
Daily work we find to do;
Scattered gleanings we may gather,
Though we are but young and few;
Little clusters, little clusters,
Help to fill the garners too.

2 Toiling early in the morning,
Catching moments through the day;
Nothing small or lowly scorning,
While we work, and watch, and pray;
Gathering gladly, gathering gladly
Free-will offerings by the way.

3 Not for selfish praise or glory,
Not for objects nothing worth,
But to send the blessed story
Of the gospel o'er the earth,
Telling mortals, telling mortals
Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.

4 Up and ever at our calling,
Till in death our lips are dumb;
Or till—sin's dominion falling—
Christ shall in His kingdom come,
And His children, and His children
Reach their everlasting home.

5 Steadfast, then, in our endeavor,
Heavenly Father, may we be;
And for ever and for ever
We will give the praise to Thee;
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Singing, all eternity.—Amen.

224. "*Sabbath Songs.*" P. 30.

CLING close to the Rock, brother, danger is near;
Cling close to thy Saviour, and doubt not nor fear;
For Jesus will hold thee, almighty to save,
Thy Jesus, who triumphed o'er death and the grave.
Chorus.—Cling close to the Rock, though the tempests may shock,
Assured of salvation, in Jesus, the Rock.

2 Cling close to the Rock, brother, closely to-day,
Ere waves of temptation shall sweep thee away;

Cling close to the Rock in the time of thy grief,
For Jesus brings speedy and precious relief.
Chorus.—Cling close to the Rock, etc.

3 Cling close to the Rock, brother, close to the Rock,
Though tempests may rage, and though billows may shock;
For Jesus, thy Saviour, thy Refuge, thy Friend,
In mercy hath loved thee, and loves to the end.
Chorus.—Cling close to the Rock, etc.
Amen.

225. "*Pure Gold.*" P. 63.

"IN the highways and hedges go seek for the lost,
Gather them into the fold,"
Was the earnest command that our Saviour Divine
Taught His disciples of old.
Chorus.—Urge them to come, show them the way,
Tenderly, lovingly, bring them to-day:
Urge them to come, why should they roam?
Bring them along to our dear sabbath home.

2 If our Shepherd we love, we must care for His sheep,
Precious are they in His sight;
They are out in the desert, they wander alone:
Lead them from darkness to light.
Chorus.—Urge them to come, etc.

3 To the weary and thirsty the Saviour has said,
"Come, heavy-laden, to Me;
I will give you to drink of the water of life;"
Tell them the fountain is free.
Chorus.—Urge them to come, etc.

4 There's a welcome for all in the kingdom of grace,
All who repent and believe;
And the souls that have strayed and returned to the fold
Jesus will gladly receive.
Chorus.—Urge them to come, etc.

226. "*Pure Gold.*" P. 96.

STRIKE, oh, strike for victory, soldiers of the Lord!
Hoping in His mercy, trusting in His word;
Lift the gospel banner high above the world,
Let its folds of beauty ever be unfurled.
Chorus.—Strike! strike for victory, heroes bold;
Strike! till the victory you behold;
Strike! strike for victory, ne'er give o'er;
Rest then in glory evermore.

2 Strike! oh, strike for victory, heroes of the cross,
Sacrificing pleasure, glorying in loss;
Bind the helmet stronger, tighter grasp the sword;
Conquering and to conquer, battle for the Lord.
Chorus.—Strike! strike for victory, etc.

3 Hand to hand united, heart to heart as one,
Let us still keep marching till our journey's done;
Till we see the angels come in glory down,
With the shining garments and the victor's crown.
Chorus.—Strike! oh, strike for victory, etc.

227. "*Pure Gold.*" P. 126.

ONWARD, onward, men of Heaven,
Lift the gospel banner high!
Rest not till its light is given,
Star of every pagan sky:
Lift it where the pilgrim stranger
Faints in Asia's burning ray;
Bid the red-browed forest ranger
Hail it ere it fades away.

2 Where the Arctic Ocean thunders,
Where the tropics fiercely glow,
Broadly spread the page of wonders,
Bid its healing radiance flow:
India marks its lustre stealing,
Shivering Greenland feels its rays,
Afric's sons, in deserts kneeling,
Pour at length their strains of praise.

3 Rude in speech, or grim in feature,
Dark in spirit, though they be,
Show that light to every creature,
Prince or vassal, bond or free.
Lo, they haste to every nation;
Host on host the ranks supply!
Onward! Christ is your salvation,
And your death is victory. Amen.

HYMNS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

228. "*Fresh Laurels.*" P. 48.

I'M but a youthful pilgrim,
My journey's just begun;
They say I'll meet with sorrow
Before my journey's done.
The world is full of trouble,
And trials too, they say;
But I will follow Jesus
All the way.

2 Then, like a little pilgrim,
Whatever I may meet,
I'll take it,—joy or sorrow,—
And lay at Jesus' feet.
He'll comfort me in trouble,
He'll wipe my tears away;
With joy I'll follow Jesus
All the way.

3 Then trials cannot vex me,
And pain I need not fear;
For when I'm close by Jesus
Grief cannot come too near.
Not even death can harm me,
When death I meet one day;
To heaven I'll follow Jesus
All the way.

229. "*Plymouth S. S. Collection.*" P. 124.

JESUS, tender Saviour,
Hast Thou died for me?
Make me very thankful
In my heart to Thee.

When the sad, sad story
Of Thy grief I read,
Make me very sorry
For my sins indeed.

2 Now I know Thou lovest,
And dost plead for me,
Make me very thankful
In my prayers to Thee.
Soon I hope in glory
At Thy side to stand;
Make me fit to meet Thee
In that happy land.

230. "*Apples of Gold.*" P. 142.

IF I come to Jesus, He will make me glad;
He will give me pleasure when my heart is sad.
Chorus.—If I come to Jesus, happy I should be,
He is gently calling little ones like me.

2 If I come to Jesus, He will hear my prayer,
He will love me dearly, He my sins did bear.
Chorus.—If I come to Jesus, etc.

3 If I come to Jesus, He will take my hand,
He will kindly lead me to a better land.
Chorus.—If I come to Jesus, etc.

4 There with happy children, robed in snowy white,
I shall see my Saviour in that world so bright.
Chorus.—If I come to Jesus, etc.

231. *"Songs of Gladness."* P. 129.

I'M a soldier, soldier of the cross,
Little soldier of the cross,
In the army of the Lord;
Fierce and many are the foes
I am bidden to oppose,
But the Lord, the Lord of hosts, is Captain o'er me.

Chorus.—On, on, on! I'm marching on!
On to glory! on to glory!
Fierce and many are the foes
I am bidden to oppose,
But the Lord, the Lord of hosts, is Captain o'er me.

2 I'm a soldier, soldier of the cross,
Little soldier of the cross,
In the army of the Lord;
And the flag that floats above
Is the banner of His love,
And the Captain of salvation goes before me.
Chorus.—On, on, on, etc.

3 I'm a soldier, soldier of the cross,
Little soldier of the cross,
And I know I'll win the crown,
For the armor I have got,
It is proof to Satan's shot,
And the Lord, the Lord of hosts, is Captain o'er me.
Chorus.—On, on, on, etc.

4 I'm a soldier, soldier of the cross,
Little soldier of the cross;
Marching where the Captain leads;
Long the marches are, and fast,
But I'll reach my home at last,
On the flowery plains, the flowery plains of glory.
Chorus.—On, on, on, etc.

232. "*Songs of Salvation.*" P. 116.

THOU art my Shepherd,
Caring in every need,
Thy little lambs to feed;
Trusting Thee still;
In the green pastures low,
Where living waters flow,
Safe by Thy side I go,
Fearing no ill.

2 Or if the way should lie
Where death, o'erhanging nigh,
My soul would terrify
With sudden chill,—
Yet I am not afraid;
While softly on my head
Thy tender hand is laid,
I fear no ill!

3 If Thou my guide wilt be,
Gladly I'll go with Thee,—
No harm can come to me
Holding Thy hand;
And soon my weary feet,
Safe in the golden street
Where all who love Thee meet,
Redeemed shall stand.

233. "*Silver Song.*" P. 141.

I A little pilgrim stand,
Knocking at my Father's gate,
Trembling, waiting for His hand
To remove the heavy weight.
Oh, my sins, they press me down
To the earth, and keep me there;
What I want is not a crown,
But to be made pure and fair.

2 While I knock, wilt Thou not hear?
O my Father, hear my cry!
Open wide the gate most dear,
Gate of mercy, ere I die.
Help a helpless child to find
The right path, the narrow way,
With the little pilgrims joined,
Walking homeward every day.

234. "*Golden Shower.*" P. 68.

JESUS loves me! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong,
They are weak, but He is strong.
Chorus.—Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me,
The Bible tells me so.

2 Jesus loves me! He who died
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.
Chorus.—Yes, Jesus loves me, etc.

3 Jesus loves me! loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill;
From His shining throne on high,
Comes to watch me where I lie.
Chorus.—Yes, Jesus loves me, etc.

4 Jesus loves me; He will sta
Close beside me, all the way,
If I love Him, when I die
He will take me home on high.
Chorus.—Yes, Jesus loves me, etc.

235. "*Charm.*" P. 111.

I AM so glad that our Father in heaven
Tells of His love in the Book He has given;
Wonderful things in the Bible I see,
This is the dearest that Jesus loves me.
Chorus.—I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me,
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves even me.

2 Though I forget Him and wander away,
Kindly He follows wherever I stray,
Back to His dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.
Chorus.

3 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the great King,
This shall my song in eternity be,
Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me.
Chorus.

236. "*Casket.*" P. 214.

HOSANNA! be the children's song,
To Christ, the children's King,
His praise, to whom our souls belong,
Let all the children sing.
Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna to the Lamb of God,
Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna to the Lord.

2 From little ones, to Jesus brought,
Hosannas now be heard;
Let little infants now be taught
To lisp that lovely word.—*Chorus.*

3 Hosanna! sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain,
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain.—*Chorus*

4 Hosanna! on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth, reply.—*Chorus.*

5 Hosanna! then our song shall be;
Hosanna to our King:
This is the children's jubilee;
Let all the children sing.—*Chorus.*

237. "*Moravian Tune Book.*" Tune 11.

LAMB of God, I look to Thee,
Thou shalt my example be;
When Thou wast a little child,
Thou wast gentle, meek, and mild.

2 Due obedience Thou didst show;
Oh, make me obedient too:
Thou wast merciful and kind;
Grant me, Lord, Thy loving mind.

3 Let me above all fulfil
God, my heavenly Father's will,
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

4 Loving Jesus, holy Lamb,
In Thy hands secure I am;
Fix Thy temple in my heart,
Never from Thy child depart.

5 Teach me to show forth Thy praise,
Love and serve Thee all my days;
Oh, might all around me see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

238. "*Bright Jewels.*" P. 60.

FIRST PART.

DEAR little lambs, will you come to the Saviour?
Oh, come to His fold with the happy and the blest;
Sweet is the voice of the Shepherd that loves you,
How gently He will fold you in His arms to rest!

SECOND PART—INFANT CLASS.

Are we little lambs, little lambs of the Saviour?
May we follow Jesus and be like Him every day?
Gladly we will come to the kind, loving Shepherd,
Whose gentle hand will lead us in the shining way.

FIRST PART.

2 Yes, little lambs, He'll protect you forever,
And welcome you all to a Father's dear embrace;
Angels that stand by the portals of glory
Are gazing now with rapture on each happy face.

SECOND PART—INFANT CLASS.

We are little lambs, little lambs of the Saviour,
We are very humble, but our Shepherd He will be;
Precious are the words that with joy we remember:
"Forbid not little children," let them "come to Me."

FIRST PART.

3 Dear little lambs, what a promise He gives you !
How great are the blessings His tender hand bestows !
Safe you shall dwell in the green, shady pastures,
Beside the cooling fountain where the water flows.

SECOND PART.

We are little lambs, we will cling to the Saviour,
We will be His precious ones, and give Him all our love ;
Help us by your prayers, that we may all be faithful,
And Jesus then will take us to our home above.

FIRST PART.

4 Dear little lambs, we will pray for each other,
And trust in the Lord as we journey thus along ;
Soon we shall cross o'er the dark, rolling river,
And join the happy chorus of the angels' song.

ALL.

Blessed be the Lord, we will praise Him forever,
He will bid us welcome when we reach fair Canaan's shore ;
Blessed be the Lord, to His name be the glory,
We'll meet the friends we've cherished, then to part no more.

239. "*Eckert.*" "*Chapel Hymnal.*"

LISTEN, while we tell you
Something sweet and true,
We may love the Saviour,
Just the same as you;
Do you know He always
Marks the sparrows fall,
Feeds the hungry ravens,
When for food they call?

2 We're His little sparrows,
From His hand we're fed,
Surely if we ask Him
He will give us bread:
And our blessed Saviour
Loves to hear our praise,
So we'll love and serve Him
All our earthly days.

240. "*S. S. Hymnal.*" P. 146.

THERE'S a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend that never changes,
Whose love will never die.
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This friend is always worthy
The precious name He bears.

2 There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessed Saviour,
And to His Father cry:
A rest from every trouble,
From sin and danger free;
There every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor can be happier, there.

4 There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look to Jesus
Shall wear it by-and-by:
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He shall sure bestow
On all who love the Saviour
And walk with Him below.

5 There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And a harp of sweetest music
For their hymn of victory:
And all above is pleasure,
And found in Christ alone;
Oh, come, dear little children,
That all may be your own! Amen.

241. "*S. S. for Children's Worship.*" P. 4.

WHEN children join in singing
The mighty Saviour's praise,
It is on earth beginning
The endless song to raise;
And when they join in praying
To Him who heareth prayer,
They then are Christ obeying,
Who makes a child His care.

2 When children join in learning
The way that leads above,
It is a step returning
Unto the God of love.
And when their hearts are beating
With penitence within,
It is the first retreating
From ways of death and sin.

3 When children meet in heaven,
That holy, happy place,
They'll sing of sins forgiven
Through God's abounding grace;
They'll sing the wondrous story
Of Jesus' dying love,
And evermore in glory
Will reign with Him above. Amen.

242. "*S. S. for Children's Worship.*" P. 20.

LITTLE children, Jesus loves you,
He invites you to His arms;
To His breast He waits to fold you,
There to shield you from alarms. 11
Little children, Jesus loves you; once He left
His home on high,
Suffered on the cross to save you, died that
you might never die.

2 Little children, Jesus loves you,
From His arms no longer stay;
He is waiting to receive you;
Children, come without delay.
Little children, Jesus loves you; and with
gentle, loving hands
All the way through life He'll lead you: will
you be His little lambs?

3 Little children, come to Jesus;
Then, when life with you is o'er,
To His heavenly home He'll take you,
There to dwell for evermore.
Little children, Jesus loves you; and with gentle, loving hands
All the way through life He'll lead you: will you be His little lambs? Amen.

243. "*Chapel Hymnal.*"

I LOVE to hear the story, which angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory came down on earth to dwell;
I am both weak and sinful, but this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me, because He loved me so.

2 I'm glad my blessed Saviour was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy His little ones might be;
And if I try to follow His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me, because He loved me so.

3 To sing His love and mercy my sweetest songs I'll raise,
And, though I cannot see Him, I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised that I shall surely go
To sing among His angels, because He loved me so.

244. *"Golden Censer."* P. 90.

THERE is a glorious kingdom,
A kingdom bright and fair,
And many little children
Wait on the good King there.
Yes, children, children
Are in that glorious kingdom;
That kingdom, that kingdom,
That kingdom bright and fair.

2 Oh, in that glorious kingdom
Is built a throne of gold;
Its ornaments are jewels,
With riches all untold.
A kingdom, kingdom,
A bright and glorious kingdom,
A kingdom, kingdom,
A kingdom bright and fair.

3 Oh, in that glorious kingdom,
And on that golden throne,
There reigns the blessed Saviour,
Those children are His own.
Yes, children, children
Are in that glorious kingdom,
That kingdom, that kingdom,
That kingdom bright and fair.

4 The children of that kingdom,
Around that glorious throne,
Have palms and crowns of victory
And harps of sweetest tone.
All singing, singing
There in that glorious kingdom,
That kingdom, that kingdom,
That kingdom bright and fair.

5 And now they lift their voices
In praises loud and sweet,

And cast their crowns of victory
Down at their Saviour's feet.
Of victory, victory,
Their crowns, their crowns of victory,
Of victory, of victory,
Their crowns at Jesus' feet.

6 Come, all who love that kingdom,
That kingdom bright and fair,
Come, give your hearts to Jesus,
And dwell forever there.
And praise Him, praise Him
Forever in that kingdom,
That kingdom, that kingdom,
That kingdom bright and fair.
Amen.

245. "*Songs of Devotion.*" P. 259.

REACH me thy hand, My child,
Helpless and lonely;
Through the drear and desert wild,
'Tis I, and I only,
‖: Can safely conduct thee. :‖

2 Reach Me thy hand, My child,
Homeless and friendless;
Unto Me now reconciled,
Thy bliss shall be endless,
‖: In mansions eternal. :‖

3 Reach Me thy hand, My child,
I am thy Saviour;
Perfect and undefiled,
Thy sinful behavior
‖: I will not remember. :‖

4 Reach Me thy hand, My child ;
What can betide thee,
If the Saviour, meek, and mild,
Is walking beside thee,
‖: And loving thee always ? :‖

246. "*Bright Jewels.*" P. 21.

GENTLE Saviour, God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above,
While we meet to praise Thee here,
In our infant class so dear.
May the lessons we have heard
From Thy pure and holy word
Make us what we ought to be,
Lead Thy little lambs to Thee.

2 Jesus, Thou wast once a child,
Make us humble, meek, and mild.
Kindly fold us on Thy breast,
There Thy little lambs would rest.
In that happy world of light,
Where the day is ever bright,
May our happy voices sing,
Glory ! glory to our King !

247. "*Church Hymnal.*" P. 230

NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2 Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

3 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose,
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee,
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

5 Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless,
In Thine holy eyes.

7 Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run. Amen.

248. "*Eckert.*" "*Chapel Hymnal.*"

JESUS, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear;
When we bow before Thee,
Infant praises hear.
We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

2 Save us, Lord, from sinning,
Watch us day by day;

Help us now to love Thee,
Take our sins away.
Then, when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We will gladly answer,
"Saviour, Lord, we come!" Amen.

249. *"Chapel Hymnal."*

ONCE around the Saviour pressing,
Children came to seek His blessing;
We too come, our need confessing,—
Dear Jesus, wilt Thou bless!

2 While our fresh, young lips are singing,
Hopes within our hearts are springing,
And our little hands are clinging
To Thee, in earnestness.

3 To our childish voices, blending
In the song to Thee ascending,
Thou a listening ear art lending;
Oh, bless us with Thy love.

4 Hear, dear Jesus, for we're praying
That Thou'lt keep our feet from straying,
Keep our little feet from straying,—
And lead them home above.

5 All along our pathway growing,
Flowers of sin are brightly glowing;
Keep our hands their thorns from knowing,—
Oh, keep us, Lord, from sin.

6 Only love's pure blossoms grasping;
Eyes uplifted, guidance asking,
To our hearts the dear cross clasping,—
May we all heaven win. Amen.

250. "*Chapel Hymnal.*"

HERE'S a message of love,
Come down from above,
To invite little children to heaven;
In God's blessed book
Poor sinners may look,
And see how all sin is forgiven.

2 For there they may read
How Jesus did bleed,
And died for His dear little ones;
How clean He first makes them,
And afterwards takes them
To be His own daughters and sons.

3 And then when they die,
They soar through the sky,
To be with Him in heaven above;
For so kind is His heart,
That He never can part
From a child that has tasted His love.

4 And oh, what delight!
In heaven so bright,
To see the Redeemer's dear face;
On His beauty to gaze,
And sing to His praise,
Forever in that happy place. Amen.

251. "*The Charm.*" P. 117.

I'M a little sailor,
Sailing o'er the sea,
Over Time's big billows,
To Eternity.
Jesus, Pilot, hold the helm,
Let no storm my bark o'erwhelm.

2 I'm a little soldier;
Troops of foes around,
Satan, sin, and pleasure
Smite with many a wound.
Jesus, Captain, lead me on,
Help me win the victor's crown.

3 I'm a little pilgrim,
Traveling toward the sky,
Steep the path before me,
Snares around me lie.
Jesus, Leader, show the way,
Homeward to eternal day.

4 I'm a little racer,
Running for the prize,
Wreaths of fadeless flowers
Yonder in the skies.
Jesus, who Thy race hast run,
Ever present, help me on.

5 Help the sailor, soldier,
Lest I fall or drown;
Help the pilgrim rover,
Help to home and crown.
Come what may, I'll never fear,
If, dear Jesus, Thou art near.

252. "*The Casket.*" P. 24.

LITTLE eyes, little eyes,
Where are you gazing?
Not where sin's fires arise
Flashing and blazing?
Look up! the soft blue sky,
Bending, enfolds you;
Look up! a Father's eye,
Loving, beholds you.

2 Little hands, little hands,
What are you doing?
Breaking His dear commands,
Evil pursuing?
Do the sweet works of love,
Only and ever;
God in His heaven above
Aids that endeavor.

3 Little tongue, little tongue,
What are you saying?
Speak ne'er a word of wrong,
Working or playing.
Speak but for love and truth,—
Holy and winning:
In the sweet bloom of youth,
Heaven's song beginning.

4 Little feet, little feet,
Where are you moving?
Let not the tempter meet
Steps idly roving!
Walk, where the good have trod
Heavenward before you;
Christ's feet have pressed the sod,
He watches o'er you.

5 Little heart, little heart,
Seeking God's altar,—
Choosing the better part,—
Oh, do not falter!
Gentle, and wise, and pure,
All to Him given;
Thine is the promise sure
"Written in heaven."

253. "*The Casket.*" P. 31.

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the beauteous land.

2 And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

3 So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray.

4 Little deeds of kindness,
Little deeds of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

5 Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations
Far in heathen lands.

254. "*Songs of Gladness.*" P. 89.

EVENING shades are falling;
Time to go to rest;
Stars are softly calling
Darling to her nest.
Sweet the sleep before thee
Till morning light;
God in heaven watch o'er thee,
My love, good-night.

2 Time to go to bed, love;
Lay thee down to sleep:
Weary little head, love,
God will safely keep.
Now the little kiss, love,
Arms clasp so tight;
Pleasant dreams of bliss, love,
My love, good-night.

3 Now the little prayer, love,
On the bended knee;
Safe in Jesus' care, love,
He can hear and see.
God in mercy keep thee,
Till sunshine bright:
Calmly, sweetly, sleep thee,
My love, good-night.

255. "*The Chaplet.*" P. 9.

BE ye joyful, little children!
Sing with happy hearts to-day!
Earth is smiling all around us,
Skies above are fair and gay!
Sing His kindness 'mid our blindness!
God is reigning still on high!
But be joyful, little children!
All His glories magnify!

2 Be ye joyful! Earth is teeming
With His beauty and His love!
Bounding rivers, peaceful valleys,
Breathe their joy to God above!
Little daisies speak His praises!
God is reigning still on high!
Be ye joyful, little children!
All His glories magnify!

3 Be ye joyful for His goodness,—
For His earth so bright and fair!
Thank Him for our homes so happy,
And our dear ones nestled there!
Shout the story of His glory!—
God is reigning still on high!
Be ye joyful, little children!—
God the Father magnify!

256. "*Fresh Laurels.*" P. 65.

WHEN He cometh, when He cometh,
To make up His jewels,
All His jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.
Chorus.—Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown.

2 He will gather, He will gather
The gems for His kingdom;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.
Chorus.—Like the stars, etc.

3 Little children, little children
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.
Chorus.—Like the stars, etc.

257. "*Happy Voices.*" P. 75.

OH, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend;
Oh, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend;

He will give you grace to conquer,
He will give you grace to conquer,
And keep you to the end.
Chorus.—I am glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
And I'll battle for the school.

2 Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win ;
Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win ;
For the Saviour is your Captain,
For the Saviour is your Captain,
And He has vanquished sin.
Chorus.—I am glad, etc.

3 And when the conflict's over,
Before Him you shall stand ;
And when the conflict's over,
Before Him you shall stand ;
You shall sing His praise forever,
You shall sing His praise forever,
In Canaan's happy land.
Chorus.—I am glad, etc.

258. "*The Casket.*" P. 9.

HARK! I hear the Saviour calling:
"Little children, come to Me ;
I will bless you, save you, keep you,
I from sin will set you free."
Chorus.—He calls again : oh, let us then,
With one united cry,
The call obey, and humbly say—
"Dear Jesus, here am I."

2 "Come," says Jesus, "in the morning
Of your bright and tender youth ;

I will be your Guide and Helper,
I'm the Way, the Life, the Truth."—*Cho.*

3 "Come without a moment's waiting,
In your want and weakness come;
I will take you, I will love you,
I will bring you to My home."—*Chorus.*

4 "Come, for 'twas to seek and save you
I to earth from heaven came down;
Come, that I may have and hold you
In My everlasting crown."—*Chorus.*

5 "Come, there's nothing now to hinder,
Little child, whoe'er thou art;
I for thee Myself have given;
Give Me back thyself—thy heart."—*Cho.*

259. "*Chapel Hymnal.*"

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

2 Fain I would to Thee be brought;
Gracious God, forbid it not;
Give me, O my God, a place
In the kingdom of Thy grace.

3 Put Thy hands upon my head,
Let me in Thine arms be stayed,
Let me lean upon Thy breast,
Lull me there, O Lord, to rest.

4 Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me Thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind;
Let me have Thy loving mind.

5 Help me, Saviour, to fulfil
God, my heavenly Father's will;
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

260. "*Cantate Domino.*" P. 263. 8 7.

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.

2 Through the day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

3 Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

261. "*Happy Voices.* P. 46.

DEAR Saviour, ever at my side,
How loving Thou must be,
To leave Thy home in heaven to guard
A little child like me!
Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of Thy soft, low voice
I am too deaf to hear.

2 I cannot feel Thee touch my hand,
With pressure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother did
When I was but a child;
But I have felt Thee in my thoughts
Fighting with sin for me;

And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from Thee.

3 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me Thou art there:
Yes, when I pray, Thou prayest too,
Thy prayer is then for me;
And when I sleep, Thou, sleeping not,
Dost watch me lovingly.

262. "*Golden Censer.*" P. 17.

WE are coming, blessed Saviour,
We hear Thy gentle voice;
We would be Thine forever,
And in Thy love rejoice.
Chorus.—We are coming, we are coming,
We are coming, blessed Saviour,
We are coming, we are coming,
We hear Thy gentle voice.

2 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
To meet that happy band,
And sing with them forever,
And in Thy presence stand.
Chorus.—We are coming, etc.,
To meet that happy band.

3 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
Our Father's house we see,—
A glorious mansion ever
For children young as we.
Chorus.—We are coming, etc.,
Our Father's house we see.

4 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
That happy home is ours;

If here we gain Thy favor,
We'll reach those fragrant bowers.
Chorus.—We are coming, etc.,
That happy home is ours.

5 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
To crown our Jesus King,
And then with angels ever
His praises we will sing.
Chorus.—We are coming, etc.,
To crown our Jesus King.

263. "*Songs of Gladness.*" P. 85.

JESUS bids us shine
With a pure, clear light,
Like a little candle
Burning in the night.
In the world is darkness,
So we must shine;
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

2 Jesus bids us shine
First of all for Him;
Well He sees and knows it,
If one light is dim!
He looks down from heaven
To see us shine:
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

3 Jesus bids us shine
Then for all around;
For many kinds of darkness
In the world are found.
There's sin, there's want and sorrow,
So we must shine:
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

THE SABBATH.

264. "*The Charm.*" P. 8.

HAIL happy morning, hail holy day!
Calling from earthly labors away;
Sweet words of wisdom, glad songs of joy,
Now be our best employ.
Chorus.—Sing once more the happy, happy song,
While the golden moments roll along,
"Come to the temple, come, come away,
Hallow the Sabbath day."

2 Emblem of heaven, sweet day of rest,
In thy "remembrance" may we be blest;
So may our songs and lives ever say,
"Hallow the Sabbath day."
Chorus.—Sing once more, etc.

3 Rest from our labors, rest from our cares;
Rest in our praises, rest in our prayers;
So the commandment would we obey,
"Hallow the Sabbath day."
Chorus.—Sing once more, etc.

265. "*Pure Gold.*" P. 23.

JOYFUL once again we sing,
In our Sabbath home;
Praise to God, our Saviour, King,
In our Sabbath home.
While before His throne we bend,
While our prayers to Him ascend,
Pleasant is the time we spend,
In our Sabbath home.

Refrain.—Sweet, sweet home! How we love
our Sabbath home!
Praise the Saviour in our Sabbath home!

2 God will meet His children here,
In our Sabbath home;
We may feel Him very near
In our Sabbath home.
If we truly seek His face,
He will fill this sacred place
With the light of heavenly grace,
In our Sabbath home.
Refrain.—Sweet, sweet home! etc.

3 Saviour, speak to every heart,
In our Sabbath home;
Help us choose the better part
In our Sabbath home.
Thou didst leave Thy flock of old;
Now Thy tender lambs behold;
Give us shelter in Thy fold,
In our Sabbath home.
Refrain.—Sweet, sweet home, etc.

266. "*Pure Gold.*" P. 65.

WE thank Thee for rest, O our Father,
For the sweet precious Sabbaths of life;
When we live so much nearer to heaven,
Forgetful of earth and its strife.
Refrain.—We thank Thee for rest, :‖:
Sweet, sweet rest;
In the tumult and toil, O our Father,
We thank Thee, we thank Thee for rest.

2 We thank Thee for rest, O our Father,
For rest from this rude world's control:

All its care and its fruitless endeavor,—
For the still Sabbath rest to the soul.
Refrain.—We thank Thee for rest, :‖: etc.

3 We thank Thee for rest, O our Father,
For the rest that awaits us above,
When we finish life's wearisome journey!
For the sweet promised rest in Thy love.
Refrain.—We thank Thee for rest, :‖: etc.

4 We thank Thee for rest, O our Father,
From sin, through the Crucified One;
We will rest from the flesh and its weakness,
When we gather with Jesus, Thy Son.
Refrain.—We thank Thee for rest, :‖: etc.

267. "*Pure Gold.*" P. 104.

LET us lift up our voices in songs of devotion,
Ever grateful to God for His goodness and care,
While we welcome the Sabbath, a day of sweet refreshing,
And haste with delight to the temple of prayer.
Chorus.—Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
We will praise Him, we will praise Him,
When we gather with the faithful in glory above!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
We will praise Him, we will praise Him,
With the angels that surround Him, we will sing of His love!

2 Oh, be joyful in God, and with rapture adore Him;
Let us enter His gates with thanksgiving and praise;

Let His name be exalted, the "Chief among ten thousand,"
Our Strength and Redeemer, the "Ancient of Days."
Chorus.—Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! etc.

3 In the Lord is our help, and hope of salvation :
We are saved by His mercy, through faith in His name :
With the love of a parent He watches o'er His children ;
To-day and forever that love is the same.
Chorus.—Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! etc.

268. "*Sparkling Rubies.*" P. 71.

PRECIOUS Sabbath, thou wast given
In our Father's tender love ;
Weekly foretaste here of heaven,
Helping to that rest above.
Chorus.—Eden-born, the Sabbath ever
Whispers of a sinless day :
Oh, dear Saviour, never, never
Let its foes o'erthrow its sway.

2 First, the Author of Creation
Holy Sabbaths did declare ;
Of His gracious work, salvation,
Now they constant witness bear.
Chorus.—Eden-born, the Sabbath ever, etc.

3 'Twas His gentle kiss awoke us,
With its smiling light to-day ;
And to Him we would devote us,—
All we do, and think, and say.
Chorus.—Eden-born, the Sabbath ever, etc.

4 Leave not, Lord, our hearts to wander,
When we read, or sing, or pray,
Or in listless service squander
Thine—"the Pearl of Days"—away.
Chorus.—Eden-born, the Sabbath ever, etc.

269. "*Sparkling Rubies.*" P. 68.

BRIGHTLY glowing, joy bestowing,
Sweet and holy Sabbath day,
Blessing given, sent from Heaven,
Glad we hail thy welcome ray,
Falling bright o'er homes of gladness;
But thy sweetest rays are poured,
Where the young are early gathered,
Taught to seek and serve the Lord.

2 Peace declaring, glory wearing,
Now our loving Saviour see,
Softly pleading, interceding,
Saying, "Children, come to Me;
Turn from worldly paths alluring,
Children, list ye to My call,
In My home are many mansions,
I have crowns and joy for all."

3 Glad attending, lowly bending,
We would heed Thy words of truth;
To Thy favor, gracious Saviour,
Take us in our early youth.
To the living fountains lead us,
Be our guardian and our guide;
Let Thy Holy Spirit aid us,
Let us never leave Thy side.

4 Till that morning, radiant dawning,
Bids Thy children all arise,
Happy meeting, joyous greeting,
In Thy kingdom in the skies.

There how many themes of rapture
  Wake in praise each tuneful tongue,
But our song will be the Saviour,
  He who loved and blessed the young.

270. "*Fresh Laurels.*" P. 19.

SWEET Sabbath chimes float on the air,
  Blessed day! blessed day!
And call the world to praise and prayer,
  Blessed day! blessed day!
Calm Sabbath, by our Father blest,
And hallowed for His people's rest,
It brings repose to every breast,
  Blessed day! blessed day!

2 To-day our dear Redeemer rose,
  Blessed day! blessed day!
And triumphed over all His foes,
  Blessed day! blessed day!
While each adores our God and King,
The heavenly portals sweetly ring,
While angel choirs with rapture sing,
  Blessed day! blessed day!

3 Beyond the veil a rest remains,
  Blessed day! blessed day!
A rest from sorrow, toil, and pains,
  Blessed day! blessed day!
The happy Christian, free from care,
When anchored in that region fair,
Shall sing through countless ages there,
  Blessed day! blessed day!

271. "*Fresh Laurels.*" P. 25.

GLADLY meeting, kindly greeting
On this holy Sabbath day,
Sinful thoughts be all forsaken,
Every seat in quiet taken,
Let each heart to God awaken
While we sing and pray.

2 Gladly meeting, kindly greeting,
Let us all unite in heart;
While the throne we're all addressing,
And our sinful ways confessing,
Let us seek a heavenly blessing,
Ere we hence depart.

3 Gladly meeting, kindly greeting,
As each Sabbath shall return,
May our minds by study brighten,
May our aspirations heighten,
And may grace our souls enlighten,
While we strive to learn.

272. "*Bright Jewels.*" P. 26.

HOW sweet the chiming Sabbath bells!
We love the welcome sound;
And haste with glad and willing heart
Where purest joys are found.
Chorus.—Our home, our home,
Our cheerful Sabbath home!
We gladly seek its dear retreat,
Our cheerful Sabbath home.

2 From Christian friends and teachers there
We learn the heavenly way,
That leads to Him who kindly gave
This holy, happy day.—*Chorus.*

3 We sing our Saviour's wondrous love,
And all His tender care;
We sing of joy beyond the sky,
In mansions bright and fair.—*Chorus.*

4 The angels, robed in purest white,
Surround the throne above;
And there our happy souls may join
To sing redeeming love.—*Chorus.*

273. "*S. S. Hymnal.*" P. 39.

OH, day of rest and gladness,
Oh, day of joy and light,
Oh, balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee the high and lowly,
Through ages, joined in tune,
Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great God Triune.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls;
Where gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living waters flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One. Amen.

EVENING HYMNS.

274. "*Tallis.*" L. M.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done!
That with the world, myself, and Thee
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 Oh, may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close,—
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 Oh, when shall I, in endless day,
Forever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns Divine with angels sing,
Glory to Thee, eternal King?

7 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Amen.

275. "*Songs of Gladness.*" P. 64.

ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away:
Change and decay in all around I see;
Oh, Thou who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.
Amen.

276. "*Songs of Gladness.*" P. 66. L. M.

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eye-lids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice Divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above. Amen.

277. "*Songs for the Sanctuary.*" P. 50.

7s, double.

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee:
Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault and secret sin.

2 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Now from Thy eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye:
Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

278. "*Fresh Laurels.*" P. 10.

'TIS sweet to think, as night comes on,
Dark and drear, dark and drear,
Ere stars come twinkling one by one,
Earth to cheer, earth to cheer:
There is a world where comes no night,
It needs no sun nor moon to light,
For Jesus' presence makes it bright,—
No night there, no night there.

2 'Tis sweet to think, when round us lie
Grief and care, grief and care,
Our Jesus hears the softest sigh
Breathed in prayer, breathed in prayer;
And if we love Him, we shall see
That land from sin and sorrow free,
And oh, we know that there will be
No tears there, no tears there!

279. "*Chapel Hymnal.*"

THE day is past and over;
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee;
I pray Thee now that sinless
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

2 The joys of day are over;
I lift my heart to Thee,
And ask Thee that offenseless
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

3 The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

4 Be Thou my soul's preserver,
For Thou alone dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go:
O loving Jesus, hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.
Amen.

280. "*Church Hymnal.*" P. 184.

THROUGH the day Thy love has spared us,
Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest.
Jesus, Thou our guardian be:
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In Thine arms may we repose,
And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.
Amen.

281. "*Church Hymnal.*" P. 186.

THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store:
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

2 Our life is but a fading dawn,
Its glorious noon how quickly past:
Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,
Safe home at last.

3 Oh, by Thy soul-inspiring grace,
Uplift our hearts to realms on high:
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky,

4 Where light, and love, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all.
Amen.

282. *"Chapel Hymnal."*

TRIM the lamp, its light is fading,
Slowly steals the night away;
From the blast its flicker shading,
Round it watch, and near it pray.
Chorus.—Oh, my blessed Saviour, yearning
As my spirit doth for Thee,
May my lamp be bright and burning
When Thou comest unto me.

2 Feed with oil the languid taper,
Faintly by the night-wind fanned;
Hide it from the rising vapor
"In the hollow of Thy hand."
Chorus.—Oh, my blessed Saviour, etc.

3 Every weight that would encumber
Lay aside, my soul, and rise;
Shake from off thy heart the slumber
That is stealing o'er mine eyes.
Chorus.—Oh, my blessed Saviour, etc.

4 Lo! the bride, in all her beauty,
Bending toward the eastern gate,
Clothed in praise, and girt with duty,
Doth upon her threshold wait.
Chorus.—Oh, my blessed Saviour, etc.

5 Though the Bridegroom be delaying,
Yet His hand is on the door;
When He comes, His second staying
Will be with us evermore.
Chorus.—Oh, my blessed Saviour, etc.

283. *"Chapel Hymnal."*

THE shadows of the evening hours
Steal o'er the darkening sky;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie:
Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day;
Upon Thy children deign to look,
And hear us while we pray.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
Oh, do not Thou despise;
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise;
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls:
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows from our souls.

3 The rays of daylight slowly fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart:
The bright stars slowly, one by one,
Within the heavens shine;
So give us, Lord, fresh hopes in heaven
And trust in things Divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend;
A respite give us from our toil,
Subdue and calm our woes;
The long day through, we suffer, Lord,
Oh, give us now repose.

Amen.

284. *"Chapel Hymnal."*

GOD of Israel, we adore Thee!
Thou hast kept us through the day;
Thus preserved, we come before Thee,
Ours the new and living way.
Safely keep us through the night;
Guard us till the morning light;
Nor forsake us, till Thou take us
Far from earth to dwell with Thee,
‖: Through a bright eternity. :‖

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In Thine arms may we repose.
Safely keep us through the night;
Guard us till the morning light;
Nor forsake us, till Thou take us
Far from earth to dwell with Thee,
‖: Through a bright eternity. :‖

Amen.

285. *"Chapel Hymnal."*

NIGHT and darkness cover all,
Heaven and earth, with cloudy pall;
But the light comes in, and lo,
All the sky is in a glow!
Christ has come, the Star of day,—
Night and darkness flee away!

2 Thee, O Christ, alone we know;
Other suns are none below;
All the night to Thee we cry,
Hear our tears, our songs, our sigh;
Watch our senses, through the night,
Keep us till the morning light.

3 Night's hues thickly round us lie,
Blotting earth, and sea, and sky;
Star of Morning, send Thy light,
Purge these deep-dyed stains of night;
Show Thy face, and, with its ray,
Shine these shadows into day!

Amen.

286. "*Hymns and Canticles.*" P. 268.

THE day is gently sinking to a close,
Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows:
O Brightness of Thy Father's glory, Thou
Eternal Light of light, be with us now:
Where Thou art present darkness cannot be;
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee.

2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,
Onward to darkness and to death we tend:
O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide,
Be Thou our light in death's dark eventide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

3 Thou, who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succors fail;
When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."

4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;

In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,
May we arise awakened by Thy call;
With Thee, O Lord, forever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.
Amen.

287. "*Church Hymn Book.*" P. 16.

SAVIOUR! breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

3 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

288. "*Hymns Ancient and Modern.*" No. 279.

SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end, the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.
Amen.

289. "*Hymns Ancient and Modern.*" No. 17.

SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instill;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
Oh, gentle Jesus, be our Light.

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all:
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.

Through life's long day and death's dark night,
Oh, gentle Jesus, be our Light.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
Oh, gentle Jesus, be our Light.

4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
Oh, gentle Jesus, be our Light.

5 Labor is sweet, for Thou hast toiled;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Ah! never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
Oh, gentle Jesus, be our Light.

6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
Oh, let Thy mercy make us glad:
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
Oh, gentle Jesus, be our Light. Amen.

290. "*Hymns Ancient and Modern.*" No. 18.

GOD, who madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light:
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us,
With Thee on high. Amen.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

291. "*Parish-Hymnal.*" P. 184.

SILENT night! hallowed night!
Land and deep silent sleep,
Softly glitters bright Bethlehem's star,
Beckoning Israel's eye from afar,
Where the Saviour is born. :‖:

2 Silent night! hallowed night!
On the plain wakes the strain
Sung by heavenly harbingers bright,
Filled with tidings of boundless delight,
Jesus the Saviour has come. :‖:

3 Silent night! hallowed night!
Earth awake, silence break,
High your chorus of melody raise,
Sing to heaven in anthems of praise,
Peace forever shall reign. :‖:

292. "*Songs of Gladness.*" P. 79.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
Chorus.—Hear them tell the wondrous story,
Hear them chant in hymns of joy,
Glory in the highest—glory!
Glory be to God most high!

2 Peace on earth, good-will from Heaven,
Reaching far as man is found,
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Chorus.

3 Christ is born, the great Anointed,
Heaven and earth His praises sing!
Oh, receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
Chorus.

4 Haste, ye mortals, to adore Him:
Learn His name and taste His joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
"Glory be to God most high!" *Chorus.*

293. "*Echo to Happy Voices.*" P. 108.

WHILE the silent stars are keeping
Faithful watch o'er Bethlehem's plains!
Hark! along the night-breeze sweeping,
Angel harps and heavenly strains.
Glory, glory, in the highest glory,
Glory to our God!
Shepherds wondering view the glory,
Lighting up the midnight sky;
While they listen to the story
Of that heavenly company.
Glory, glory, in the highest glory,
Glory to our God!

2 They are singing of a Saviour,
Fondly hoped for, promised long;
Lo! He comes to earth from heaven,
Mingles with the busy throng.
Glory, glory, in the highest glory,
Glory to our God!
Comes to tell of peace and pardon,
Joyful tidings to impart;
Comes the poor and weak regarding,
Comes to bless the pure in heart.
Glory, glory, in the highest glory,
Glory to our God!

3 Comes to preach the great salvation,
Comes to wipe the mourner's tears;
Comes to free the captive nations,
Comes to banish all our fears.
Glory, glory, in the highest glory,
Glory to our God!
Let us then our offerings bringing
Bow before Him and adore;
Join the heavenly host in singing
Praise to Jesus evermore.
Glory, glory, in the highest glory,
Glory to our God!

294. "*Echo to Happy Voices.*" P. 104.

WELCOME the light of the glad Christmas morn!
Jesus is come! Jesus is come!
Shout, shout the tidings, a Saviour is born!
Jesus, the Saviour, Jesus is come!
See on the mountain the light of the Star;
Bethlehem's glory is shining afar;
Darkness is passing; the world to release,
Jesus is coming, the great Prince of Peace.
Cho.—Swell we the song of the angels again,
Jesus is come! Jesus is come!
"Peace on the earth and good-will unto men,"
Jesus, the Saviour, the Saviour is come!

2 Bring we our jewels and lay at His feet,—
Jesus our King, Jesus our King!
Mighty and gracious, His praises repeat,
Jesus our Saviour, Jesus our King.
Bring we to Jesus the jewels of love,
Incense of prayers that are wafted above;
Hoping and trusting, our hearts we will bring;
Jesus will welcome us, Jesus our King!
Chorus.

3 Twine we the altar with myrtle and pine,
Jesus, for Thee! Jesus, for Thee!
Brightness and glory and beauty are Thine;
Jesus, we yield them gladly to Thee!
Bright holly berries we twine with the bay;
Naught is too fair on the glad Christmas day;
"Glorious," with laurel, "the place of His feet."
Sing we of Jesus, His praises repeat.—*Cho.*

295. "*Hymns Ancient and Modern.*" No. 43. 7s.

HARK! the herald-angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King,
Glory in the highest heaven,
Peace on earth and man forgiven.
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies:
With the angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"
Chorus.—Hark! the herald-angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

2 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!
Hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to dwell,
Jesus our Immanuel.
Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Chorus.—Hark! the herald, etc.

3 Lo! He lays His glory by:
Born, that man no more may die;
Born, to raise the sons of earth;
Born, to give them second birth.
Sing we then, with angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Glory in the highest heaven,
Peace on earth and man forgiven."
Chorus.—Hark! the herald, etc.

296. "*Chapel Hymnal.*" 8 7 4.

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship, :‖
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant Light:
Come and worship, :‖
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplation,
Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the Great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen His natal star:
Come and worship, :‖
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending
In His temple shall appear:
Come and worship, :‖
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you,—break your chains:
Come and worship, :‖
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

6 Lord of heaven, we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son,

God the Spirit, One in glory,
On the same eternal throne ;
Alleluia, :‖
Lord of heaven, Three in One. Amen.

297. "*Chapel Hymnal.*" 8 7 4.

PEACE on earth, Heaven is proclaiming,
Peace, descending from above,
Peace, good-will, lost man reclaiming,
Peace from God, God who is love :
Peace in Jesus,
Peace that never shall remove.

2 Glory to our great Creator,
Glory in the highest strain,
Glory to the Mediator,
Both from angels and from men :
To Immanuel
All the glory doth pertain.

298. "*Chapel Hymnal.*" 8 7 4.

HAIL, Thou wondrous infant Stranger,
Born lost Eden to regain ;
Welcome in Thy humble manger,
Welcome to Thy creature man ;
Hail, Immanuel,
Thou who wast ere time began.

2 Say, ye blest seraphic legions,
What thus brought your Maker down ?
Say, why did He leave your regions ?
Why forsake His heavenly throne ?
Notes melodious
Tell the cause : "Good-will to man."

3 We this offered Saviour needed,
Hence we join your theme with joy ;

We by none will be exceeded,
While we laud this mystery,
And with wonder
God incarnate glorify.

299. "*Songs of Gladness.*" P. 162.

WHO is He in yonder stall,
At whose feet the shepherds fall?
Chorus.—'Tis the Lord, oh, wondrous story!
'Tis the Lord, the King of glory;
At His feet we humbly fall,
Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.

2 Who is He in yonder cot,
Bending to His toilsome lot?
Chorus.—'Tis the Lord, etc.

3 Who is He who stands and weeps
At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?
Chorus.—'Tis the Lord, etc.

4 Who is He in deep distress,
Fasting in the wilderness?
Chorus.—'Tis the Lord, etc.

5 Lo! at midnight, who is He
Prays in dark Gethsemane?
Chorus.—'Tis the Lord, etc.

6 On the cross! lo, who is He
Sheds His precious blood for me?
Chorus.—'Tis the Lord, etc.

7 Who is He that, from the grave,
Comes to heal, and help, and save?
Chorus.—'Tis the Lord, etc.

8 Who is He that on yon throne
Rules the world of light alone?
Chorus.—'Tis the Lord, etc.

300. "*Silver Song.*" P. 115.

LO! the star in the East, over Bethlehem's plain,
It shines as a guide to the place
Where the weary, worn traveler his hopes may attain,
And worship that Infant of Days.
While forth, from their treasures, frankincense and gold
And the costliest spices they bring,
For in their distant land it had long been foretold,
The birth of that glorious King.
Chorus.—Let the glad world rejoice,
Let the angelic bands
Their anthems triumphantly sing!
To God be the glory!
Sound forth, all ye lands,
The coming of Jesus our King.

2 Lo! the star in the East! we may gaze on it now,
Be pilgrims, with it for our guide;
The lesson of Bethlehem, still ever new,
The manger, and cross where He died.
We may read, we may learn, from His birth to His grave,
The teachings of peace and of love;
For this is the King who is mighty to save;
His grace and His love we may prove.
Chorus.—Let the glad world rejoice, etc. 2

3 Lo! the star in the East! let us follow it still,
No pilgrim it e'er led astray;
Let us bow at His feet, let us study His will,
And ever His precepts obey.

What treasures have we to present to our King,
As an offering fitting and true?
Our hearts and ourselves, blessed Jesus, we bring,
Accept us, and form us anew.
Chorus.—Let the glad world rejoice, etc.

4 Lo! the star in the East! yet with far wider ray
Shall its glorious shining go forth;
And earnestly plead God would hasten the day
When His knowledge shall fill all the earth.
We would lift up our prayers, we would strengthen our hands,
Would send out our means all abroad,
Till the glorious gospel is heard in all lands,
And the world is converted to God.
Chorus.—Let the glad world rejoice, etc.

301. "*Silver Song.*" P. 86.

RING out the bells for Christmas, the happy, happy day;
In winter wild the Holy Child within the cradle lay.
Oh, wonderful! the Saviour is in the manger lone;
His palace is a stable, and Mary's arms His throne.
Chorus.—Ring out the bells for Christmas,
The merry, merry Christmas,
Ring out the bells for Christmas,
The happy, happy day.

2 On Bethlehem's quiet hillside, in ages long gone by,
In angel-notes the glory floats, "Glory to God on high."
Yet wakes the sun as joyous as when the Lord was born,
And still He comes to greet you on every Christmas morn.
Chorus.—Ring out the bells for Christmas, etc.

3 Where'er His sweet lambs gather, within this gentle fold,
The Saviour dear is waiting near, as in the days of old.
In each young heart you see Him, in every guileless face
You see the Holy Jesus who grew in truth and grace.
Chorus.—Ring out the bells for Christmas, etc.

4 In many a darksome cottage, in many a crowded street,
In winter bleak, with shivering cheek, the homeless child you meet.
Gaze on the pale, wan features, the feet with wandering sore,
You see the souls He loveth, the Christ-child at the door.
Chorus.—Ring out the bells for Christmas, etc.

5 Then sing your gladsome carols, and hail the new-born sun;
For Christmas light is passing bright, it smiles on every one;
And feast Christ's little children, His poor, His orphans call,
For He who chose the manger, He loveth one and all.
Chorus—Ring out the bells for Christmas, etc.

302. "*The Chaplet.*" P. 53.

LIST our merry carol,
On this blessed morn!
For our loving Saviour
Christmas-day was born.
There so peaceful sleeping,
Like a flower He lay;
Christ our loving Saviour,
Born on Christmas-day,
Christ our loving Saviour,
Born on Christmas-day.
Chorus.—Carol, carol gayly,
Carol on our way:
Christ our loving Saviour,
Born on Christmas-day.

2 See the star is beaming
In the radiant East!
And the song of glory
Nevermore hath ceased.
"Banish all unkindness;
Be of gentle will!"
Angels ever near us
Carol to us still.
Chorus.—Carol, carol gayly, etc.

3 Joyful, joyful tidings
Break upon the earth!
Sing the Saviour's glory,—
Tell His wondrous worth!
Every hill and valley,
Clad in pure white snow,
Breathes a merry carol,
Echoed sweet and low.

303. "*Chapel Hymnal.*"

HALLELUJAH! Dawns the day-spring
from on high;
Hallelujah! Lo! the midnight shadows fly;
Hallelujah! See that shining herald nigh;
Hallelujah! Hark, glad tidings from the sky!

2 Hallelujah! Shepherds first the tidings hear;
Hallelujah! Angel-words rebuke their fear;
Hallelujah! 'Tis Messiah's advent near,
Hallelujah! Born of David's lineage there.

3 Hallelujah! Angel-songs triumphant fill
Hallelujah! Highest heaven's eternal hill;
Hallelujah! They resound God's glory still,
Hallelujah! Peace on earth, to man good-will.

4 Hallelujah! Mercy on mankind hath smiled;
Hallelujah! View the heavenly new-born
Child!
Hallelujah! In our flesh yet undefiled,
Hallelujah! Son of David, meek and mild.

5 Hallelujah! While the lowly shepherds gaze,
Hallelujah! Eastern sages bend and praise;
Hallelujah! We would our glad chorals
raise,
Hallelujah! Love and laud Him all our days.

304. "*S. S. Hymnal.*" P. 78.

OH, come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant:
Oh, come ye, oh, come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him,
Born the King of angels:
Oh, come, let us adore Him,
Oh, come, let us adore Him,
Oh, come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

2 Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;
Glory to God
In the highest:
Oh, come, let us adore Him,
Oh, come, let us adore Him,
Oh, come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

3 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesus, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing:
Oh, come, let us adore Him,
Oh, come, let us adore Him,
Oh, come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

305. "*Songs of Salvation.*" P. 133.

THERE'S a beautiful star, a beautiful star,
The weary travelers have followed far,
Shining so brightly all the way,
Till it stood o'er the place where the young Child lay.
Chorus.—Star, star, beautiful star!
Pilgrims weary we are;
To Jesus, to Jesus,
We follow thee from afar.

2 In the land of the East, in the shadows of night,
We saw the glory of thy new light,
Telling us, in our distant home,
The King-Redeemer to earth had come!
Star, star, etc.

3 We have gold for tribute and gifts for prayer,
Incense and myrrh, and spices rare;
All that we have we hither bring,
To lay it with joy at the feet of the King.
Star, star, etc. Amen.

306. "*S. S. Hymnal.*" Carol 3, p. 170.

COME, ye lofty, come, ye lowly,
Let your songs of gladness ring;
In a stable lies the Holy,
In a manger rests the King;
See, in Mary's arms reposing,
Christ by highest heaven adored!
Come, your circle round Him closing,
Pious hearts that love the Lord.

2 Come, ye poor, no pomp of station
Robes the Child your hearts adore:
He, the Lord of all salvation,
Shares your want, is weak and poor:
Oxen, round about behold them!
Rafter naked, cold, and bare,
See the shepherds, God has told them
That the Prince of Life lies there.

3 Come, ye children, blithe and merry,
This one Child your model make;
Christmas holly, leaf and berry,
All be prized for His dear sake:
Come, ye gentle hearts and tender;
Come, ye spirits keen and bold;
All in all your homage render,
Weak and mighty, young and old.

4 High above a Star is shining,
And the wise men haste from far;
Come, glad hearts, and spirits pining,
For you all has risen the Star.

Let us bring our poor oblations,
Thanks and love and faith and praise;
Come, ye people, come, ye nations,
All in all draw nigh to gaze.

5 Hark! the heaven of heavens is ringing,
Christ, the Lord, to man is born!
Are not all our hearts, too, singing,
Welcome, welcome, Christmas morn?
Still the Child, all power possessing,
Smiles as through the ages past;
And the song of Christmas blessing
Sweetly sinks to rest at last.

307. "*S. S. Hymnal.*" Carol 11, p. 176.

NOW we bring our Christmas treasures,
Loving thoughts and deeds we bring,
Childlike hearts we gladly offer
To the Child, the children's King;
To the Child who in the manger
Lay upon that Christmas morn,
When the angels came to tell us
That the children's King was born.

2 And He lives, throughout the ages,—
Lives and reigns in earth and sky;
Angel hosts still sing the glory
Of the children's King on high.
Yet He cares for children's praises:
So with heart and voice we sing;
Glory in the highest, glory
To the Child, the children's King!

308. "*S. S. Hymnal.*" Carol 10, p. 175.

ONCE in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby
In a manger for His bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.

2 He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 And, through all His wondrous childhood,
He would honor and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden,
In whose gentle arms He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood's Pattern;
Day by day He, like us, grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew:
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child, so dear and gentle,
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And he leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,

We shall see Him ; but in heaven
Set on God's right hand on high.
Where like stars His children crowned
All in white shall wait around. Amen.

309. "*Fresh Laurels.*" P. 84.

IN a manger laid so lowly,
Came the Prince of Peace on earth ;
While a choir of angels holy
Sang to celebrate His birth.
"Glory in the highest,"
Sang the angel strain ;
"Glory in the highest,
Peace on earth, good-will to men,
Peace on earth, good-will to men."

2 As the wise men from far Persia
Brought rich gifts to Jewry's King,
Grateful love, a richer treasure,
Would we as our offering bring.
"Glory in the highest,"
Let us join the angelic strain ;
"Glory in the highest,
Peace on earth, good-will to men.
Peace on earth, good-will to men."

3 Where Christ's joyful kingdom cometh,
Deserts blossom as the rose ;
And God's gracious rain descendeth
Where the coral island grows.
"Glory in the highest,"
Once more sing the angelic strain,
"Glory in the highest,
Peace on earth, good-will to men,
Peace on earth, good-will to men."

310. *"Chapel Hymnal."*

CHRISTIANS, awake! salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above:
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God Incarnate, and the Virgin's Son.

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice,
"Behold! I bring glad tidings of a Saviour's birth,
To you, and to all nations upon earth!
This day has God fulfilled His promised word:
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord!"

3 He spake, and straightway the celestial choir,
In hymns of joy unknown before, conspire:
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang:
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

4 To Bethlehem straight the enlightened shepherds ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man;
And found the parents and the blessed Babe,
God's Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid;
Amazed, the wondrous story they proclaim,
The first apostles of His infant fame.

CHORALE.

5 Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ
Our grateful voices to proclaim our joy;
Trace we the Babe, who has retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter cross,
Treading His steps assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

6 Then may we hope, the angelic throng among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad, triumphal song:
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display:
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Of angels and of angel-men the King.
Hallelujah! hallelujah! Amen.

311. "*Songs of Salvation.*" P. 132.

STARS all bright are beaming from the skies above,
Nature's face all gleaming shines with heaven's own love.
Wake, and sing, good Christians, on this birthday morn,
Heaven and earth are telling, Christ for man is born.

2 Here for us abiding, cradled in a stall,
All His glory hiding, see the Lord of all!
Wake and sing, etc.

3 Born that He might lead us from this desert home,—
Guide our way, and keep us, till the end shall come!
Wake and sing, etc.

4 Thousand, thousand blessings, sing we for
His love,
Choral hymns addressing to our Lord above.
Wake and sing, etc.

5 Glory in the highest, for this wondrous birth;
Choir of heaven! thou criest, Peace to all
the earth!
Wake and sing, etc.

312. "*Songs of Salvation.*" P. 136.

A BEAUTIFUL Star of purest light
On Bethlehem rose divinely bright,
And over the infant Saviour smiled,
While angels blessed the Holy Child.
‖: Shining still, beautiful Bethlehem Morning
Star. :‖

2 That wonderful star, whose beams of old
The prophets in their song foretold,—
That wonderful star that came to earth,
Bright herald of the Saviour's birth.
Shining still, etc.

3 Oh, children of God, with rapture sing
Hosanna to our Saviour King;
And joyfully twine our garlands gay,
Meet emblems for the Christmas-day.
Shining still, etc.

313. "*Songs of Salvation.*" P. 134.

Chorus.—Shout the glad tidings, exultingly
sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

ZION, the marvelous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly His birth ;
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns upon earth.
Shout the glad tidings, etc.

2 Tell how He cometh, from nation to nation
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round ;
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,
How His people with joy everlasting are crowned.
Shout the glad tidings, etc.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise :
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing,
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.
Shout the glad tidings, etc.

314. "*S. S. Hymnal.*" Carol 8, p. 174.

CAROL, carol, Christians,
Carol joyfully,
Carol for the coming
Of Christ's nativity,
And pray a gladsome Christmas
For all good Christian men.
Carol, carol, Christians,
Till Christmas comes again ;
Carol, carol, carol !

2 Go ye to the forest
Where the myrtles grow,
Where the pine and laurel
Bend beneath the snow ;

Gather them for Jesus,
Wreathe them for His shrine;
Make His temple glorious
With the box and pine.
Carol, carol, carol!

3 Give us grace, O Saviour,
To put off in might
Deeds and dreams of darkness,
For the robes of light!
And to live as lowly
As Thyself with men,
So to rise in glory
When Thou com'st again.
Carol, carol, carol!

315. "*S. S. Hymnal.*" Carol 15, p. 181.

Chorus.—Carol, brothers, carol,
Carol joyfully,
Carol the good tidings,
Carol merrily.
And pray a gladsome Christmas
For all good Christian men;
Carol, brothers, carol,
Christmas-day again.

CAROL, but with gladness,
Not in songs of earth;
On the Saviour's birthday
Hallowed be our mirth;
While a thousand blessings
Fill our hearts with glee,
Christmas-day we'll keep,
The feast of charity.

Chorus.—Carol, brothers, carol, etc.

2 At the merry table
Think of those who've none,
The orphan and the widow,
Hungry and alone.

Bountiful your offerings
To the altar bring;
Let the poor and needy
Christmas carols sing.
Chorus.—Carol, brothers, carol, etc.

3 Listening angel music,
Discord sure must cease;
Who dare hate his brother
On this day of peace?
While the heavens are telling
To mankind good-will,
Only love and kindness
Every bosom fill.
Chorus.—Carol, brothers, carol, etc.

4 Let our hearts, responding
To the seraph band,
With this morning's sunshine
Bright in every land,
Word, and deed, and prayer
Speak the grateful sound,
Telling "Merry Christmas"
All the world around.
Chorus.—Carol, brothers, carol, etc.

316. "*Chapel Hymnal.*"

HALLELUJAH! hallelujah!
Christians hail the happy morn!
O'er the East, in glory rising,
See the star that shines to warn!
Monarchs, kneel in adoration!
Hallelujah! Christ is born!

2 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
In the lowly manger see
Him, who rules o'er earth and heaven,
And the countless worlds that be!
Hallelujah! God is with us,
Clothed in our mortality.

3 Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
While their gifts the monarchs bring,
Raise your hymns in celebration,
Loud hosannas ever sing !
Tell to distant lands the tidings,—
Hallelujah ! Christ is King !

Amen.

317. "*Chapel Hymnal.*"

ANGELS we have heard on high,
Sweetly singing o'er our plains ;
And the mountains in reply
Echo still their joyous strains.
Glory be to God in the highest !

2 Shepherds, why this jubilee ?
Why your rapturous strain prolong ?
Say, what may the tidings be
Which inspire your heavenly song ?
Glory be to God in the highest !

3 Come to Bethlehem, come and see
Him whose birth the angels sing ;
Come, adore on bended knee
The infant Christ, the new-born King.
Glory be to God in the highest !

4 See, within a manger laid,
Jesus, Lord of heaven and earth !
Sweetly sing and lend your aid
To celebrate our Saviour's birth.
Glory be to God in the highest !

Amen.

318. "*Chapel Hymnal.*"

ON Bethlehem's plains the shepherds lay,
And watched their flocks in peaceful rest ;
When, shining down from heaven, appeared
‖: The light of promise to the blest. :‖

Angel voices singing softly
Strains of love, and peace, and joy,
Calling men from field and hillside
‖: To look upon the heavenly Boy. :‖

2 Angels' voices, singing forever
Through the lapse of changing time,
Still repeat the joyful tidings
‖: Of peace, good-will to all mankind. :‖
Let our hearts the promise strengthen,
Let us do the best we can,
To gain the peace of heaven's great blessing,
‖: By showing all good-will to man. :‖

319. "*The Casket.*" P. 150.

SWEET is the song of heaven,
The anthem of the sky,—
"Good-will to man be given,
Glory to God on high:"
While every heart rejoices
To sing of peace on earth,
We'll tune our feeble voices
To sing a Saviour's birth.
Chorus.—Sweet is the song of heaven,
The anthem of the sky,—
"Good-will to man be given,
Glory to God on high."

2 Publish the great salvation;
Repeat the heavenly strain
Through every land and nation,—
O'er every hill and plain:
Let notes of joy and gladness
The cheerful strain prolong,
Nor let one note of sadness
Be mingled with the song.
Chorus.—Sweet is the song, etc.

320. "*Chapel Hymnal.*"

CHEERILY, cheerily sing we all,
On Christmas-eve the shadows fall,
On Christmas morn the sunlight breaks,
And all the world to gladness wakes.
The leaves are dead, the birds are fled,
The little brooks' tongues are tied with cold;
But bells may ring, and children sing,
For safe is our dear Shepherd's fold.

2 Heavily hung is our Christmas-tree,
'Tis burdened well for you and me;
The hemlock branches piled with snow
In native woods bend not so low.
God giveth all; the ravens call,
He heareth them: so let us begin;
He hears alway when children pray,
For He Himself a child has been.

3 Help us, dear Lord, lest we selfish be:
All hearts are not so glad as we;
Remember then Thy poor to-night,
And flood their darkness with the light.
The hungry feed, the wanderer lead,
The sorrowing souls, the captive free,
And think, we pray, on this glad day,
Of those who have no Christmas-tree.

321. "*Chapel Hymnal.*" C. M.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
An angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,

"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God on high,
Who thus addressed their song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin, and never cease."

Amen.

322. *"Pure Gold."* P. 83.

LET heaven with music ring,
While joyous children sing
Of Christ the Lord;
The wondrous story tell
Of Him who loved us well,
Who came on earth to dwell,—
The Son of God.

2 He came a little child,
Sinless and undefiled,
Our hearts to win;
In manger low was laid
That noble, kingly head;
The sacrifice was made
To vanquish sin.

3 Now worship at His feet,
The Christ-child humbly greet,
His praise prolong;
Well might that sweet birth-night
With radiant stars grow bright,
When Christ came down in light,
With angels' song.

323. "*Pure Gold.*" P. 100.

"PEACE upon earth!" the angels sang,
"Good-will unto men," the chorus rang,
"Glory to God!" the Christ has come,
His bright star shines in the clear blue dome.
Refrain.—Joyously sing, joyously sing. :‖:
Shout hallelujah to Christ our King.

2 "Peace on earth!" 'tis sounding still,
"Glory unto God, to mèn good-will."
Bethlehem's song, 'tis caught from far,
And lifted up to that glowing star.—*Refrain.*

3 "Jesus has come!" it echoes wide,
Through valley and plain, on mountain-side;
But not alone the angels sing,
For even children the anthem ring.—*Refrain.*

4 Yes! let them sing, for Christ has laid
His hand with a blessing on their head;
Sweeter to Him than angels' tones
Are songs that come from His little ones.
Refrain.

324. "*Songs of the Sanctuary.*" P. 80.

JOY to the world, the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love. Amen.

325. "*Echo to Happy Voices.*" P. 96.

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King;"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing,
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing,
The blessed angels sing.

3 Behold, the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors bring,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing,
Which now the angels sing.

326. *"Golden Chain."* P. 86.

JOY to the sons of men
On this bright Christmas morn!
List to the welcome words again
That charm our waiting hearts, as when
The shepherds heard with glad amaze
The announcement of angelic lays,
"A Saviour Christ is born." :||: :||:

2 Joy to earth's sorrowing child
On this calm, peaceful morn!
The Holy, Harmless, Undefiled,
Can soothe his breast with comfort mild;
The hymn that floats along the air
Shall find an answer echoing there,—
"The Saviour Christ is born." :||: :||:

3 "Joy to the sick and poor,
Blessed are they that mourn;"
If they submissively endure,
And trust His holy promise sure:
He comes all sorrow to relieve,
To comfort all who will believe,—
"The Saviour Christ is born." :||: :||:

4 Love, joy, good-will, and peace,
Since that first Christmas morn,

Have come to earth, and ne'er shall cease.
To Him who purchased our release,
Our hearts, redeemed from death, we'll bring,
And humbly, gratefully, we'll sing,
"The Saviour Christ is born." :‖: :‖:

327. "*Bright Jewels.*" P. 122.

RING the bells, the Christmas bells,
Chime out the wondrous story;
First in song, on angel tongues,
It came from realms of glory;
"Peace on earth, good-will to men,"
Angelic voices ringing,
Christ, the Lord, to earth has come,
His glorious message bringing.
Chorus.—Ring the bells, the merry Christmas bells,
Chime out the wondrous story;
Glory be to God on high,
Forever more be glory.

2 Wise men hastened from the East,
To bring their richest treasure,
Gold, and myrrh, and frankincense,
And jewels without measure;
Him they sought, although a King,
They found in birthplace lowly;
There, within a manger, lay
The Babe so pure and holy.—*Chorus.*

3 Earthly crowns were not for Him,
He came God's love revealing;
On the cross He died for us,
His blood forgiveness sealing;
'Tis the Saviour promised long,
Ring out your loudest praises;
Every heart this happy day
Its grateful anthem raises.—*Chorus.*

328. "*Song Life.*" P. 45.

THE voice of song came ringing upon the shepherds' ear;
They listened, while the singing came nearer and more near:
Their hearts with fear were beating, their words were whispered prayer,
But oh the joyful greeting that floated on the air!

Chorus.—We come with joyful greeting, to swell the glad refrain,
‖: The peace, good-will, repeating, that floated o'er the plain. :‖

2 It was no dreaded chiding that through the music ran,
But 'twas of joy,—good tidings; its chorus love to man;
They heard the wondrous story, that told a Saviour's birth,
The Lord, the King of glory, His advent to the earth.

We come, etc.

3 Come then with hymns of gladness, and hail this happy day,
Nor let one note of sadness disturb our festive lay;
Come, praise the Lord, who gave us such tokens of His love,—
Praise Him who died to save us, praise Him who rules above.

We come, etc.

329. "*Song Life.*" P. 47.

HARK! the herald-angels say, "Christ, the Lord, is born to-day!"
Let the wondering earth reply, "Glory be to God on high!"
Oh, be joyful, all ye lands! Let the mountains clap their hands;
Let the hills together sing, Glory, glory, glory to our King,
Glory to our Saviour King.

2 Lo! He comes! the Prince of Peace Comes the prisoner to release;
O'er the regions veiled in night He will pour celestial light.
Praise the Lord, ye isles afar! See the Bright and Morning Star!
Hail its lustre, while ye sing, Glory, glory, glory to our King,
Glory to our Saviour King.

330. "*Christmas Chimes.*" P. 20.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning!
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings Divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,—
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning!
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
Amen.

331. "*Song Life.*" P. 9.

LONG ago in Bethlehem's plain,
While the trembling shepherd throng
Listened to the wondrous strain,
Angels sang this holy song:
Chorus.—Lo! we bring you news of joy,
Peace on earth, good-will to men,
Glory be to God on high,
Christ the Lord is born. Amen.

2 Long ago the wise men came,
From the far-off Orient way,
Guided by the starry flame,
Where the holy Saviour lay:
Came to hear this news of joy;
Peace, etc.

3 Bethlehem's star is still in sight,
We rejoice to see its rays:
Angels sing again to-night;
We repeat the song of praise,—
Hallelujah! shout for joy;
Peace, etc.

4 Gates of pearl are open wide,
Christ the Lord has passed within;
He, on earth, for sinners died,
That they, too, might enter in.
Hear! oh hear, the cry of joy;
Peace, etc.

5 Songs of angels, starry light,
Glad evangels from above,
Lead us all, this Christmas night,
Toward the shining gates above.
Whence first came this song of joy,
Peace, etc.

332. "*Christmas Carols.*" P. 3.

HARK! a burst of heavenly music,
From a band of seraphs bright,
Suddenly to earth descending
In the calm and quiet night.
To the shepherds of Judea
Watching in the earliest dawn,
Lo! they bear the joyful tidings,—
Jesus, Prince of Peace, is born!
Chorus.—Sweet and clear those angel voices,
Echoing through the starry sky,
As they chant the heavenly chorus,
"Glory be to God on high!"

2 Slumbering in a lowly manger,
Lies the mighty Lord of all;

And before the holy Stranger
See the wondering shepherds fall;
He has come, the long expected,
Full of wisdom, love, and grace,
To redeem His ruined creatures,
To restore our fallen race.
Chorus.—Sweet and clear, etc.

3 Each returning Christmas morning,
Breaking o'er the world below,
Tells again the wondrous story
Shepherds heard so long ago.
Who shall still our tuneful voices?
Who the tide of praise shall stem,
Which the blessed angel taught us
In the fields of Bethlehem?
Hark, we hear again the chorus,
Ringing through the starry sky,
And we join the heavenly anthem,
"Glory be to God on high!"

333. "*Christmas Carols.*" P. 6.

LIKE silver lamps in a distant shrine,
The stars are sparkling bright;
The bells of the city of God ring out,
For Jesus the Saviour was born to-night;
The gloom is past, and the morn at last
Is coming with orient light.

2 Never fell melodies half so sweet,
As those which are filling the skies;
And never a palace shone half so fair
As the manger-bed where our Saviour lies;
No night in the year is half so dear
As this which has ended our sighs.

3 Now a new Power has come on the earth,
A match for the armies of hell;

A Child is born who shall conquer the foe,
And all the spirits of wickedness quell:
This Holy Son is the Mighty One,
Whom the prophets of God foretell.

4 The stars of heaven still shine as at first
They gleamed on this wonderful night;
The bells of the city of God peal out,
And the angels' song still rings in the height;
And love still turns where the Godhead burns,
Hid in flesh from human sight.

5 Faith sees no longer the stable floor,
The pavement of sapphire is there;
The clear light of heaven streams out to the world,
And angels of God are crowding the air;
And heaven and earth, through the spotless Birth,
Are at peace on this night so fair.
Amen.

334. "*Christmas Carols.*" P. 28.

SILENT night, sacred night,
Bethlehem sleeps, yet what light
Floats around the holy pair
Songs of angels fill the air,—
‖: Strains of heavenly peace. :‖

2 Silent night, sacred night,
Shepherds first see the light,
Hear the hallelujahs ring
Which the angel chorus sing:
‖: Christ the Saviour is come. :‖

3 Silent night, sacred night,
Son of God, oh, what light
Radiates from Thy manger bed
Over realms with darkness spread,—
‖: Thou in Bethlehem born. :‖

HEAVEN.

335. "*The Athenæum Collection.*" P. 394.

BEAUTIFUL Zion, built above,
Beautiful city that I love,
Beautiful gates of pearly white,
Beautiful temple,—God its light!
He who was slain on Calvary
Opens those pearly gates to me,
Opens those pearly gates to me.

2 Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
Beautiful angels, clothed in white,
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir.
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshiping at the Saviour's feet,
Worshiping at the Saviour's feet.

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there;
Thither I go with eager feet,
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4 Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing;
Beautiful rest—all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace;
There shall my eyes the Saviour see:
Haste to his heavenly home with me.

336. "*Hymns Ancient and Modern.*" No. 142.

JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice to rest.
I know not, oh, I know not,
What joys await me there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
There is the throne of David,
And there, from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.

3 And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.
Oh, land that seest no sorrow,
Oh, state that fearest no strife,
Oh, royal land of flowers,
Oh, realms and home of life!

4 Oh, sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect;
Oh, sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

337. "*The Casket.*" P. 263.

"LAND ahead!" its fruits are waving
O'er the hills of fadeless green;
And the living waters laving
Shores where heavenly forms are seen.
Chorus.—Rocks and storms I'll fear no more,
When on that eternal shore;
Drop the anchor! Furl the sail!
I am safe within the vail!

2 Onward, bark! the cape I'm rounding;
See the blessed wave their hands;
Hear the harps of God resounding
From the bright, immortal bands.
Chorus.—Rocks and storms, etc.

3 There, let go the anchor, riding
On this calm and silvery bay;
Seaward fast the tide is gliding,
Shores in sunlight stretch away.
Chorus.—Rocks and storms, etc.

4 Now we're safe from all temptation,
All the storms of life are past;
Praise the Rock of our salvation,
We are safe at home at last.
Chorus.—Rocks and storms, etc.

338. "*Songs of Gladness.*" P. 51.

WE are watching, we are waiting
For the bright, prophetic day,
When the shadows, weary shadows,
From the world shall roll away.
Chorus.—We are waiting for the morning,
When the beauteous day is dawning,

We are waiting for the morning,
For the golden spires of day.
Lo! He comes! see the King draw near!
Zion, shout, the Lord is here!

2 We are watching, we are waiting
For the star that brings the day:
When the night of sin shall vanish,
And the shadows melt away.
Chorus.—We are waiting, etc.

3 We are watching, we are waiting
For the beauteous King of day;
For the Chiefest of ten thousand,
For the Light, the Truth, the Way.
Chorus.—We are waiting, etc.

339. "*Golden Chain.*" P. 108.

BEYOND this life of hopes and fears,
Beyond this world of griefs and tears,
There is a region fair.
It knows no change and no decay,
No night, but one unending day.
Chorus.—Oh, say, will you be there?
Oh, say, will you be there?
Oh, say, oh, say, oh, say, will you be there?

2 Its glorious gates are closed to sin;
Nought that defiles can enter in
To mar its beauty rare.
Upon that bright eternal shore
Earth's bitter curse is known no more.
Chorus.—Oh, say, will you be there? etc.

3 No drooping form, no tearful eye,
No hoary head, no weary sigh,
No pain, nor grief, nor care;

But joys which mortals may not know
Like a calm river ever flow.
Chorus.—Oh, say, will you be there? etc.

4 Our Saviour, once, as mortal child,
As mortal man, by man reviled.
There many crowns doth wear;
While thousand thousands swell the strain
Of glory to the Lamb once slain!
Chorus.—Oh, say, will you be there? etc.

5 Who shall be there? The lowly here,—
All those who serve the Lord in fear,
The world's proud mockery dare!
Who, by the Holy Spirit led,
Rejoice the narrow path to tread.
Chorus.—Oh, they shall all be there! etc.

6 Those who have learned at Jesus' cross
All earthly gain to count but loss,
So that His love they share;
Who, gazing on the Crucified,
By faith can say, "For me He died."
Chorus.—Oh, they shall all be there! etc.

7 Will you be there? You shall, you must,
If, hating sin, in Christ you trust,
Who did that place prepare.
Still doth His voice sound sweetly, "Come!
I am the way, I'll lead you home.
Chorus.—With Me you shall be there," etc.

340. "*Golden Censer.*" P. 80.

THERE 'll be something in heaven for children to do,
None are idle in that blessed land;

There 'll be loves for the heart, there 'll be thoughts for the mind,
And employment for each little hand.
Chorus.—There 'll be something to do, there 'll be something to do,
There 'll be something for children to do;
On the bright, shining shore, where there's joy evermore,
There 'll be something for children to do.

2 There 'll be lessons to learn of the wisdom of God,
As they wander the green meadows o'er;
And they 'll have for their teachers in that blest abode
All the good that have gone there before.
Chorus.—There 'll be something, etc.

341. "*The Chaplet.*" P. 56.

WE shall meet in the by-and-by!
By-and-by! By-and-by!
We shall meet in the by-and-by,
And never be parted more!
Oh, the joy we then shall know,
For the Saviour tells us so!
How our spirits long to go
Up to that golden shore!
Alleluia, Amen! Alleluia, Amen!
Chorus.—We shall meet, etc.

2 We shall meet in the by-and-by!
By-and-by! By-and-by!
We shall meet in the by-and-by,
So wipe away every tear!
In our Father's mansions fair
Angel hands will soothe our care:
Oh, the love beyond compare,
Up in that home so dear!
Chorus.—We shall meet, etc.

3 We shall meet in the by-and-by !
By-and-by ! By-and-by !
We shall meet in the by-and-by !
Our journey will soon be done.
Here we wait a little while,
Where the toils of sin beguile ;
Then we'll see the Saviour's smile,
After our victory's won !
Chorus.—We shall meet, etc.

342. "*The Charm.*" P. 9.

BY-and-by we shall know Jesus,
By-and-by, oh, by-and-by,
Even now He looks and sees us,
Journeying toward His home on high ;
And He smiles upon us, saying,
By-and-by, oh, by-and-by !
Cares and trials you'll be laying
With your earthly garments by.
Chorus.—By-and-by ! we sing it softly,
Thinking not of earthly care,
But the by-and-by of heaven
Waiting for us over there.

2 By-and-by we shall be standing,
By-and-by, oh, by-and-by,
At fair heaven's shining landing,
While the river murmurs by !
And our friends will round us gather,
By-and-by, oh, by-and-by,
Saying, " Welcome, for the Father
Loves to have His children nigh !"
Chorus.—By-and-by, etc.

3 By-and-by ! we say it gently,
Looking on our peaceful dead,
And we do not think of earth-life,
But of heaven's sweet life instead.

By-and-by we all shall gather,
By-and-by, oh, by-and-by,
In the life of God our Father,
That shall know no by-and-by!
Chorus.—By-and-by, etc.

343. "*Silver Song.*" P. 38.

THERE are many beauteous mansions
In my Father's house on high;
'Tis the angels' home of glory,
We shall share it when we die.
Then with loved ones, hand in hand,
We will walk the golden strand,
And will dwell with them forever
In that happy, happy land.

2 My Saviour's gone before me,
He is waiting me to come;
He will send His shining angels,
And they'll bear my spirit home.—*Cho.*

3 Oh, blessed, blessed Jesus!
Oh, great and heavenly King!
We will ever shout Thy praises,
We will e'er Thy glory sing.—*Cho.*

344. "*Happy Voices.*" P. 65.

ROUND the throne in glory
Happy children throng,
And redemption's story
Wakes the harp and song;
On the verdant mountain,
By the purling stream
Or the living fountain,
Jesus is their theme.

Chorus.—Glory to the Lamb,
We'll praise Him and adore!
Glory to the Lamb for evermore!
Glory to the Lamb,
Glory to the Lamb,
Glory to the Lamb for evermore!

2 Robes of snowy whiteness,
Beautiful and rare;
Crowns of radiant brightness,—
Such those children wear;
Safe from death's bereavement,
Sorrow and the grave,
Free from sin's enslavement,
Victory's palm they wave.
Chorus.—Glory to the Lamb, etc.

3 Now the skillful fingers
Sweep the golden lyre;
Not a harper lingers
In that ransomed choir;
Voices sweetly blending
With the tuneful string,
To the throne ascending,
Praise the heavenly King.
Chorus.—Glory to the Lamb, etc.

4 Children, now sojourning
In a world of sin,
From your follies turning,
Strive to enter in;
Let your young affections
Round the Saviour twine,
And 'mid heaven's attractions
You shall sing and shine.
Chorus.—Glory to the Lamb, etc.

345. "*The Casket.*" P. 192.

OH, have you not heard of a beautiful stream,
That flows through our Father's land?
Its waters gleam bright in the heavenly light,
And ripple o'er golden sand.

Chorus.—Oh, seek that beautiful stream, oh, seek,
Seek now that beautiful stream, seek now,
Oh, seek that beautiful stream,
Seek now that beautiful stream!
Its waters, so free, are flowing for thee,—
Oh, seek that beautiful stream!

2 With murmuring sound doth it wander along,
Through fields of eternal green;
Where songs of the blest, in their haven of rest,
Float soft on the air serene.
Chorus.—Oh, seek that beautiful stream, etc.

3 Its fountains are deep, and its waters are pure,
And sweet to the weary soul;
It flows from the throne of Jehovah alone,
Oh, come where its bright waves roll!
Chorus.—Oh, seek that beautiful stream, etc.

4 This beautiful stream is the river of life!
It flows for all nations free!
A balm for each wound in its water is found,
Oh, sinner, it flows for thee!
Chorus.—Oh, seek that beautiful stream, etc.

5 Oh, will you not drink of this beautiful stream,
And dwell on its peaceful shore?
The Spirit says, Come, all ye weary ones, home,
And wander in sin no more.
Chorus.—Oh, seek that beautiful stream, etc.

346. "*Silver Song.*" P. 16.

OVER the river the crystal stream flows,
Over the river the tree of life grows;
Over the river each lone pilgrim goes,
Through the dim portals of death.
Close by our threshold the dark angel stands,
Beckoning us on with his pale, trembling hands;
Chilling our hearts with the cold icy bands,
Stealing each quivering breath.

Chorus.—Over the river, over the river,
Over the river the streets are of gold,
Over the river the streets are of gold,
There are enjoyments and pleasures untold,
Over the river time never grows old,
Bearing its burden of years.

2 Over the river the streets are of gold,
There are enjoyments and pleasures untold;
Over the river time never grows old,
Bearing its burden of years;
There all our sorrows and sighings will cease,
Hushed by the chorus of heavenly peace;
Over the river,—thrice happy release,—
We shall be free from our fears.—*Chorus.*

3 There every tear shall be wiped from our eyes;
There, where the sunlight of glory ne'er dies;
Lighting forever those fair upper skies,
Eden's glad plains to adorn.
Over the river, fair kingdom of light;
There heaven's mansions forever are bright;
Over the river there cometh no night;
Long as eternity's morn.—*Chorus.*

347. "*The Casket.*" P. 236.

OH, have you not heard of that realm of delight,
To which our blest Saviour doth each one invite?
'Tis prepared for the good and the pure and the blest,
'Tis over the river where the weary find rest.
Chorus.—Oh, I want to cross over, to dwell where He reigns,
And join the glad angels on Eden's fair plains.
I want to be gathered with all the redeemed:
Yes, over the river, where the fields are all green.

2 'Tis a land of rare beauty,—a realm of delight,
O'erflowing with gladness, refulgent with light,
Its verdure ne'er withers, its flowers ne'er die,
Oh, I long to cross over with Jesus on high.
Chorus.

3 There the weary may rest, and the wicked ne'er come ;
There the saints are all safe in their heavenly home ;
With their harps and their crowns they forever are seen,
Away o'er the river where the valleys are green.—*Chorus.*

4 'Tis Jesus invites me this glory to see,
To reign with Him ever, all happy and free ;
I'll join with the ransomed and with them abide,
I'll cross the dark river,—bright angels will guide.—*Chorus.*

348. "*Silver Song.*" P. 73.

WE'RE traveling home to heaven above,
To heaven so bright and fair,
Where Jesus reigns, and all is love,
And where bright angels are.
We will not fear, whate'er oppose,
We'll sunder every snare ;
For Jesus leads us all the way,
And waits to crown us there.
Chorus.—Glory ! glory ! Jesus is our leader !
Glory ! glory ! Jesus is our king !

2 Our cares we trust on Jesus' love,
As daily we press on ;
And seek to know and do His will,
With every rising sun.
We trust to One who knows the way,
And all the way has trod
This world of sin, this world of toil,
To lead us home to God.—*Chorus.*

3 What worthy tribute shall we bring
To Him who leads us on?
To Him who guards us all the way,
And sweetly whispers "Come"?
"Come unto Me, ye weary ones,
With sin and care oppressed,
Come unto Me, ye sin-sick souls,
And I will give you rest."—*Chorus.*

4 Oh, come with us, all ye that hear,
To that fair realm of light;
Come, see the Saviour on His throne,
And all His angels bright.
Jesus will gently lead you on,
Through this dark world of woe,
And crown you when your journey's done,
And tune your harps anew.—*Chorus.*

349. "*The Casket.*" P. 216.

SHALL we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges ne'er shall roll,
Where in all the bright forever
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet, shall we meet, shall we meet?
Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges ne'er shall roll?

2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
When our stormy voyage is o'er;
Shall we meet and cast our anchor
By the fair celestial shore?—*Chorus.*

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine,
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship Divine?—*Chorus.*

4 Shall we meet with many a loved one,
That was torn from our embrace,
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?—*Chorus.*

350. "*Golden Chain.*" P. 118.

AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Ten thousand children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band.
Chorus.—Singing glory, glory, glory hallelujah,
Singing glory, glory, glory hallelujah.

2 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?
How came those children there?
Chorus.—Singing glory, etc.

3 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away our sin,
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean.
Chorus.—Singing glory, etc.

4 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
And now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.
Chorus.—Singing glory, etc.

351. "*Bright Jewels.*" P. 118

THERE is a holy city,
A happy world above,
Beyond the starry regions,
Built by the God of love;
An everlasting temple;
And saints arrayed in white
‖: There serve their great Redeemer,
And dwell with Him in light. :‖

2 The meanest child in glory
Outshines the radiant sun,
But who can speak the splendor
Of that eternal throne,
Where Jesus sits exalted,
In heavenly majesty?
‖: The elders fall before Him,
And angels bend the knee. :‖

3 The hosts of saints around Him
Proclaim His work of grace;
The patriarchs and prophets,
And all the godly race,
Who speak of fiery trials
And tortures on their way,—
‖: They came through tribulation
To everlasting day. :‖

4 And what shall be my journey,
How long I'll stay below,
Or what shall be my trials,
Are not for me to know;
In every day of trouble
I'll raise my thoughts on high;
‖: I'll think of that bright temple,
And crowns above the sky. :‖

352. "*Pure Gold.*" P. 108.

BREAKING through the clouds that gather
O'er the Christian's natal skies,
Distant beams, like floods of glory
Fill the soul with glad surprise;
And we almost hear the echo
Of the pure and holy throng,
In the bright, the bright forever,
In the summer-land of song.
Chorus.—On the banks beyond the river we shall meet no more to sever,
In the bright, the bright forever, in the summer-land of song.

2 Yet a little while we linger,
Ere we reach our journey's end;
Yet a little while to labor,
Ere the evening shades descend;
Then we'll lay us down to slumber,
But the night will soon be o'er;
In the bright, the bright forever,
We shall wake to sleep no more.
On the banks, etc.

3 Oh, the bliss of life eternal!
Oh, the long, unbroken rest!
In the golden fields of pleasure,
In the region of the blest.
But, to see our dear Redeemer,
And before His throne to fall,
There to hear His gracious welcome,
Will be sweeter far than all.
On the banks, etc.

353. "*Happy Voices.*" P. 199.

IN the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest;
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfill my soul's request.
Chorus.—There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you,
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand;
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.
There is rest, etc.

3 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And its sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, oh, ye ransomed,
Hail with joy the rising morn.
There is rest, etc.

4 Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumph as you go!
Zion's gates shall open for you;
You shall find an entrance through.
There is rest, etc. Amen.

354. "*Chapel Hymnal.*"

THIS is not my place of resting,
Mine's a city yet to come;
Onward to it I am hasting,
On to my eternal home.

In it all is light and glory,
O'er it shines a nightless day,
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse, has passed away.
Chorus.—This is not my place of resting, mine's a city yet to come ;
Onward to it I am hasting, on to my eternal home.

2 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us,
By the stream of life along,
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.
Soon we'll pass this desert dreary,
Soon we'll bid farewell to pain ;
Never more be sad or weary,
Never, never, sin again.
This is not, etc.

355. "*Songs of Salvation.*" P. 175.

THERE is a glorious world of light
Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high ;
And hark ! amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite in perfect praise.

2 Those are the hymns that we shall know,
If Jesus we obey ;
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's way ;
This is the joy we ought to seek,
And make our chief concern ;
For this we come, from week to week,
To read, and hear, and learn.

3 Soon will our earthly race be run,
Our mortal frame decay;
Children and teachers, one by one,
Must pass from earth away.
Great God, impress this solemn thought
This day on every breast,
That both the teachers and the taught
May enter to Thy rest. Amen.

356. "*Hymns Ancient and Modern.*"

No. 255.

WHO are these, like stars appearing,
These before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia! hark! they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

2 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honor long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

3 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified:
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

4 These, the Almighty contemplating,
Did as priests before Him stand,
Soul and body always waiting
Day and night at His command;
Now in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before His face.
Amen.

357. "*Pilgrim's Harp.*" P. 90.

THERE is a beautiful world,
Where saints and angels sing;
A world where peace and pleasure reigns,
And heavenly praises ring.
Chorus.—We'll be there, we'll be there,
Palms of victory we shall wear,
In that beautiful world on high.

2 There is a beautiful world,
Where sorrow never comes;
A world where tears shall never fall
In sighing for our home.
We'll be there, etc.

3 There is a beautiful world,
Unseen to mortal sight,
And darkness never enters there,
That home is fair and bright.
We'll be there, etc.

4 There is a beautiful world
Of harmony and love;
Oh, may we safely enter there,
And dwell with God above!
We'll be there, etc.

358. "*Hymns Ancient and Modern.*" No. 142.

BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
That tearless life, is there.
Oh, happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.

2 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;
But He, whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

3 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day:
There God, our King and Portion,
In fullness of His grace,
Shall we behold forever,
And worship face to face.

4 Oh, sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
Oh, sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

359. "*The Casket.*" P. 56.

ABOVE the blue, ethereal skies
Thousands of stately mansions rise;
Built by the great Jehovah's hand,
Through all eternity they stand.
I am glad there's a mansion in the sky,
Where my soul will be happy when I die;
I'm glad, I'm glad,
I'm glad there's a mansion in the sky.

2 There tears shall never dim the eye ;
No aching breast shall breathe a sigh :
But peace and love and songs of joy
Fill every heart, each tongue employ.—*Cho.*

3 No pain nor sorrow enters in ;
The weary heart is freed from sin :
And though on earth the cross we bear,
Eternal rest awaits us there.—*Chorus.*

4 There never more is night nor noon,
No sun e'er shines, no star nor moon ;
The glory of our Father's throne
Gives light to mortal eyes unknown !—*Cho.*

5 There bright perennial flowerets grow ;
There crystal streams forever flow ;
And through these mansions ever ring
The praises of our Saviour-King.—*Chorus.*

6 Ah, who shall own these mansions fair,
Who to these grand estates be heir ?
All, all, who own the Saviour's name,
And on His love will rest their claim.—*Cho.*

360. "*Songs of Gladness.*" P. 143.

ONE by one we cross the river,
One by one we're passing o'er ;
One by one the crowns are given,
On the bright and happy shore.
Youth and childhood oft are passing
O'er the dark and rolling tide,
And the blessed Holy Spirit
Is the dying Christian's guide,
And the loving, gentle Spirit
Bears them o'er the rolling tide.

2 One by one we come to Jesus,
As we heed His gentle voice;
One by one His vineyard enter,
There to labor and rejoice.
One by one sweet flowers we gather,
In the glorious work of love,—
Garlands for the blessed Saviour
Gather for the realms above,
And the loving, gentle Spirit
Bears them to our home of love.

3 One by one the heavy-laden
Sink beneath the noontide sun;
And the aged pilgrim welcomes
Evening shadows as they come.
One by one, with sins forgiven,
May we stand upon the shore,
Waiting till the blessed Spirit
Takes our hand and guides us o'er,
And the loving, gentle Spirit
Leads us to the shining shore.

361. "*Fresh Laurels.*" P. 69.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I have been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
I'm nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
And nearer the time to leave
The cross and wear the crown.

4 Father ! perfect my trust,
Strengthen my feeble faith ;
Let me feel as if I trod
The shore of the river—death.

5 For even now my feet
May stand upon its brink :
I may be nearer my home,
Nearer now, than I think.

362. "*Happy Voices.*" P. 212.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
Chorus.—Oh, the land, the lovely land,
The land over Jordan's foam ;
On the golden strand wait
The happy, happy band,
To welcome the ransomed home.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.—*Chorus.*

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.—*Chorus.*

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.—*Chorus.*

5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes :—*Chorus.*

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.—*Chorus.*

363. "*S. S. Hymnal.*" P. 129.

O PARADISE! O paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?
Chorus.—Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy light. Amen.

2 O paradise! O paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest, and free,
Where love is never cold?
Chorus.—Where loyal hearts, etc.

3 O paradise! O paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,—
To feel, to see Him near.
Chorus.—Where loyal hearts, etc.

4 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me.
Chorus.—Where loyal hearts, etc.

5 Lord Jesu, King of paradise,
Oh, keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above.
Chorus.—Where loyal hearts, etc.

364. "*Happy Voices.*" P. 220.

SHALL we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?
Chorus.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,—
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.
Chorus.—Yes, we'll gather, etc.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
Chorus.—Yes, we'll gather, etc.

4 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever
Lift their songs of saving grace.
Chorus.—Yes, we'll gather, etc.

5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.
Chorus.—Yes, we'll gather, etc.

365. "*Home.*"

'MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home!
Chorus.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home!

2 Sweet bonds, that unite all the children of peace;
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease;
Though oft from Thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold Thee, in glory, at home.
Chorus.—Home, home, etc.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with Thee;
Though now my temptations, like billows, may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with Thee at home.
Chorus.—Home, home, etc.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
Oh, give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to Thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
Chorus.—Home, home, etc.

5 Whate'er Thou deniest, oh, give me Thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of Thy face;
Inspire me with patience to wait at Thy throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.
Chorus.—Home, home, etc.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in Thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in Thy dear image to rise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise Thee at home.
Chorus.—Home, home, etc.

366. "*Fresh Laurels.*" P. 5.

WHEN faint and weary working, the toil-drops on my brow,
I long to rest from labor, to drop the burden now,
There comes a gentle chiding to quell each mourning sigh:
"Work while the day is shining, there's resting by-and-by."
Chorus.—Resting by-and-by, there's resting by-and-by;
We shall not always labor, we shall not always cry;
The end is drawing nearer, the end for which we sigh;
We'll lay our heavy burdens down, there's resting by-and-by.

2 This life to toil is given, and he improves it best
Who seeks by patient labor to enter into rest;
Then, pilgrim, worn and weary, press on, the goal is nigh;
The prize is straight before thee, there's resting by-and by.
Chorus.—Resting by-and-by, etc.

3 Nor ask when, overburdened, you long for friendly aid,
"Why idle stands my brother, no yoke upon him laid?"
The Master bids him tarry; and dare you ask Him why?
"Go labor in My vineyard, there's resting by-and-by."
Chorus.—Resting by-and-by, etc.

4 Wan reaper in the harvest, let this thy strength sustain:
Each sheaf that fills the garner brings you eternal gain;
Then bear the cross with patience, to fields of duty hie;
'Tis sweet to work for Jesus, there's resting by-and-by.
Chorus.—Resting by-and-by, etc.

367. "*Pure Gold.*" P. 42.

GIRLS.

OH, say, have you heard of the mansions of light
Our Saviour has gone to prepare?
Where falls not a cloud or a shadow of night?
They tell us no sorrow is there.

BOYS.

Oh, yes, we have heard of the mansions so bright,
And free from all sorrows and care;
Our Saviour, the Lamb, is the glory and light,
The children of Zion are there.

Chorus.—'Tis a home where the weary may rest,
The beautiful home of the blest;
Oh, come, we are bound for the mansions of light,
The beautiful home of the blest!

GIRLS.

2 Oh, where is that city whose portals of gold
Are open by night and by day?
The city whose splendor can never be told,
Whose pleasures will never decay?

BOYS.

'Tis yonder, where joyful our spirits may fly,
Beyond where the bright planets roll;
Above the clear arch of the blue ether sky,
The beautiful home of the soul.
Chorus. 'Tis a home, etc.

368. "*The Chaplet.*" P. 7.

DAY by day our loved ones cross
The river dark and drear;
Day by day, in pain and loss,
We sadly linger here.
Yet one gentle thought will come,
A joy no grief can mar:
When our dear ones wander home,
They leave the gates ajar!

Chorus.—Yes, the gates are still ajar ;
The pearly gates ajar !
When our loved ones wander home,
They leave the gates ajar !

2 Oft in sweet and lovely dreams,
At close of tranquil day,
We have roamed by heavenly streams,
With blest ones far away !
Joy that beams above our life,
Like morning's lovely star !
Hope amid our toil and strife,
The gates are still ajar !
Chorus.—Yes, the gates, etc.

3 Oh, the city bright and fair,
Where all our treasures lie !
Loving arms shall clasp us there,
And quell each weary sigh !
On that blest and golden strand
They call to us afar !
'Twas the Saviour's kindly hand
That set the gates ajar !
Chorus.—Yes, the gates, etc.

369. "*Chapel Hymnal.*"

JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward we move,
A happy, bright band to the land that we love,
From whose golden gates we shall wander no more,
A land where the sorrows of life shall be o'er ;
Where is freedom from sin, and from sorrow and night,
A land full of holiness, beauty, and light.

Pilgrims and strangers no more shall we roam,
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

2 Joyfully, joyfully we will attend
The message which Christ through our teachers shall send:
A message of freedom, a message of peace,
From Satan's temptations a final release.
Oh, come the blessed day, when thus ransomed from sin,
The teacher and scholar shall both enter in.
Pilgrims and strangers, no more shall we roam,
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

3 Joyfully, joyfully angels shall wait,
To welcome us in at the bright, pearly gate;
A sabbath so sacred, so glorious, we'll spend,
A long day of resting that never shall end!
One sweet song of praise to the Lamb that was slain!
When we pass over Jordan we'll praise Him again:
Pilgrims and strangers, no more shall we roam,
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

370. "*Happy Voices.*" P. 211.

JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above.
Jesus, our Saviour, in mercy says, Come,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.
Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,
Soon to the presence of God we shall go;
Then if to Jesus our hearts have been given,
Joyfully, joyfully rest we in heaven.

2 Teachers and scholars have passed on before ;
Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore,
Singing to cheer us while passing along,
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home."
Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear ;
Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall hear,
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome ;
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.

3 Death with his arrow may soon lay us low ;
Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow :
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb ;
Joyfully, joyfully will we go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be conquered, his sceptre be gone ;
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

371. "*Golden Chain.*" P. 46.

WHEN the battle is fought, and the victory won,
Life's trials are ended, and life's duties done,
Then Jesus, our Saviour, will welcome us home,
No more in this desert of sin we shall roam.
Chorus.—Safe, safe at home, safe, safe at home,
No more to roam, no more to roam,
Safe, safe at home, safe, safe at home,
No more, no more to roam.

2 The most youthful soldier will then have a share
In heavenly mansions prepared for us there ;

The song of redemption, from infants, shall swell,
As of Jesus, to wondering angels, they tell.
Chorus.—Safe, safe at home, etc.

3 Oh, then will our hearts swell with rapture supreme,
For, Jesus, Thy glories will over us beam,
Our minds with the riches of wisdom be stored,
For God will be known and forever adored.
Chorus.—Safe, safe at home, etc.

372. "*Fresh Laurels.*" P. 9.

BEAUTIFUL mansions, home of the blest,
Land where the faithful ever shall rest;
There is my treasure, there shall I be,
Lord, I am weary, lead me to Thee.
Chorus.—Saviour, be near me, Thy gentle voice can cheer me,
Oh, Jesus, my Saviour, lead me to Thee.

2 Jesus, I love Thee: dwell in my heart,
Never, oh, never from me depart;
Hope, like a rainbow, shining I see,
Yet I am weary, lead me to Thee.—*Chorus.*

373. "*Happy Voices.*" P. 231.

THERE'S beauty in the sunshine,
There's beauty in the showers,
There's beauty in the wildwood,
There's beauty in the flowers;
The valley and the mountain,
The ocean and the plain,

In beauty robed, entrance the heart,
And every sense enchain.
Chorus.—Beautiful world, beautiful world,
Beautiful, beautiful world,
Beautiful world, beautiful world,
Beautiful, beautiful world.

2 But there's a world above us,
More beautiful and pure,
Where all that's bright and lovely
For ever shall endure:
No angry storms assail it,
No blast nor sickly blight,
No chilling winds, no burning heats,
No dark and dreary night.—*Chorus.*

3 We weep, for here we languish;
But there's no sorrow there,
The eye that fondly gazes
Shall never shed the tear;
No pangs of sad bereavement
Shall pierce the mourner's heart,
No grassy grave shall mar the ground,
No death shall hurl the dart.—*Chorus.*

4 One season bland and vernal
Shall bless that hallowed ground,
And changeless and eternal
Shall beauty smile around:
From hunger, thirst, and weakness
The ransomed souls are free;
They drink the stream, they pluck the fruit
Of immortality.—*Chorus.*

374. *"Songs of Gladness."* P. 26.

WE dwell this side of Jordan's stream,
Yet oft there comes a shining beam,
Across from yonder shore;
While visions of a holy throng,
And sound of harp, and seraph song,
Seem gently wafted o'er.
Chorus.—O Zion, city fair! O Zion, city fair!
The other side, the other side,
When shall we meet our loved ones there?

2 The other side! ah, there's the place
Where saints in joy past times retrace,
And think of trials gone;
The veil withdrawn, they clearly see
That all on earth had need to be,
To bring them safely home.
Chorus.—O Zion, etc.

3 The other side! oh, charming sight!
Upon its banks, arrayed in white,
For me a loved one waits;
Over the stream he calls to me,
Fear not,—I am thy guide to be,
Up to the pearly gates.
Chorus.—O Zion, etc.

4 The other side! the other side!
Who would not brave the swelling tide
Of earthly toil and care,
To wake one day, when life is past,
Over the stream, at home at last,
With all the blessed ones there!
Chorus.—O Zion, etc.

375. "*Songs of Gladness*," p. 160; and "*Choral Gems*," p. 47.

THERE'S a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar,
For the Father stands over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.
Chorus.—‖: In the sweet by-and-by, :‖
We shall meet on that beautiful shore by-and-by,
‖: In the sweet by-and-by,‖
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessings of rest.
In the sweet by-and-by, etc.

3 To our bountiful Father above
We will offer a tribute of praise
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.
In the sweet by-and-by, etc.

4 And when all our sorrows are o'er,
And the toils of this life are past,
We'll shout on that beautiful shore,
Hallelujah, we're safe home at last.
In the sweet by-and-by, etc. Amen.

MISCELLANEOUS.

376. *Thanksgiving Anthem. Composed expressly for Christ Chapel.*

YE people, join in singing
Our joyful song of praise,
With cheerful hearts and voices
Thanksgiving let us raise.

From mountain, lake, and valley,
Our grateful songs be poured,
Till all our glorious country
Re-echo, "Praise the Lord."

2 The ocean sings His praises,
The sun obeys His will;
While all around is singing,
Can *any one* be still?
No! Swell a mighty anthem
To Him our sires adored;
For all He hath done for us,
Ye people, "Praise the Lord."

3 Fresh strength our anthem gathers
As time rolls on the song,
The young join with their fathers,
And thus both it prolong.
Till every tongue and kindred
Shall join in sweet accord,
To swell *one* glorious anthem,
"We praise Thee, O our Lord."

377. "*Plymouth S. S. Collection.*" P. 115.

LET every heart rejoice and sing;
Let choral anthems rise;
Ye reverend men, and children, bring
To God your sacrifice.
Chorus.—For He is good;
The Lord is good,
And kind are all His ways;
With songs and honors sounding loud,
The Lord Jehovah praise,
While the rocks and the rills,
While the vales and the hills,
A glorious anthem raise:
Let each prolong the grateful song,
‖ And the God of our fathers praise. ‖

2 He bids the sun to rise and set;
In heaven His power is known;
And earth, subdued to Him, shall yet
Bow low before His throne.—*Chorus.*

JUBILATE DEO.

378. "*Pure Gold.*" P. 146.

JOY, joy, joy to-day! Joy, joy, joy to-day!
We are marching on, we are marching on.
Duet.—Shout aloud for Christ our King,
Chorus.—Joy to-day, joy to-day!
Duet.—Let the joyful chorus ring,
Chorus.—As we march along;
Quartet.—Lift the gospel banner high,
Sing the chorus of the sky,
The Lord our God shall triumph o'er His foes.
Chorus.—Let salvation be our plea, as we march along;
Sound the note of victory, as we march along;
Let our adoration blend with the songs that never end,
For worthy is the Lamb that once was slain.
Hallelujah, glory be to God!
Hallelujah, glory be to God!
Glory, glory, Jesus is our King;
Glory, glory, Jesus is our King,
Glory be to God, Jesus is our King.

2 Joy, joy, joy to-day! Joy, joy, joy to-day!
Glory be to God, Jesus is our King.
Duet.—Loud our anthems let us raise,
Chorus.—Joy to-day, joy to-day!
Duet.—Praise His name, forever praise,
Chorus.—As we march along,
Quartet.—Let exultant anthems rise,
From the fullness of the soul,
Until they reach the holy courts on high.

Chorus.—Speak the news from shore to shore,
travelers bound to heaven ;
Christ is King for evermore, travelers bound to
heaven ;
He hath died to give us life, joy for pain, and
peace for strife,
And now He sitteth on the throne of God.
Hallelujah, glory be to God !
Hallelujah, glory be to God !
Glory, glory, Jesus is our King,
Glory, glory, Jesus is our King,
Glory be to God, Jesus is our King.

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

379. "*The Chaplet.*" P. 61.

HERE in love we meet,
Comrades fair to greet,
While all nature round us
With spring-time is sweet.
Happy voices sound the song,
While in gladness here we throng.
Joyful pilgrims, joyful pilgrims,
We are marching along !
Here in love we meet,
Comrades fair to greet,
While all nature round us
With spring-time is sweet !
Glory, alleluia,
Glory, alleluia,
Pilgrims, joyful pilgrims,
We're marching along.

2 Praise to God on high,
While the years go by !
He hath kept His children ;
His praise magnify !

With our Saviour for our guide
We have wandered side by side;
Joyful pilgrims, joyful pilgrims,
Down the valley so wide.
Chorus.—Here in love, etc.

3 When these years are o'er,
May we meet once more
In that home of gladness
On yonder bright shore!
Ever battling for the right,
Serving Jesus with delight!
Joyful pilgrims, joyful pilgrims
'Neath our banner so bright!
Chorus.—Here in love, etc.

ANNIVERSARY OPENING HYMN.

380. "*Bright Jewels.*" P. 36.

HAPPY, happy meet we here,
Time has rolled another year.
Full of joy, this festal day,
Loud we lift the thankful lay;
Thanks to God who gives us breath,
Thanks to God who saves from death,
Thanks for daily mercies given,
Crowned with sabbath light from heaven.

2 Happy, happy meet we here,
Blessed Jesus, be Thou near;
Let our pleasures ever be
Only those approved by Thee;
Praise the Saviour's precious name;
He to save from heaven came,
For our sins did bleed and die,
Now He pleads for us on high.

3 Happy, happy meet we here,
Parents, friends, and teachers dear;
All with gladsome heart and voice
Share with us our festive joys;
Thanks to God for parents kind,
Thanks for friends with hearts inclined,
Thus to guide us on the road
Leading safely up to God.

ANNIVERSARY SONG.

381. "*Bright Jewels.*" P. 95.

WE sing our song of jubilee,
Our voices rising loud and free;
And with the notes of sweet accord
We praise our ever-blessed Lord.
Chorus.—Singing together, singing together,
Teachers and scholars gladly unite;
Singing together, singing together,
Love fills our hearts, and our faces are bright.

2 We praise Him for the year now past,
And at His feet our cares we cast;
And oh, may He who guides our way
Forbid our youthful steps to stray!
Chorus.—Singing together, etc.

3 Our Sabbath school, oh, may He bless
And guard its lambs with tenderness;
And lead us gently, when we die,
To our Good Shepherd's fold on high!
Chorus.—Singing together, etc.

NATIONAL.

382. "*Cantate Domino.*" P. 283. 6 4.

GOD bless our native land,
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save,
By Thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
On Him we wait:
Thou who hast heard each sigh,
Watching each weeping eye,
Be Thou forever nigh:
God save the State.

3 Bless Thou our native land,
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save,
By Thy great might.

383. "*Hymns Ancient and Modern.*" No. 1.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Redeem thy misspent time that's past;
And live this day as if thy last;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
Glory to the Eternal King.

5 I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir;
May your devotion me inspire;
May I, like you, in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight.

6 Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake!

Amen.

THE BIBLE.

384. "*Fresh Laurels.*" P. 89.

THE BIBLE! the Bible! more precious than gold
The hopes and the glories its pages unfold;
It speaks of a Saviour and tells of His love;
It shows us the way to the mansions above.

2 The Bible! the Bible! blest volume of truth,
How sweetly it smiles on the season of youth!
It bids us seek early the pearl of great price,
Ere the earth is enslaved in the bondage of vice.

3 The Bible! the Bible! we hail it with joy,
Its truths and its glories our tongues shall employ;
We'll sing of its triumphs, we'll tell of its worth,
And send its glad tidings afar o'er the earth.

4 The Bible! the Bible! the valleys shall ring,
And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we sing;
Our banners, inscribed with its precepts and rules,
Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our schools.

385. *"S. S. Bell."*

WE won't give up the Bible,—
God's holy book of truth,
The blessed staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth,
The lamp which sheds a glorious light
O'er every dreary road,
The voice which speaks a Saviour's love
And leads us home to God.
We won't give up the Bible,
God's holy book of truth.

2 We won't give up the Bible,
For it alone can tell
The way to save our ruined souls
From being sent to hell.
And it alone can tell us how
We can have hopes of heaven,—
That, through the Saviour's precious blood,
Our sins may be forgiven.
We won't give up the Bible,
God's holy book of truth.

3 We won't give up the Bible;
But if ye force away
What is as our own life-blood dear,
We still with joy could say,—
The words that we have learned while young
Shall follow all our days;
For they're engraven on our hearts,
And still shall guide our ways.
We won't give up the Bible,
God's holy book of truth.

4 We won't give up the Bible,
We'll shout it far and wide,
Until the echo shall be heard
Beyond the rolling tide;
Till all shall know that we, though young,
Withstand each treacherous art,
And that from God's own sacred word
We'll never, never part!
We won't give up the Bible,
God's holy book of truth.

THANKSGIVING.

386

7s.

SWELL the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praises to our heavenly King.

2 Blessings from His liberal hand
Flow around this happy land;
Kept by Him, no foes annoy,
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel oppression's rod,
Ever own and worship God.

4 Hark ! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings ;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

MORNING HYMN.

387. "*Notes of Joy.*" P. 42.

I'LL sing to my God, at the breaking of day,
A note of thanksgiving I'll sing,
To Him who hath chased all the darkness away,
My Father, my Friend, and my King.
Oh, bright Sun of Righteousness, shine upon me,
Enlighten and gladden my face ;
The light of Thy countenance helps me to see
Thy wonders of mercy and grace.
Chorus.—Gladly I'll sing
Praise to my King,
Father, be near me the whole day long :
Keep me all day,
Hear when I pray,—
Father, accept of my song.

2 I'll sing to my God, in the toil of the day,
A trustful and confident song ;
And while I am singing I'll hopefully pray
For mercy to lead me along :
I'll pray that my Saviour will stand by my side
When troubles and sorrows distress ;
I'll pray for His presence, my footsteps to guide,
To comfort, to cheer, and to bless.
Chorus.—Gladly I'll sing, etc.

NATIONAL.

388. "*Golden Chain.*" P. 103.

MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

389. "*Golden Chain.*" P. 125.

A SONG for our banner! the watchword recall,
Which gave the Republic her station;
United we stand, divided we fall!
It made and preserves us a nation!
Chorus.—The union of lakes, the union of lands,
The union of States none can sever;
The union of hearts, the union of hands,
And the flag of our Union forever,
Forever, forever, forever,
The union of hearts, the union of hands,
And the flag of our Union forever.

2 What God in His infinite wisdom designed,
And armed with His weapon of thunder,
Not all the earth's despots and factions combined
Have the power to conquer or sunder.
Chorus.—The union of lakes, etc.

390. "*Golden Chain.*" P. 22.

OH, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;

Oh, say, does the star-spangled banner still wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

2 On the shore, dimly seen through the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner, oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

3 Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and war's desolation;
Blessed with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto,—"In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

391. "*Song Queen.*"

HAIL our country's natal morn!
Hail our spreading kindred born!
Hail thou banner not yet torn,
Still waving o'er the free!
While this day, in festal throng,
Millions swell the patriot song,
Shall not we thy notes prolong?
Hallowed Jubilee!
Chorus.—Hail! our country's natal morn,
Hail! ye millions yet unborn,
Hail! thou banner not yet torn,
Still waving o'er the free.
While this day, in festal throng,
Millions swell the patriot song,
Shall not we thy notes prolong,
Hallowed Jubilee!

2 Who would sever freedom's shrine?
Who would draw the invidious line?
Though by birth one spot be mine,
Yet dear is all the rest,—
Dear to me the South's fair land,
Dear the central mountain band,
Dear New England's rocky strand,
Dear the prairied West.
Chorus.—Hail! our country's, etc.

3 By our altars pure and free,
By our law's deep-rooted tree,
By the past dread memory,
And by our Martyr's name:
By our common parent tongue,
By our hopes, bright, buoyant, young,
By the tie of country strong,
United we'll remain.
Chorus.—Hail! our country's, etc.

4 Brothers ! have ye bled in vain ?
Ages ! must ye droop again ?
Maker ! shall we rashly stain
These blessings sent by Thee ?
No ! receive our solemn vow,
While before Thy throne we bow,
Ever to maintain as now,
"Union—Liberty."
Chorus.—Hail ! our country's, etc.

392. "*Happy Voices.*" P. 235.

MY country, my country, I cherish thee still,
Though many the ills that defile thee ;
I'll weep o'er thy woe, and I'll pray for thy weal,
And never, no, never revile thee.
Chorus.—Land of the free, land of the free,
Bright burns the flame of devotion to thee !
Land of the free, land of the free,
Bright burns the flame of devotion to thee !

2 The traitor at home, and the foeman abroad,
May league to divide and enslave thee ;
But He who of old was thy guide and thy guard
Will watch o'er the greatness He gave thee.
Land of the free, etc.

3 Here justice shall reign, and the bondsman shall sing
Farewell to his tears and his anguish ;
For under the eagle of liberty's wing
No child of oppression shall languish.
Land of the free, etc.

4 'Tis liberty's prayer, 'tis humanity's plea,
"Be palsied the hand that would sever
The land of the brave and the land of the free;
The Union, the Union forever!"
Land of the free, etc.

393. "*Chapel Gems.*" P. 96.

WE are one and all for Union,
North and South, and East and West;
All the States in loved communion,
Heart and hand with freedom blest.
Chorus.—Then join in the joyful hurrah,
Hurrah for the land of the free;
For the Union and peace, for freedom and law,
Hurrah for the land of the free.

2 We will love our land forever,
Dearest land beneath the sun;
Foemen's steel shall not dissever
Youthful hearts that now are one.
Chorus.—Then join, etc.

3 We are all a band of brothers,
All the States are sisters too,
And in time there will be others
That shall happy vows renew.
Chorus.—Then join, etc.

4 Union now, and Union ever!
True hearts now for Union all!
We will keep it safe, and never
Shall our glorious Union fall!
Chorus.—Then join, etc.

394. "*Pure Gold.*" P. 134.

IN the Rifted Rock I'm resting,
Sure and safe from all alarm;
Storms and billows have united
All in vain to do me harm.

In the Rifted Rock I'm resting,
Surf is dashing at my feet,
Storm-clouds dark are o'er me hovering,
Yet my rest is all complete.
Chorus.—In the Rifted Rock I'm resting,
Sure and safe from all alarm;
Storms and billows have united
All in vain to do me harm.

2 Many a stormy sea I've traversed,
Many a tempest-shock have known,
Have been driven, without anchor,
On the barren shores and lone;
Yet I now have found a haven,
Never moved by tempest shock,
Where my soul is safe forever,
In the blessed Rifted Rock.
In the Rifted Rock, etc.

395 "*C. Chimes.*" P. 4.

WHEN, marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering hosts bestud the sky,
One Star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark, hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But One alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my spirit froze,
Death-struck I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a Star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my Guide, my Life, my All;
It bade my dark foreboding cease;
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem. Amen.

396. "*Chapel Hymnal.*"

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, clear and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

397. "*The Charm.*" P. 77.

IN some way or other "the Lord will provide:"
It may not be my way,
It may not be thy way,
And yet in His own way,
"The Lord will provide."

2 At some time or other "the Lord will provide:"
It may not be my time,
It may not be thy time,
And yet in His own time
"The Lord will provide."

3 Despond, then, no longer; "the Lord will provide:"
And this be the token:
No word He hath spoken
Hath ever been broken;
"The Lord will provide."

4 March on, then, right boldly; the sea shall divide;
With Canaan before us,
With Heaven's mercy o'er us,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."
Amen.

398. "*Fresh Laurels.*" P. 96.

WE dedicate to Jesus
Our pleasant Sabbath home;
'Twas ours,—we freely give it
To Him, and Him alone.
And oh, whene'er we gather
Within these sacred walls,
‖: Be His the smile that greets us,
And His the voice that calls. :‖

2 'Tis strange the King of Glory,
The head of angel bands,
Should deign to dwell among us
In temples made with hands;

But we have felt His presence,
And still the promise claim,
‖ : That He will be wherever
We gather in His name. : ‖

3 We give ourselves to Jesus,
Our talents and our time :
Thy tender love constrains us.
And we would fain be Thine.
Oh, give us strength to labor
Till life's brief hour is past,
‖ : And grant each child and teacher
A starry crown at last. : ‖

399. "*Church Hymnal.*" P. 124. H. M.

CHRIST is our corner-stone ;
On Him alone we build ;
With His true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled.
On His great love
Our hopes we place
Of present grace
And joys alone.

2 Oh, then, with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring,
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing ;
And thus proclaim
In joyful song,
Both loud and long,
That glorious name.

3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh ;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh ;

In copious shower
On all who pray
Each holy day
Thy blessings pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are called away. Amen.

MISSIONARY HYMNS.

400. "*Echo to Happy Voices.*" P. 88.

HARK! the sound of angel voices
Over Bethlehem's star-lit plain;
Hark! the heavenly host rejoices,
Jesus comes on earth to reign.
See celestial radiance beaming,
Lighting up the midnight sky;
'Tis the promised Day-star gleaming,
'Tis the Day-spring from on high.

2 Westward, all along the ages,
Trace its pathway clear and bright;
Star of hope to Eastern sages,
Radiant now with gospel light.
Angels, from the realms of glory,
Peace on earth delight to sing;
Christian, tell the wondrous story,
Go, proclaim the Saviour King.

3 Where the woodman's axe is ringing,
Where the hunter roams alone,
Where the prairie flowers are springing,
Make the Great Redeemer known.

While from farthest Western mountains
Pure and sweet the anthem swells,
And the darkest wilds and fountains
Hail the sound of sabbath bells.

4 Like an armed host with banners,
Terrible in war array,
Zion comes with glad hosannas
To prepare her Monarch's way.
Unto Him all power is given,
All the world His sway shall own,
And on earth, as now in heaven,
Shall His will be done alone.

401. "*Happy Voices.*" P. 232.

THE sun shines bright,
And it pours its light
O'er the valley, the field and flood;
The night-bird flies
From the sun-lit skies,
To his home in the leafy wood.
Chorus.—Then sleep no more, for the day is come,
The night with its gloom has fled;
With a cheerful heart fulfil your part,
And the path of duty tread.

2 God's word is light,
Like the sun so bright,
And it shines in this Christian clime;
And sin retires
From its searching fires,
To its home in the dens of crime.
Chorus.—Then sleep no more, etc.

3 Poor pagans sleep
In their gloom so deep,
Not a star lends its feeble ray;

But rays divine
On your pathway shine,
1 And you bask in the bright, broad day.
Chorus.—Then sleep no more, etc.

4 Then pray and toil
For a little while,
And the wants of the world supply;
Do all you can,
Whether child or man,
For the night of the grave draws nigh.
Chorus.—Then sleep no more, etc.

402. "*Songs for the Sanctuary.*" P. 350.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen, in their blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation ! oh, salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

403. "*Golden Chain.*" P. 20.

FAR out upon the prairie
How many children dwell,
Who never read the Bible,
Or hear the Sabbath bell ;
And when the holy morning
Wakes us to sing and pray,
They spend the precious moments
In idleness and play.
Chorus.—Far out upon the prairie
How many children dwell,
Who never read the Bible,
Or hear the sabbath bell.

2 I wish that I could tell them
How Jesus came to die,
When He for little children
Left His bright throne on high ;
And all the sad, sad story
Of sorrow which He bore,
When for His crown of glory
A crown of thorns He wore.
Chorus.—Far out upon the prairie, etc.

3 And so each morn and evening
Whene'er I kneel in prayer,
I'll ask the gracious Saviour
To send His gospel there;
That in the glorious city
In which He dwells above,
We all may sing together
Of His redeeming love.
Chorus.—Far out upon the prairie, etc.

404. "*Golden Chain.*" P. 41.

OVER the ocean wave, far, far away,
There the poor heathen live, waiting for day:
Groping in ignorance dark as the night,
No blessed Bible to give them the light.
Chorus.—Pity them, pity them, Christians at home,
Haste with the bread of life, hasten and come.

2 Here, in this happy land, we have the light
Shining from God's own word, free, pure, and bright;
Shall we not send to them Bibles to read,
Teachers, and preachers, and all that they need?
Chorus.—Pity them, etc.

3 Then while the mission-ships glad tidings bring,
List! as that heathen band joyfully sing,
"Over the ocean wave, oh, see them come,
Bringing the bread of life, guiding us home."
Chorus.—Pity them, etc.

405

7 6.

NOW be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled,
And be the shout, Hosanna!
Re-echoed through the world;
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 What though the' embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine,
His arm throughout their regions
Shall soon resplendent shine;
Ride on, O Lord, victorious,
Immanuel, Prince of Peace,
Thy triumph shall be glorious;
Thy empire still increase.

3 Yes, Thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings;
Thy light, Thy love, Thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for Thee are waiting,
The deserts learn Thy praise;
The hills and valleys greeting
The song responsive raise.

406.

H. M.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,—
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound;
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb:
Redemption by His blood
Through all the lands proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face;
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

407. "*Bright Jewels.*" P. 92.

A BRIGHTER day is breaking,
The nations are awaking,
A holy light is creeping o'er the land and o'er the sea;
The voice of God has spoken,
The chains of sin are broken,
And by the truth of Calvary the soul is free.
Chorus.—Shout hallelujah! the day is breaking o'er us.
For victory and liberty we sing to God a chorus,
Until we lift our banners amid the loud hosannas
That peal a song of freedom at the golden throne.

2 God's chariot-wheels are rumbling,
The walls of sin are crumbling,
The guns of truth are booming on the hill and on the wave,
And 'mid the cannon's rattle,
In freedom's holy battle,
The song of triumph thunders o'er oppression's grave.
Chorus.—Shout hallelujah! etc.

3 O mighty Intercessor,
Defeat the great oppressor,
Till from the trodden spirit every tyrant shall be hurled,
And, every fetter riven,
Beneath the light of heaven,
The flag of gospel freedom covers all the world.
Chorus.—Shout hallelujah! etc.

408. "*Chapel Hymnal.*"

SPEED Thy servants, Saviour, speed them!
Thou art Lord of wind and wave;
They were bound, but Thou hast freed them!
Now they go to free and save.
Be Thou with them! 'tis Thine arm alone that saves.

2 Friends, and home, and all forsaking,
Lord! they go at Thy command;
As their stay Thy promise taking,
While they traverse sea and land.
Be Thou with them! Lead them safely by the hand.

3 In the midst of opposition,
Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee:

When success attends their mission,
Let Thy servants humble be :
Never leave them, till Thy face in heaven they see.

4 There to reap, in joy forever,
Fruit that grows from seed here sown ;
There to be with Him, who never
Ceases to preserve His own :
And with triumph sing a Saviour's grace alone ! Amen.

A NEW YEAR HYMN.

409.

"*Chapel Hymnal.*"

A YEAR has passed ! another year
Unfolds its hopeful prime,
And hearts reflecting on its birth
Look down the lines of time.
Another year ! The promised joys
Of many a soul have fled,
And hopes, that kept the heart astir,
As flowers have fallen dead.

2 Another year ! The mourner's grief
With winter's snows has past,
And through dark clouds of penury
Kind fortune beams at last ;
Another year's fair page of life
To man's account is given,
Awake and use the hours aright,
To make thee meet for heaven !
Amen.

"TOO LATE."

"And five of them were foolish."

410.

"*The Prize.*" P. 133.

LATE, late, so late ! and dark the night and chill ;
Late, late, so late ! but we can enter still ;

Late, late, so late! Late, late, so late!
But we can enter still, but we can enter still.
Refrain.—Too late! too late! ye cannot enter now!
Too late! too late! ye cannot enter now!

2 No light! so late! and dark and chill the night;
Oh, let us in, that we may find the light!
Oh, let us in, oh, let us in,
That we may find the light, that we may find the light!—*Refrain.*

3 Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet?
Oh, let us in, that we may kiss His feet!
Oh, let us in, oh, let us in,
That we may kiss His feet, that we may kiss His feet!—*Refrain.*

411. "*Casket.*" P. 282.

GIVE thanks, all ye people, give thanks to the Lord,
Alleluias of freedom, with joyful accord:
Let the East, and the West, North, and South, roll along,
Sea, mountain, and prairie, one thanksgiving song.
Chorus.—Give thanks, all ye people, give thanks to the Lord,
Alleluias of freedom, with joyful accord.

2 For the sunshine and rainfall, enriching again
Our acres in myriads with treasures of grain;

For the earth still unloading her manifold wealth,
For the skies beaming vigor, the winds breathing health.
Give thanks, etc.

3 For the nation's wide table, o'erflowingly spread,
Where the many have feasted, and all have been fed,
With no bondage their God-given rights to enthrall,
But liberty guarded by justice for all.
Give thanks, etc.

4 In the realms of the anvil, the loom, and the plow,
Whose the mines and the fields, to Him gratefully bow;
His the flocks and the herds, sing ye hillsides and vales,
On His ocean domain chant His name with the gales.
Give thanks, etc.

5 Brave men of our forces, life-guard of our coasts,
To your Leader be loyal, Jehovah of Hosts;
Glow the stripes and the stars aye with victory bright,
Reflecting His glory, — He crowneth the right.
Give thanks, etc.

6 In the domes of Messiah, ye worshiping throngs,
Solemn litanies mingle with jubilant songs;
The Ruler of nations beseeching to spare,
And our Union to keep the elect of His care.
Give thanks, etc.

7 Our guilt and transgressions remember no more;
Peace, Lord! righteous peace, as Thy gift we adore;
:‖: And the banner of Union, restored by Thy hand,
Be the banner of freedom o'er all in the land. :‖:

Give thanks, etc.

412. "*Hymns and Canticles.*" P. 238.

LORD God, we worship Thee!
In loud and happy chorus;
We praise Thy love and power,
Whose goodness reigneth o'er us.
To heaven our song shall soar,
Forever shall it be
Resounding o'er and o'er,
Lord God, we worship Thee!

2 Lord God, we worship Thee!
For Thou our land defendest;
Thou pourest down Thy grace,
And strife and war Thou endest.
Since golden peace, O Lord,
Thou grantest us to see,
Our land, with one accord,
Lord God, gives thanks to Thee.

3 Lord God, we worship Thee!
Thou didst indeed chastise us,
Yet still Thy anger spares,
And still Thy mercy tries us:
Once more our Father's hand
Doth bid our sorrows flee,
And peace rejoice our land:
Lord God, we worship Thee! Amen.

413. "*Fresh Laurels.*" P. 100.

BLESSED are the people that know the joyful sound,
Still with peace and plenty they are crowned;
God is ever with them, their refuge and their might,
They shall dwell together in His holy light.
Chorus.—Praise Him, ye nations, great is your King,
Under the shadow of His wing,
He will keep you safely from the tempter's snare,
Evil cannot harm you, cannot harm you there.

2 Blessed are the people whose trust is in the Lord,
Walking in the counsel of His word;
They shall be exalted who love His holy name,
They shall never, never seek His face in vain.
Praise Him, etc.

3 Blessed are the people who on His arm repose,
Looking to the hills whence comfort flows;
They shall grow and flourish who in His strength abide,
Like the trees that blossom by the river's side.
Praise Him, etc.

4 Blessed are the people who know the joyful sound,
Still with peace and plenty they are crowned;
God is ever with them, their refuge and their might,
They shall dwell together in His holy light.
Praise Him, etc. Amen.

414. C. M.

WHY mournest thou, my anxious soul,
Despairing of relief,
As if the Lord o'erlooked thy cares,
Or pitied not thy grief?

2 Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard,
That firm remains on high
The everlasting throne of Him
Who made the earth and sky?

3 Art thou afraid His power will fail
In sorrow's evil day?
Can the Creator's mighty arm
Grow weary or decay?

4 Supreme in wisdom as in power
The Rock of Ages stands;
Thou canst not search His mind, nor trace
The working of His hands.

5 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart;
And courage in the evil hour
His heavenly aids impart.

6 Mere human energy shall faint,
And youthful vigor cease;
But those who wait upon the Lord
In strength shall still increase.

7 They, with unwearied step, shall tread
The path of life Divine;
With glowing ardor onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

8 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar
On wings of faith and love;
Till, past the sphere of earth and sin,
They rise to heaven above.

Amen.

415. "*Sabbath Songs.*" P. 65.

JUST as thou art, without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
Oh, guilty sinner, come!

2 Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be blest?
Trust not the world: it gives no rest;
I bring relief to hearts oppressed:
Oh, weary sinner, come!

3 Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
My grace repays all earthly loss:
Oh, needy sinner, come!

4 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears:
Oh, trembling sinner, come!

5 "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come!
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come:
Thy Saviour bids thee come.
Amen.

OFFERTORY.

416. "*Hymnal, with Tunes.*" P. 81.

BLESSED be Thou, O Lord God, for | ever and ever. |
For all that is in the heaven and | in the earth is Thine. |
Thine is the kingdom, | O—Lord: |
And Thou art exalted as | head over all. |
Both riches and honor | come of Thee: |
And of Thine own do we | give unto Thee. |
Amen.

417. "*Hymnal, with Tunes.*" P. 155.

AS pants the wearied hart for | cooling springs, |
That sinks exhausted in the | summer's chase, |
So pants my soul for Thee, great | King of kings, |
So thirsts to reach Thy sacred dwelling-place.

2 Lord, Thy sure mercies, ever | in my sight, |
My heart shall gladden through the | tedious day; |
And, 'midst the dark and gloomy | shades of night, |
To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

3 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Je- | hovah's aid? |
Thy God the God of mercy | still shall prove; |
Within His courts thy thanks shall | yet be paid: |
Unquestioned be His faithfulness and love.
Amen.

INVOCATION.

418. "*Fresh Laurels.*" P. 102.

THE Lord is in His holy temple,
The Lord is in His holy temple;
Let all the earth keep silence before Him,
Let all the earth keep silence before Him.

419. "*Golden Shower.*" P. 85.

HELP us, Lord, throughout this day, 11
While we sing and while we pray;
Let Thy Spirit with us stay,
While here we learn of Jesus.

420. "*Songs for the Sanctuary.*" P. 38.

OH, worship the King, all glorious above,
And gratefully sing His wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise!

2 Then let us adore and give Him His right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love!

421. "*Chapel Hymnal.*"

NO, not despairingly
Come I to Thee;
No, not distrustingly
Bend I the knee;
Sin hath gone over me,
Yet is this still my plea,
Jesus hath died.

2 Ah! mine iniquity
Crimson hath been;
Infinite, infinite,
Sin upon sin,—
Sin of not loving Thee,
Sin of not trusting Thee,
Infinite sin.

3 Lord, I confess Thee
Sadly my sin ;
All I am tell I Thee,
All I have been ;
Purge Thou my sin away,
Wash Thou my soul this day,
Lord, make me clean.

4 Faithful and just art Thou,
Forgiving all ;
Loving and kind art Thou
When poor ones call.
Lord, let Thy cleansing blood—
Blood of the Lamb of God—
Pass o'er my soul.

5 Then all is peace and light
This soul within ;
Then shall I walk with Thee,
The Loved unseen ;
Leaning on Thee, my God,
Guided along the road,
Nothing between !

422. *"Moravian Psalter."*

HARK ! how the watchmen cry
Attend the trumpet sound ;
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,
The powers of hell surround.
Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare ;
The day of battle is at hand,
Go forth to glorious war.

2 See, on the mountain-top,
The standard of your God ;
In Jesus' name I lift it up,
All stained with hallowed blood ;

His standard-bearer, I
To all the nations call,
Let all to Jesus' cross draw nigh,
He bore the cross for all.

3 Go up with Christ, your Head,
Your Captain's footsteps see,
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.
All power to Him is given,
He ever reigns the same,
Salvation, happiness, and heaven
Are all in Jesus' name.

423. "*The Chaplet.*" P. 24.

SABBATH bells, so sweetly calling!
Angel voices in the air!
How your echoes, softly falling,
Win the heart to praise and prayer!
Every weekly toil and duty
Your sweet melodies repay!
For, in bright and loving beauty,
Earth seems nearer heaven to-day!
Chorus.—Sabbath bells, so sweetly calling!
Angel voices in the air!
How your echoes, softly falling,
Win our hearts to rest and prayer!
To rest and prayer! to rest and prayer!

2 Sabbath bells, ring on forever!
Echo all the earth around!
Dark the world, if we should never
Hear your bright and soothing sound!
Oh, ye seem, to weary mortals,
Heavenly music far away,
Echoed through the golden portals
Angels leave ajar to-day!
Chorus.—Sabbath bells, so sweetly calling, etc.

DOXOLOGIES.

424. L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

425. L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit,—Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

426. L. M. 6 lines.

TO God,—the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit,—Three in One,
All honor, glory, praise be given,
By every tongue on earth, in heaven;
As 't was, is now, and still shall be
In every age eternally.

427. L. P. M.

NOW to the great and sacred Three—
The Father, Son, and Spirit—be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

428. C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

429. C. M.

LET God, the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make Him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

430. C. M. 5 lines.

THE Lord, our God, we magnify,—
Jehovah, Three in One!
Let all the earth, let all the sky,
Let all creation glorify
The Father, Spirit, Son.

431. C. M., double.

THE God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by His redeeming word
And new-creating breath;
To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all Divine,—
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

432. C. P. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God, whom heaven's triumphant host
And saints on earth adore,

Be glory as in ages past,
Is now and shall forever last,
When time shall be no more.

433. C. L. M.

TO Thee, O God! our songs we raise,
To Thee be glory given;
Let all creation join to praise
The God of earth and heaven,—
God ever blessed,—the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit,—Three in One.

434. S. M.

TO God,—the Father, Son,
And Spirit,—One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

435. S. M., double.

THEE,—Father, Spirit, Son!
We joyfully adore;
We bless the' eternal Three in One,
Who reigns for evermore:
Thou glorious Trinity,
By earth and heaven adored!
We glorify, we worship Thee,
The universal Lord.

436. H. M.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honors raise,
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise:
With all our powers, eternal King,
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

437. 6s. 8 lines.

TO Father and to Son
And, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Eternal Three in One!
Eternal glory be:
As hath been, and is now,
And shall be evermore:
Before Thy throne we bow,
And Thee, our God, adore.

438. 6s and 4s.

TO the great One in Three
The highest glories be,
Hence evermore;
O God, the Father, Son
And Spirit, Three in One,
Praises to Thee belong,
On earth, in heaven.

439. 7s.

[Use 4, or 6, or 8 lines.]

PRAISES be to God above,
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Praise Him, all below the sky,
Praise the name of God Most High;
As through countless ages past
Evermore His praise shall last.

440. 7s and 6s.

TO the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit blest,
Everlasting Three in One,
All worship be addressed;

Praise from all above, below,
As throughout the ages past,
Now is given ; and shall be so,
While endless ages last.

441. 8s. 8 lines.

JEHOVAH, we magnify Thee,
With angels Thy praises we sing ;
All honor and majesty be
Ascribed to our glorious King,—
Our Maker, Redeemer, and God,—
The Father, the Spirit, the Son !
We'll publish Thy praises abroad,
Thou great and adorable One.

442. 8s and 7s.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven !
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise ;
As it was, and is, be given
Glory, through eternal days.

443. 8s and 7s. 6 lines.

PRAISE and honor to the Father,
Praise and honor to the Son,
Praise and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
One in might, and one in glory,
While eternal ages run.

444. 8s and 7s. 8 lines.

PRAISE the God of all creation ;
Praise the Father's boundless love ;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation ;
Priest and King enthroned above ;

Praise the Fountain of salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.

445. 8s, 7s, 4s.

GREAT Jehovah, we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

446. 10s and 11s.

THY glory, O Lord, we joyfully sing;
Thy name be adored, Thou merciful King!
We bless Thee, Jehovah! the great One in Three,
Who wast, and who art, and who ever shalt be.

447. 11s.

O FATHER, Almighty, to Thee be addressed,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever blessed,
All glory and worship from earth and from heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

INDEX OF CHANTS.

The figures refer to the number of the Chants.

Behold, I bring you good tidings..... 28
Blessed be the Lord God of Israel..... 14

Christ our Passover has risen..... 50
Christ our Passover is sacrificed..... 48
Christ our Passover was offered for us..... 49
Come unto Me, all ye that labor..... 36

Glory be to God on high..... 2
God be merciful unto us..... 47
God is our refuge..... 15
Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised..... 21

Have mercy upon me..... 16
Holy, holy, holy..... 1

I will give thanks unto..... 3
I will lift up mine eyes..... 17
I will magnify Thee..... 18
I will pour out My Spirit..... 20
I was glad when they said..... 19
It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord..... 4

Lay not up for yourselves..... 44
Let us praise the Lord and exalt His name..... 5
Lift up your hearts..... 42
Lord have mercy upon us (*Response to Ten Commandments*)..... 37
Lord, Thou hast been..... 30
Lord, who shall dwell..... 29

Make a joyful noise..... 45
My soul doth magnify..... 51

Oh, all ye works of the Lord..... 31
Oh, be joyful in the Lord..... 52

Oh, come let us sing..... 46
Oh, give thanks unto the Lord; call upon His name.. 22
Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good..... 58
Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is gracious..... 54
O Lord, our Governor..... 53
O Lord, Thou hast searched..... 32
Oh, praise God in His holiness..... 7
Oh, praise the Lord of heaven..... 6
Oh, sing unto the Lord a new song..... 8
Out of the deep..... 33

Praise the Lord, O my soul..... 9
Praise ye the Lord, for it is..... 11
Praise ye the Lord, praise God..... 10

Rejoice in the Lord..... 12

The earth is the Lord's..... 13
The heavens declare the glory..... 40
The Lord bless thee and keep thee..... 61
The Lord is gracious and merciful..... 55
The Lord is in His holy temple..... 38
The Lord is merciful and gracious..... 23
The Lord is my Shepherd..... 56
The Lord is my strength..... 25
The Lord reigneth..... 39
The mercy of the Lord..... 35
The peace of God..... 62
The people that walked in darkness..... 27
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come..... 34
The way is dark, my Father..... 60
Therefore with angels..... 57
There were shepherds..... 26
Thou art worthy, O Lord (*Offertory*)..... 43

We praise Thee, O God, we acknowledge Thee..... 24
Whoso dwelleth under..... 41
With tearful eyes..... 59

INDEX OF HYMNS.

The figures refer to the number of the Hymns.

A beautiful star of purest light..... 312
Abide with me, fast falls the eventide..... 275
Above the blue, ethereal sky..... 359
A brighter day is breaking..... 407
Alleluia, song of sweetness..... 48
All glory, laud, and honor..... 6
All hail the power of Jesus' name!..... 96
"Almost persuaded" now to believe..... 170
Angels, from the realms of glory..... 296
Angels, roll the rock away..... 134
Angels we have heard on high..... 317
Around the throne of God in heaven..... 350
Art thou weary, art thou languid..... 164
As pants the wearied hart for cooling streams..... 417
As pilgrims to Zion we journey along..... 26
A song for our banner!..... 389
As with gladness men of old..... 151
Awake, my soul, and with the sun..... 383
A year has passed! another year..... 409

Beautiful mansions, home of the blest..... 372
Beautiful Zion, built above..... 335
Behold the Lamb of God!..... 142
Be joyful, little children..... 255
Beyond this life of hopes and fears..... 339
Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound.... 413
Blessed are the poor in spirit..... 177
Blessed be Thou, O Lord God (*Offertory*)..... 416
Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord!.. 129
Blessed Redeemer, graciously hear us..... 88
Blessed Redeemer, how precious Thou art..... 121
Blow ye the trumpet, blow..... 406
Breaking through the clouds that gather..... 352
Breast the wave, Christian..... 220
Brief life is here our portion..... 358
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning..... 330

Brightly gleams our banner..... 208
Brightly glowing, joy bestowing..... 269
By-and-by we shall know Jesus..... 342

Carol, brothers, carol..... 315
Carol, carol, Christians..... 314
Cheerily, cheerily sing we all..... 320
Chide mildly the erring..... 182
Children, sing, gladly sing..... 35
Children, while we sojourn here..... 200
Christians, awake! salute the happy morn..... 310
Christ is merciful and mild..... 112
Christ is our corner-stone..... 399
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!..... 130
Cling closer to Jesus, oh, languishing soul!..... 139
Cling close to the Rock, brother, danger is near..... 224
Come, every pious heart..... 30
Come in life's young golden morning..... 172
Come, let us sing of Jesus..... 105
Come, let us sing with the sacred throng..... 50
Come, sound His praise abroad..... 4
Come to Jesus now, His voice is gently calling..... 163
Come to the Saviour, children, to-day..... 159
Come to the Saviour, make no delay..... 161
Come with all thy sorrow..... 160
Come with grateful hearts and voices..... 23
Come, ye lofty, come, ye lowly..... 306

Dare to do right, dare to be true..... 194
Day by day our loved ones cross..... 368
Day of wonder, day of gladness..... 146
Dear Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole..... 63
Dear little lambs, will you come to the Saviour?..... 238
Dear Saviour, ever at my side..... 261
Doth sorrow's shadow hover o'er thee..... 103

Each one has a mission, some work to do..... 212
Evening shades are falling..... 254
Ever near us, ever near us..... 127

Faithful Shepherd, meek and mild..... 65
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss..... 69
Far out upon the prairie..... 403
Flee as a bird to your mountain..... 168
Forsake me not, my God, the way is drear..... 76
From Greenland's icy mountains..... 402
From the tomb in brightness and glory..... 137

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild..... 259
Gentle Saviour, God of love..... 246
Gentle Shepherd, grant Thy blessing..... 70
"Give," said the little stream..... 215
Give thanks, all ye people..... 411
Give! 'tis the Saviour's precept!..... 216
Gladly meeting, kindly greeting..... 271
Glory to Thee, my God, this night..... 274
Glory to the Father give..... 46
God bless our native land..... 382
God calling yet! Shall I not hear?..... 174
God has said, "forever blessed..... 75
God is love! the silver brook..... 184
God is love! when clouds of sadness..... 186
God of Israel, we adore Thee!..... 284
God, who madest earth and heaven..... 290
"Go forth," saith the Maker, "and make no delay.. 167
Go forward, Christian soldier..... 205
Go work to-day in My vineyard..... 210
Gracious Spirit, love Divine..... 90
Great is Jehovah, King of kings..... 44
Guide and bless us, O our Father..... 54
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah..... 68

Hail happy morning, hail holy day!..... 264
Hail! Thou glorious name!..... 10
Hail, Thou wondrous infant Stranger..... 298
Hail our country's natal morn..... 391
Hallelujah! Dawns the day-spring from on high.... 303
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!..... 316
Happy, happy meet we here..... 380
Hark! a burst of heavenly music..... 332
Hark! how the watchmen cry..... 422
Hark! I hear the Saviour's calling..... 258
Hark! ten thousand harps and voices..... 32
Hark! 'tis the watchman's cry..... 214
Hark! the herald angels say..... 329
Hark! the herald angels sing..... 295
Hark! the sound of angel voices..... 400
Hark! the sound of holy voices..... 45
Hark! what means those holy voices..... 292
Have you read the wondrous story..... 107
Hear the gentle voice that calls thee..... 173
Hear the royal proclamation..... 119
He is risen, He is not here..... 131
He is the Shepherd, gentle and loving..... 101
Help us, Lord, throughout this day..... 419
Here in love we meet..... 379
Here's a message of love..... 250

Hither, ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph..... 153
Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!..... 39
Holy Spirit, living God..... 80
Hosanna, be the children's song..... 236
Hosanna to the living Lord!..... 49
How gentle God's commands!..... 57
How sweet the chiming Sabbath bells!..... 272
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds..... 118

I a little pilgrim stand..... 233
I am so glad that our Father in heaven..... 235
If I come to Jesus..... 230
If we knew when walking thoughtless..... 207
I gave My life for thee, My precious blood I shed.... 140
I have entered the valley of blessing so sweet..... 166
I heard the voice of Jesus say..... 147
I lay my sins on Jesus..... 120
I'll sing to my God at the breaking of day..... 387
I love to hear the story, which angel voices tell..... 243
I love to tell the story..... 109
I'm a little sailor..... 251
I'm a soldier, soldier of the cross..... 231
I'm but a youthful pilgrim..... 228
In a manger laid so lowly..... 310
I need Thee, precious Jesus..... 150
In heavenly love abiding..... 190
In some way or other "the Lord will provide"..... 397
In the Christian's home in glory..... 353
In the highways and hedges, go seek for the lost..... 225
In the hour of trial..... 92
In the rifted rock I'm resting..... 394
In the struggle of life there's a conquest to win..... 204
In the vineyard of our Father..... 223
I stood outside the gate..... 122
It came upon the midnight clear..... 325
I think, when I read that sweet story of old..... 110
I was a wandering sheep..... 123
I will love Thee, all my treasure..... 185

Jerusalem the golden..... 336
Jesus be near me..... 64
Jesus bids us shine..... 263
Jesus Christ is risen to-day, hallelujah!..... 136
Jesus hath sought us..... 7
Jesus high in glory..... 248
Jesus, in Thy glorious dwelling..... 9
Jesus is our loving Saviour..... 115
Jesus lead me, Jesus guide me..... 94
Jesus, lover of my soul..... 83

Jesus loves me! this I know..... 234
Jesus makes my heart rejoice..... 104
Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all..... 149
Jesus, tender Saviour..... 229
Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me..... 260
Jesus the water of life will give..... 158
Jesus, the very thought of Thee..... 113
Jesus, the very thought is sweet..... 156
Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move; A happy..... 369
Joyfully, joyfully, ownward we move, Bound to the land..... 370
Joyful once again we sing..... 265
Joy, joy, joy to-day!..... 378
Joy to the sons of men..... 326
Joy to the world, the Lord is come..... 324
Just as I am, without one plea..... 145
Just as thou art, without one trace..... 415

Keep praying at the door..... 84
Keep your lamps burning..... 201
Kind hearts are the gardens..... 183
King of glory, King of peace..... 19
Knocking, knocking, who is there?..... 100

Lamb of God, I look to Thee..... 237
"Land ahead!" its fruits are waving..... 337
Late, late, so late..... 410
Let every heart rejoice and sing..... 377
Let heaven with music ring..... 322
Let us lift up our voices in song of devotion..... 267
Let Zion's sons and daughters say..... 133
Lift to God the voice of singing..... 27
Lift your glad voices in triumph on high..... 135
Like Noah's weary dove..... 165
Like silver lamps in a distant shrine..... 333
Listen while we tell you..... 239
List our merry Christmas carol..... 302
Little children, Jesus loves you..... 242
Little drops of water..... 253
Little eyes, little eyes..... 252
Long ago in Bethlehem's plain..... 331
Lord, as we enter Thy presence to-day..... 60
Lord, at Thy mercy-seat..... 66
Lord God, we worship Thee!..... 412
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing..... 93
Lord of every land and nation..... 8
Lord, to Thee I humbly pray..... 79
Lo! the star in the East, over Bethlehem's plain..... 300

Love immortal, love unchanging..... 179
Loving Father, hear Thy children..... 67

March along! march along..... 196
Marching on! marching on! glad as birds on the wing..... 198
May we hallow Thy name, O Saviour..... 116
Meek and lowly, pure and holy..... 176
'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints..... 365
More like Jesus would I be..... 59
More love to Thee, O Christ!..... 56
Mount on the wings of prayer..... 86
My country, my country, I cherish thee still..... 392
My country, 'tis of thee..... 388
My faith looks up to Thee..... 61
My Father, I would be Thy child..... 74
My God, my Father, while I stray..... 81
My Saviour stands waiting, and knocks at the door.. 99
My soul, repeat His praise..... 12

Nearer, my God, to Thee..... 89
Night and darkness cover all..... 285
No,—not desparingly..... 421
Nothing, either great or small..... 102
No time to pray!..... 62
Now be the gospel banner..... 405
Now the day is over..... 247
Now to the Lord a noble song!..... 11
Now we bring our Christmas treasures..... 307

Oh, come to the fountain of mercy and love..... 162
Oh, come, all ye faithful..... 304
Oh, day of rest and gladness..... 273
Oh, do not be discouraged..... 257
Oft in danger, oft in woe..... 219
Oh, have you not heard of that realm of delight..... 347
Oh, have you not heard of a beautiful stream..... 345
Oh, could I speak the matchless truth..... 13
Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing..... 16
Oh, sing praise unto the Lord!..... 38
Oh, we are the reapers that garner in..... 206
O Jesus, light of all below..... 144
O Jesus, Thou art standing..... 155
Oh, let us praise Him!..... 1
O Lord, while angels praise Thee..... 24
On Bethlehem's plains the shepherds lay..... 318
Once around the Saviour pressing..... 249
Once in royal David's city..... 308
One by one we cross the river..... 360

One sweetly solemn thought..... 361
One there is above all others..... 97
Only Thy voice to lead me..... 143
Onward, Christian soldiers..... 193
Onward! onward! men of heaven..... 227
Onward, upward, march we forever..... 221
O Paradise! O Paradise!..... 363
Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light..... 390
Oh, say, have you heard of the mansions of light..... 367
O Thou, Most High and Mighty One!..... 77
Our Saviour has said it..... 175
Over the ocean wave, far, far away..... 404
Over the river the crystal stream flows..... 346
Oh, worship the King..... 41
Oh, worship the King, all glorious above..... 420

Pass me not, O gentle Saviour..... 58
Peace on earth, heaven is proclaiming..... 297
"Peace upon earth!" the angels sang..... 323
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow..... 51
Praise Him, in His hallowed dwelling..... 15
Praise Him, praise Him—Jesus, our blessed Redeemer..... 37
Praise Jehovah in the highest..... 22
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven..... 42
Praises, thanks, and adoration..... 3
Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him..... 43
Praise the Saviour, ye who know Him..... 141
Praise to God, immortal praise..... 25
Praise to the Lord! He is King over all the creation!..... 52
Pray without ceasing..... 73
Precious sabbath, thou wast given..... 268

Raise the banner of the cross..... 217
Reach Me thy hand, My child..... 245
Reapers, reapers, haste..... 209
Remember thy Creator..... 169
Ring out the bells for Christmas..... 301
Ring the bells, the Christmas bells..... 327
Rock of Ages, cleft for me..... 82
Round the Lord in glory seated..... 18
Round the throne in glory..... 344

Sabbath bells, so sweetly calling..... 423
Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise..... 288
Saviour, blessed Saviour..... 40
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing..... 287
Saviour, keep me at Thy side..... 71

Saviour, like a shepherd lead us..... 55
Saviour, listen to our prayer..... 87
Saviour, teach me day by day..... 180
Saw ye never in the twilight..... 152
Shall we gather at the river..... 364
Shall we meet beyond the river..... 349
Shepherd of tender youth!..... 148
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing..... 313
Silent night! hallowed night!..... 291
Silent night, sacred night..... 334
Sing hallelujah, praise the Lord..... 33
Singing for Jesus, singing for Jesus..... 114
Sing of Jesus, sing forever..... 106
Sing out! sing out! in loud-tongued praise..... 47
Sing with a tuneful spirit..... 36
Sitting at the feet of Jesus..... 138
Softly now the light of day..... 277
Sound the battle cry!..... 192
Speak gently, speak gently, speak gently; it is better far..... 178
Speed Thy servants, Saviour, speed them!..... 408
Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand..... 222
Stand up, stand up for Jesus!..... 195
Stars all bright are beaming..... 311
Strike! oh, strike for victory, soldiers of the Lord... 226
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear..... 276
Sweet hour of prayer!..... 78
Sweet is the song of heaven..... 319
Sweet is the work, my God, my King..... 2
Sweetly sing, sweetly sing..... 14
Sweet sabbath chimes float on the air..... 270
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go..... 289
Swell the anthem, raise the song..... 386
Swell the songs of heaven..... 28

Take my heart, O Father! take it..... 95
Take the name of Jesus with you..... 125
Tarry with me, O my Saviour..... 91
Tell me the old, old story..... 108
The angels rolled the stone away..... 132
The Bible! the Bible! more precious than gold..... 384
The day is gently sinking to a close..... 286
The day is past and over..... 279
The Lord is in His holy temple..... 418
The Lord my pasture shall prepare..... 396
The precious name of Jesus..... 98
The radiant morn has passed away..... 281
There are many beauteous mansions..... 343
There is a beautiful world..... 357

There is a gate that stands ajar..... 189
There is a glorious kingdom..... 244
There is a glorious world of light..... 355
There is a holy city..... 351
There is a land of pure delight..... 362
There is beauty all around..... 181
There is no love like the love of Jesus..... 188
There is no name so sweet on earth..... 117
There'll be something in heaven for children to do... 340
There's a beautiful star, a beautiful star..... 305
There's a friend for little children..... 240
There is a land that is fairer than day..... 375
There's beauty in the sunshine..... 373
The shadows of the evening hour..... 283
The spacious firmament on high..... 53
The sun shines bright, and it pours its light..... 401
The valleys and the mountains..... 31
The voice of song came ringing upon the shepherds' ear..... 328
This is not my place of resting..... 354
Thou art my Shepherd..... 232
Thou art the bright and morning star..... 111
Through the day Thy love has spared us..... 280
Through the love of God our Saviour..... 187
'Tis a blessed thought to know..... 126
'Tis He, 'tis He, I know Him now..... 154
'Tis Jesus in the sunshine..... 124
'Tis sweet to think, as night comes on..... 278
To the work! to the work! we are servants of God. 211
Trim the lamp, its light is fading..... 282

Upward and onward, into the light..... 202

Wake the song of joy and gladness..... 29
Waves of life, so freely flowing..... 72
We are coming, blessed Saviour..... 262
We are going forth with our staff in hand..... 203
We are marching onward to our home on high..... 199
We are marching on with shield and banner bright... 197
We are one and all for Union..... 393
We are watching, we are waiting..... 338
We, children of one Lord and King..... 21
We dedicate to Jesus..... 398
We dwell this side of Jordan's stream..... 374
Welcome the light of the glad Christmas morn..... 294
We march, we march to victory..... 218
We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love..... 5
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, our Father and friend..... 17

We praise Thee, we bless Thee, Thou who only art Divine..... 34
We're traveling home to heaven above..... 348
We shall meet in the by-and-by!..... 341
We sing our song of jubilee..... 381
We thank Thee for rest, O our Father..... 266
We won't give up the Bible..... 385
What are those soul-reviving strains..... 20
When children join in singing..... 241
When faint and weary working..... 366
When He cometh, when He cometh..... 256
When His salvation bringing..... 128
When marshaled on the nightly plain..... 395
When the battle is fought, and the victory won..... 371
When the sun's last ray is cast..... 85
While shepherds watched their flocks by night..... 321
While the silent stars are keeping..... 293
Who are these, like stars appearing..... 356
Who is He in yonder stall..... 299
Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?..... 171
"Whosoever heareth," shout, shout the sound!..... 157
Why mournest thou, my anxious soul..... 414
Work! Christian laborer, work!..... 213
Work, for the night is coming..... 191

Ye people, join in singing..... 376